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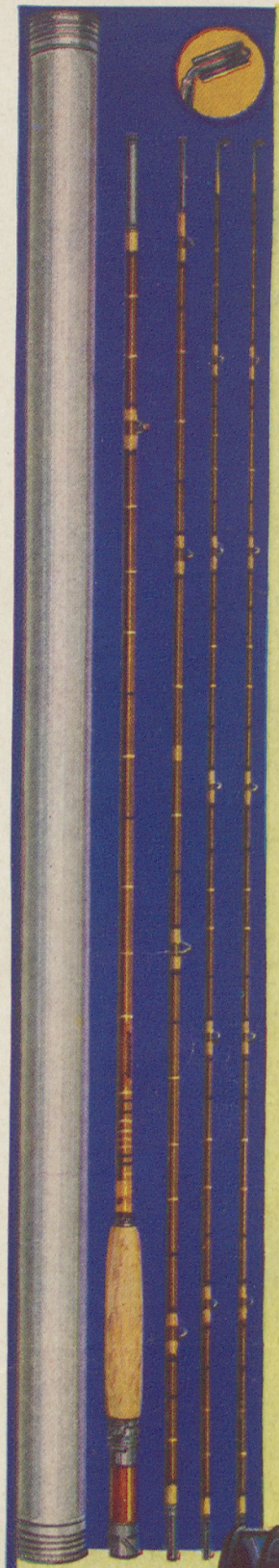

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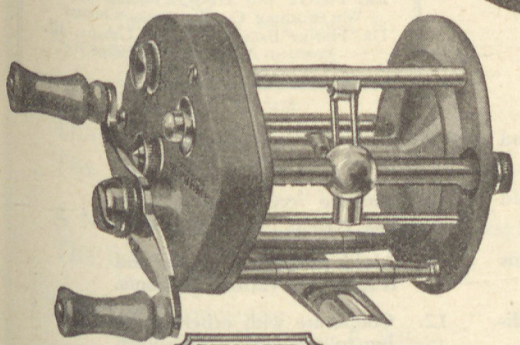

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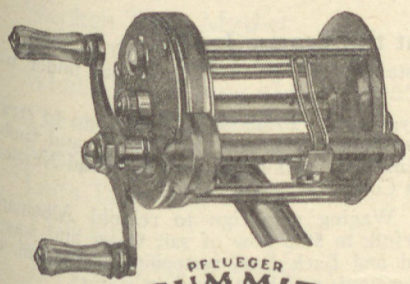

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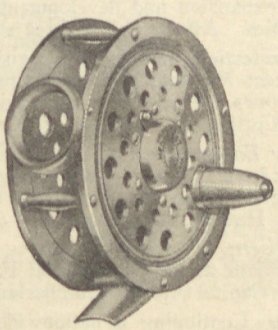

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A NATIONAL non-profit organization, without religious or political affiliations, composed of public-spirited men and women throughout the United States who are coordinating their efforts in local chapters to protect our woods, waters and wild life, and to restore and perpetuate opportunities for the healthful enjoyment of the great outdoors.

The Izaak Walton League has become the strongest national conservation organization in the land, and OUTDOOR AMERICA *is recognized as the voice of the outdoor people of America.*

The League has been a prime factor in molding a nation-wide conservation sentiment and in substituting wise use for abuse and waste of our outdoor resources.

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League's Conservation Platform

1. **Encourage appreciation of America's outdoor resources.**
2. **More outdoor recreation to develop better Americans.**
3. **Eradicate pollution to safeguard health and aquatic life.**
4. **Protect and extend our forests and replant idle lands.**
5. **Restore drained areas and prevent unwise drainage.**
6. **Better protection for wild life and more refuges.**
7. **More fish and game farms to perpetuate the supply.**
8. **More trained workers to direct conservation affairs.**
9. **Stop the sale of all wild game and game fishes.**
10. **Enforce conservation laws and respect private property.**
11. **Mold public sentiment and teach conservation in schools.**
12. **Cooperate with others striving to accomplish like aims.**

What the League Has Done

The far-reaching benefits and accomplishments of the Izaak Walton League of America will, in a large measure, always be those local achievements which because of their very number will not attract wide publicity. A few outstanding projects are:

*1. **Upper Mississippi Refuge:*** Started campaign in 1923 resulting in setting aside the Upper Mississippi Wild-Life and Fish Refuge containing 300,000 acres devoted to the preservation of wild life and to recreation.

*2. **Elk Refuge:*** Started campaign early in 1925 to save the Jackson Hole elk herd. Raised $40,000, purchased 2,000 acres of haylands, and focused public attention upon the needs of these animals. Refuge presented to government in 1927.

*3. **Bass Law:*** Sponsored the enactment of the Hawes law, approved by President Coolidge May 20, 1926, to stop the marketing of black bass throughout the United States.

*4. **Superior Forest:*** Saved the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota as a wilderness area.

*5. **Pollution Campaign:*** In 1927 inaugurated the first real nationwide anti-pollution campaign, resulting in a program of water purification far greater than ever before attempted.

*6. **Horicon Marsh:*** In 1924 started a campaign to restore the Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, containing approximately 40,000 acres, as a wild-life and fish refuge. Set aside as a wild-life refuge in 1928.

*7. **Western Ducks:*** Promoted a "Save the Western Ducks Campaign" in 1927. Legislation approved by President Coolidge, April 24, 1928, to appropriate $350,000 for flooding almost 100,000 acres of the Bear River Marshes.

*8. **National Forests:*** Took a prominent part in securing legislation in 1928 establishing a definite program of national forest purchases in the Lake States, the South and the East.

*9. **Royal Gorge:*** Through the efforts of the League, and cooperating groups, the destruction of the beauty of the Royal Gorge in Colorado by power interests was averted in 1928.

*10. **National Refuge System:*** The League played an outstanding part in the passage of the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill (signed by President Coolidge on February 18, 1929), establishing a nationwide system of inviolate federal refuges, and authorizing the expenditure of $8,000,000.

What the League Is Doing

A few of the outstanding things the League has under way nationally are:

*1. **International Playground:*** Promoting a campaign to create and develop an international wilderness recreational and timber producing area in Minnesota and Ontario. Shipstead-Newton-Nolan Bill pending in Congress.

*2. **Albemarle Lock:*** Waging campaign to rebuild Albemarle Canal Lock near Norfolk to stop flow of salt water and wastes into Currituck Sound and Back Bay, restoring 300 sq. mi. of waterfowl wintering grounds and bass breeding waters.

*3. **Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge:*** Promoting a plan to establish a permanent lake and wild-life refuge of 20,000 acres in the Cheyenne Bottoms, central Kansas.

*4. **Fisheries Program:*** Urging Congress to enact the White Five-Year Fisheries Bill to establish a definite, comprehensive program of expansion and development of fish rearing and research activities. Affects thirty-three states.

*5. **Forest Protection:*** Supporting legislation to establish a program to protect National Forests against fires instead of spending several times the sum now appropriated to extinguish them. Englebright-Cutting Bill now before Congress.

*6. **Bass Law Enforcement:*** Sponsoring legislation to stop the sale of black bass in the few remaining states, and endeavoring to secure funds from Congress for the enforcement of the Hawes Act. Hawes Enforcement Bill pending in Congress.

*7. **Scenic Assets:*** Vigorously opposing the destruction of such outstanding scenic assets as the Great Falls of the Potomac near our National Capitol and the Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.

*8. **Pollution:*** Continuing a nationwide campaign to clean up all inland and coastal waters.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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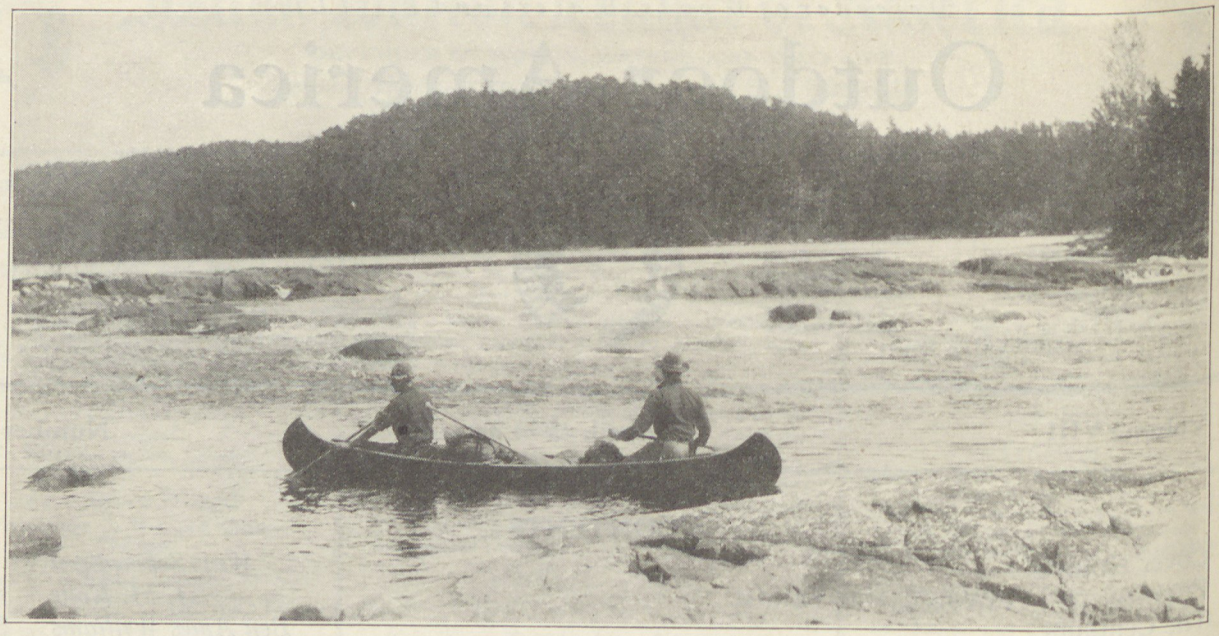


Voyageur *and* Vandal

By J. M. Nolte

OH, my heart is singing, singing,
At the wild loon call a-ringing
Like an elfin trumpet sounding
In the valleys of the North.

Here we'll build a dam and flood the plain,
And hold the water back amain
Till we've made a dyke of yonder ridge
And the valleys are no more.

OH, my heart is calling, calling
For the sound of water falling
Into saffron pools and gushing
Over boulder beds and forth.

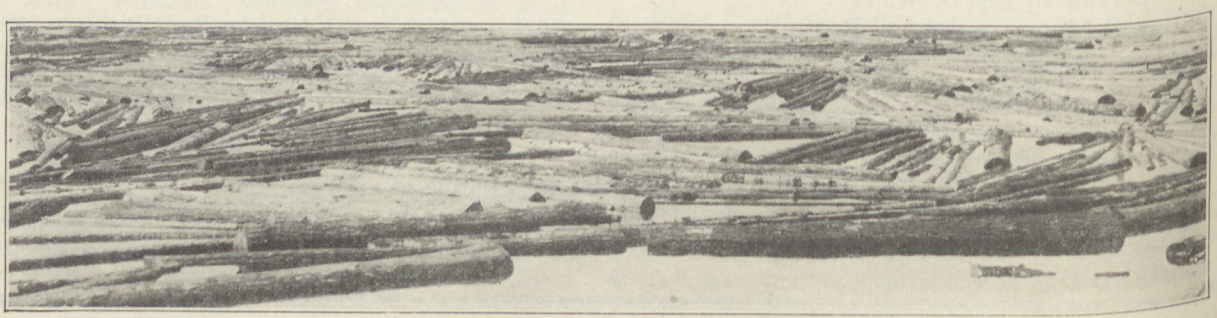
Now, a concrete wall to close this gap,
Will greatly simplify the map;
With the aid of inexpensive fills,
Here's a lake with an even shore.

OH, my heart is sighing, sighing
For the gem-like lake a-lying
Just a good cast from the big bay
Where we tented, you and I.

By a five foot rise in level, true,
We'll make one big lake out of two;
We can float our logs, not snake 'em out,
And we'll get 'em, every one.

OH, my heart is breaking, breaking
For the pine clad headlands, making
Silhouettes of tasseled purple
Stark against the sunset sky.

Yes, the point will look quite rough and bare;
You see, there's naught but pine trees there;
But there's half a million feet or more
In our raft when we are done.



The Centaurs

Drawings by
John Held, Jr.

By Ben Ames Williams

DISTORTED accounts of the following incidents have heretofore been circulated. It is time that the truth were stated, in the simplest and most straightforward terms.

There were five human actors, five equine, and perhaps a dozen feathered ones. This latter number includes only the turkeys—wild turkeys of the New Mexico mountains—and takes no account of pine grouse, wood pigeons, and such less pretentious fowl.

Two of the human actors were essentially spectators. Gene saw the whole affair and can testify. It is to be recorded that he was not detected in the act of smiling at any time. Lee affected now and then to take a hand, racing after or before the rest of us and brandishing his pistol with loud, deadly whoops. But Ken Roberts and John McCutcheon and a party who shall be nameless, furnished the principal action of the afternoon.

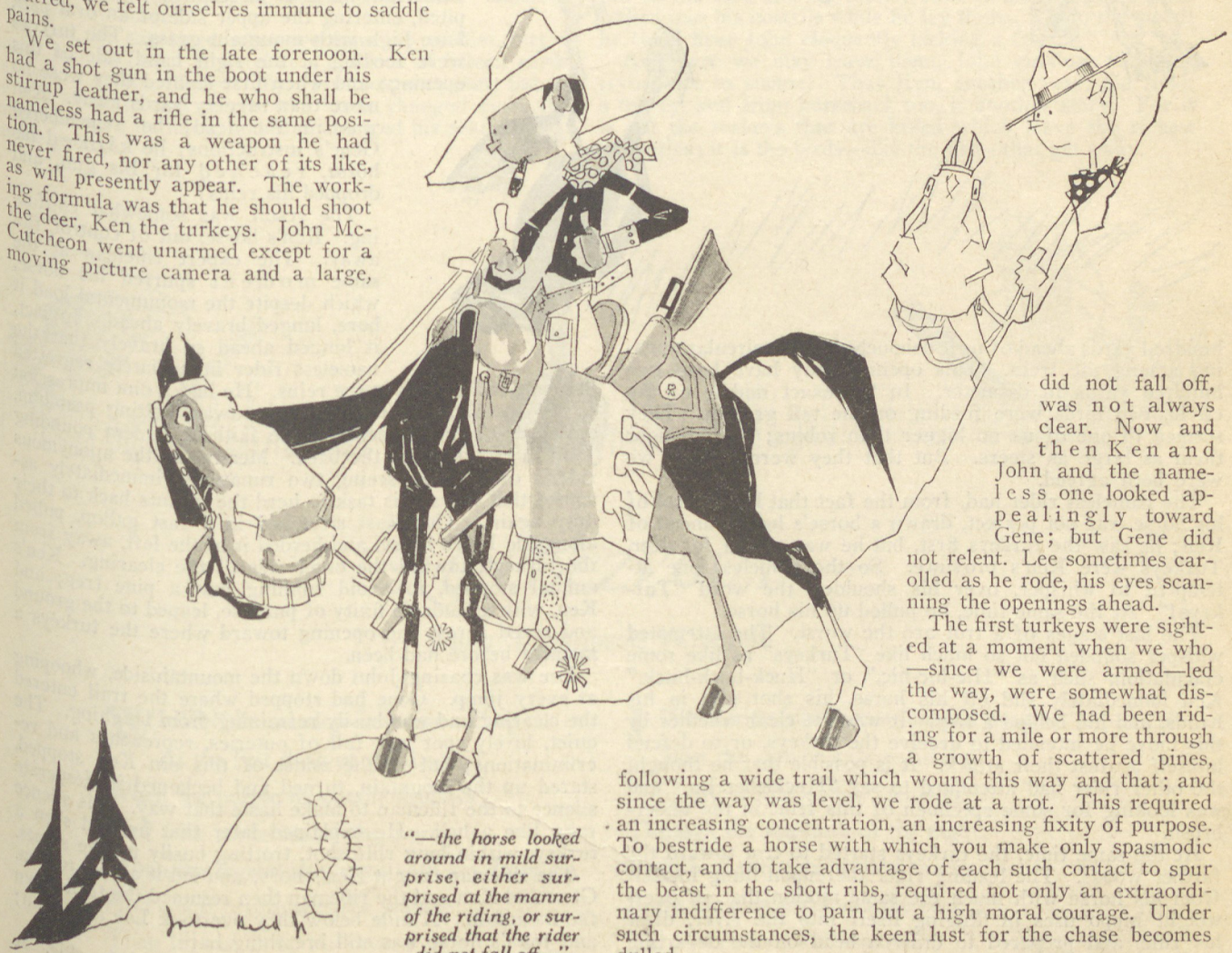
The theory of the enterprise was that we would ride a twenty-five mile circuit through the mountains, shooting—from horseback—deer and wild turkeys. We—the three—were still galled and saddle sore from our first ride, not yet five days gone. But we had "chaps," and large hats of the proper pattern, and Gene had even trusted the nameless one with a spur. Thus accoutred, we felt ourselves immune to saddle pains.

We set out in the late forenoon. Ken had a shot gun in the boot under his stirrup leather, and he who shall be nameless had a rifle in the same position. This was a weapon he had never fired, nor any other of its like, as will presently appear. The working formula was that he should shoot the deer, Ken the turkeys. John McCutcheon went unarmed except for a moving picture camera and a large, white, ten-gallon hat. Gene and Lee would carry home the game.

We had been riding for the past four or five days, and the thing had somewhat lost its terrors. Mountain riding is usually done at a walk; and a walk is bearable even when the trail descends so steeply that the horse's head goes down out of sight over a ledge before the rider himself can see over the brink. A New Mexico mountain horse can fall over a cliff with his hindquarters without interrupting the light lunch which the prehensile lips at the other end of his anatomy are in the act of snatching from a piece of buck brush. A few experiences of this sort produce in the rider either a dull insensibility, or a calloused recklessness.

So we set out upon this expedition cheerfully enough, confident of our powers to endure. First misgivings began to dawn when Gene, after an hour or so, announced that we must set a faster pace if we were to finish the ride by dark. The next faster pace than a walk is a trot; and a trot, for an unaccustomed man, is no laughing matter.

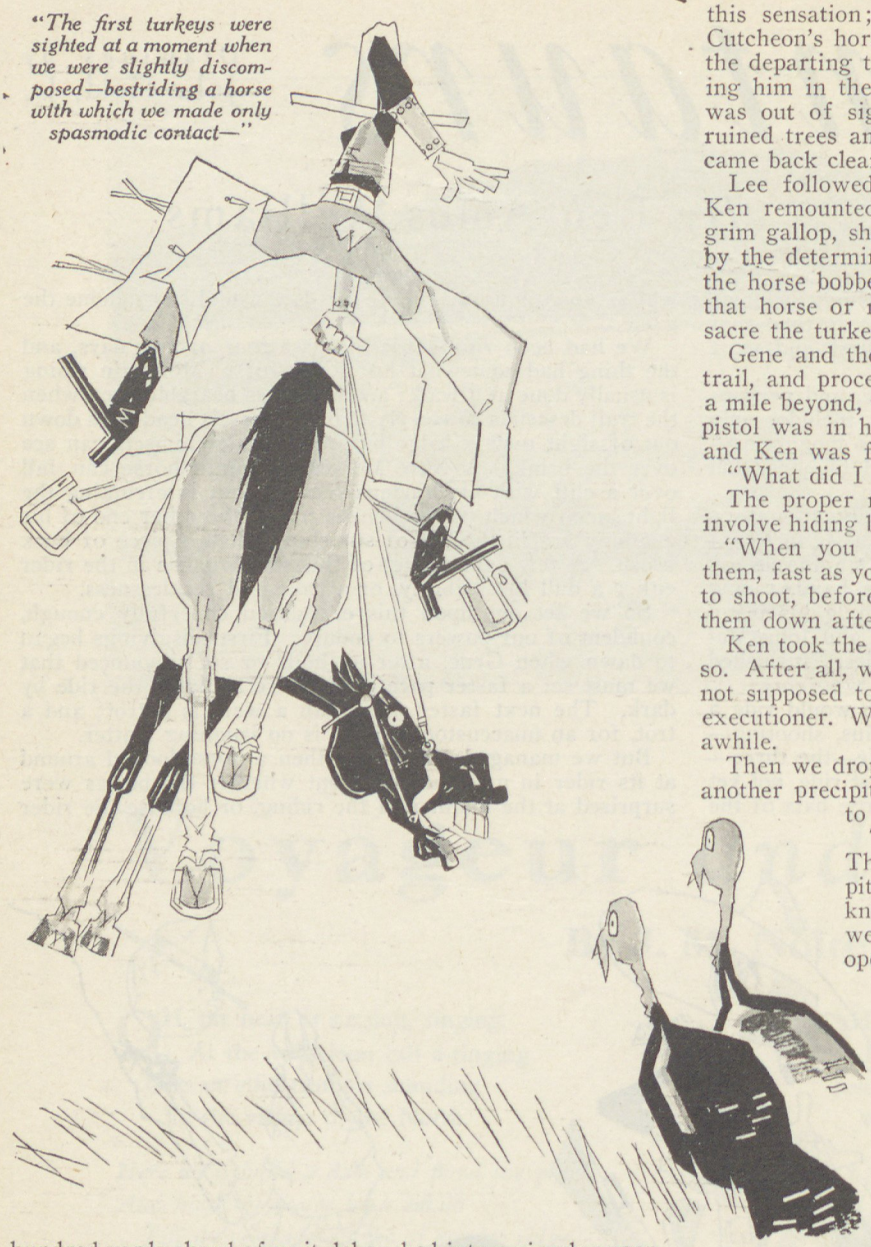
But we managed. Now and then a horse looked around at its rider in mild surprise; but whether the beasts were surprised at the manner of the riding, or because the rider did not fall off, was not always clear. Now and then Ken and John and the nameless one looked appealingly toward Gene; but Gene did not relent. Lee sometimes carolled as he rode, his eyes scanning the openings ahead.



"—the horse looked around in mild surprise, either surprised at the manner of the riding, or surprised that the rider did not fall off—"

The first turkeys were sighted at a moment when we who—since we were armed—led the way, were somewhat discomposed. We had been riding for a mile or more through a growth of scattered pines, following a wide trail which wound this way and that; and since the way was level, we rode at a trot. This required an increasing concentration, an increasing fixity of purpose. To bestride a horse with which you make only spasmodic contact, and to take advantage of each such contact to spur the beast in the short ribs, required not only an extraordinary indifference to pain but a high moral courage. Under such circumstances, the keen lust for the chase becomes dulled.

But it was under such circumstances that we came upon our first turkeys. The winding trail straightened; and a



"The first turkeys were sighted at a moment when we were slightly discomposed—bestriding a horse with which we made only spasmodic contact—"

hundred yards ahead of us it debouched into a circular opening among the trees. This opening may have been two hundred yards in diameter. In the exact middle of the circle, two birds were feeding on the tall grasses. They seemed to one of us no bigger than robins; Ken thought them as large as steers. But that they were turkeys we were both agreed.

The nameless rider had, from the fact that his control of his horse was not perfect, drawn a horse's length ahead of Ken; he saw the turkeys first, but he was armed for deer. Turkeys were Ken's province. So the nameless one attempted to whisper, over his shoulder, the word "Turkeys!" At the same time, he pulled up his horse.

The last stages of a trot are the worst. The attempted whisper sounded not so much like "Turkeys" as like some ejaculation, such as "Hic-hic-hic," or "Huck-huck-huck." Ken immediately slid off his horse, his shot gun in his hands, and hid behind a tree. It was not clear whether by this move he intended to deceive the turkeys, or to defend himself against their attack. It is possible that he thought the other rider had attempted to say "Huckleberries," and was looking for some specimen of this fruit in the underbrush.

At the same time, the turkeys started to trot toward the farther woods. The leading rider thereupon flung himself from his horse with much the same motion that an overweight hippo uses in flinging itself into the river, drew his rifle, and prepared to draw a bead on the departing birds. It was pleasant to be on solid ground again; for the earth cannot trot. He paused for a moment to enjoy this sensation; and in this momentary pause, John McCutcheon's horse ran away. John departed in the wake of the departing turkeys, his moving picture camera hammering him in the kidneys at every jump. Minutes after he was out of sight in the scrub oak yonder, the crash of ruined trees and the flapping of his hat against the twigs came back clearly through the still mountain air.

Lee followed him, pistol in hand, whooping cheerfully. Ken remounted and took up the pursuit. He rode at a grim gallop, shot gun in one hand, reins in the other; and by the determined parenthesis of his legs, in whose circle the horse bobbed peacefully up and down, it was apparent that horse or no horse he intended to overtake and massacre the turkeys, if the birds would stand their ground.

Gene and the adroit rifleman made a detour, found the trail, and proceeded to the pass across the mountains half a mile beyond, where presently the three overtook us. Lee's pistol was in his holster, John's horse was under control, and Ken was full of questions.

"What did I do, Gene? And what didn't I do?"

The proper method of attack, Gene explained, did not involve hiding behind a tree.

"When you see turkeys," he suggested, "ride right at them, fast as you can. Sometimes you can get close enough to shoot, before they get away. It's no use trying to run them down after they get into the woods."

Ken took the matter seriously; the rest of us not so much so. After all, we were not armed with shot guns; we were not supposed to shoot turkeys. He was the official turkey executioner. We mingled our advice and our reproaches for awhile.

Then we dropped down into another steep valley, and up another precipitous ascent, and down once more. And so to turkeys again.

This time there were three half-grown birds. The trail we rode descended at a moderate pitch, entering the upper side of an oval park knee high with mountain grass. The turkeys were feeding at the right hand side of this opening; and when first sighted they were no more than seventy yards away. Ken was in the lead; he remembered Gene's instructions; he k i c k e d his horse, r e a c h e d for his gun, and dropped his reins!

The result was somewhat confusing. Ken's horse, out of control, ran away. The expert rifleman at the same m o m e n t spurred his horse, which despite the monumental load it bore, lunged bravely ahead. In fact, it lunged ahead so bravely that the nameless rider immediately regretted the spur and tugged at the reins. He had a dim impression of movement as John's horse ran away, bolting past him, galloping down the meadow, the faithful camera pounding John in the small of the back. Meanwhile the anonymous rider's own horse, seeing two runaways, immediately assumed that it was his task to herd the truants back to their duty again. The beast stretched in a fast gallop, pulled alongside Ken's horse, and herded it to the left, away from the turkeys, toward the other side of the clearing. Ken's animal stopped, to avoid running into a pine tree; and Ken, with a laudable fixity of purpose, leaped to the ground and raced across the opening toward where the turkeys a moment before had been.

Lee was chasing John down the mountainside, whooping at every jump. Gene had stopped where the trail entered the clearing and was busily refraining from laughing. The quiet, lovely spot was full of outcries, reproaches and recriminations; but in the midst of this din Ken stopped, stared up the mountain, turned and beckoned in desperate silence to the rifleman to make haste that way. His silence rang like a bell. He explained later that he had seen a turkey, within long rifle shot, trotting busily up the slopes.

The rifleman caught Ken's horse and led it across to him. Gene and Ken and the rifleman then resumed the trail down the mountain. A mile below they overtook Lee and John; and John's horse was still breathing hard.

The third skirmish occurred near the end of the ride. A trough-shaped meadow among the pines, mountains on three

sides, the road below. The trail entered at its upper end. As the horseman appeared there, two turkeys scurried for cover at the lower end of the meadow, two hundred yards away. It was too far to charge them. The rifleman, as cool as ice, stopped his horse and flung his weapon to his shoulder. He threw a shell into the magazine, took a quick sure aim, and pulled the trigger.

Nothing whatever happened; but he was a man not easily disconcerted, this chap. He worked the lever again, once more pulled the trigger. Still no results. He threw in another shell, and another; the ejected shells flew gleaming in the sun. It was a splendid, inspiring pantomime; and as noiseless as a moving picture unaccompanied by sound effects.

Then one of the ejected shells hit John's horse on the nose; and the horse ran away, toward the spot where the turkeys had disappeared. The camera once more demonstrated its skill at in-fighting. Lee's pistol once more gleamed in the sun. And Ken galloped after them.

Gene approached the expert rifleman, who had dismounted to salvage the shells which had served once and would serve again.

"You have to squeeze up on the trigger guard to throw the safety off," he explained mildly.

"I was right on him," the rifleman declared. It was impossible to contradict the man. "If the gun had gone off, I'd have caught him right at the base of the neck."

"He was a hen anyway," said Gene; and loped after the others. Two gobblers which had squatted in the grass not fifty yards away rose behind him and flew away up the open hillside. The rifleman, with great presence of mind, dropped his rifle and tried to mount his horse to pursue; but they disappeared.

Then Ken, afoot, emerged from the woods two hundred yards away.

"Hey, Gene," he bawled across the sunlit meadow. "Where's my horse?"

He had, he explained when we came up to him, met a turkey face to face. It stood at a distance of fifteen yards and looked at him thoughtfully. He took sure aim; but as he was about to pull trigger the horse changed ends, the turkey changed its mind, and Ken changed his seat for one on the ground.

As he finished explaining how and why this had happened, Lee came back with John.

During the rest of the ride, the matter was discussed.

"The trouble with you boys," said John, "you give these turkeys too much of a handicap, riding and shooting at the same time. They don't have to bother with any horse."

So it was decided to meet them next day on even terms. This present spot was, Gene said, a meadow which the birds habitually used. Here, the next afternoon, John and Ken and the nameless one, each armed with shot guns, lay in ambush at widely separated points about the clearing. The vigil was long. John smoked many cigars, Ken went to sleep, and the rifleman was called away from the scene.

He was a mile away up the cañon when he heard a fusillade; six shots, eight, ten. Some of them were overlapping. Two guns, certainly. Three or four birds at least, he calculated; and made haste back to inspect the game.

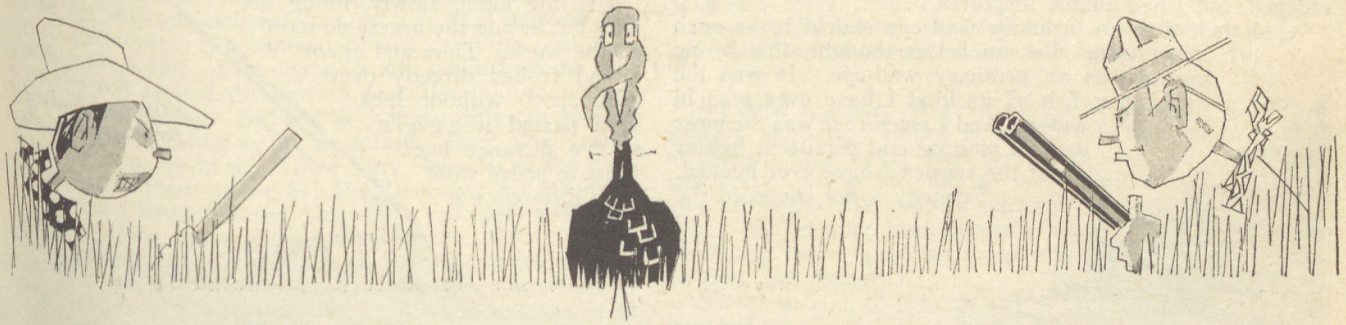
What had happened, by the consensus of accounts, was this. A large, hungry turkey came down the mountain to eat grass seeds in this favored meadow. At the moment of his entrance on the scene, Ken was asleep, and John was smoking a cigar. Some minutes later, Ken woke up, and John at the same time saw the bird and swallowed his cigar. He then hid behind a clump of grass; and he and Ken, with the bird about halfway between them, and a full hundred yards from each, waited for it to come nearer one or the other.

When their nerves could no longer stand the strain, they began to shoot. The turkey then went back up the mountain.

John walked aside into the forest to discuss the matter with himself. Ken strolled out into the clearing to see the very spot where the turkey had trod. His nerves were taut; he was alert to every sound. He thought he heard someone call: "Hist!" Or words to that effect.

With the instinct of the true hunter, he threw himself flat on his face and lay utterly still. Dust and grass seeds eddied into his nostrils while he lay there. Up in the woods he could hear John eloquently kicking a tree.

And here we may leave them, John cursing, and Ken trying not to sneeze. That Ken, another year, did shoot a turkey, and from horseback too, is another story. For it is not the turkeys that are killed which leave the richest memories; it is the birds—like the fish—that get away.



RENDEZVOUS

By Anna Thompson Winecoff

WHEN the meadow larks are calling
At the first flush of the dawn;
When the purple mountain shadows
Melt with sunbeams of the morn;
When the sagebrush gleams with dewdrops,
And a soft breeze stirs the plain—
Then I'll saddle up my cayuse
And I'll take the trail again.

I WILL ride 'neath snow-capped ranges,
Skirt the canyon's dizzy height,
Hear my saddle-leather creaking
Through the star-hush of the night;
I will ford through swollen rivers,
Brave the west wind and the rain,
Till I meet you, little comrade,
When it's springtime on the plain.

Drawings by Will K. Higgie

Sockdolager

By Al Evans

WELL, as Old Sock might have said, "I'm hooked."

And as a matter of fact that's what he did say as plainly as any fish could say it, with the wink of an eye without a lid.

O, he winked, all right, lid or no lid; I'm sure of that, and there was something about that wink that made me uneasy. It was a saucy sort of wink that conveyed the thought, "I'm hooked, sure enough, but—wait!"

From that moment I tried earnestly to talk him out of his evil trickery; talked like a solicitous parent to a mischievous son, yet feeling it would do no good. Nor did it.

There is this difference between us: Old Sock was hooked only for the time being. That was last summer. I'm hooked yet, and probably shall be until we connect again. If we never do, it will be no fault of mine. I'm still after him.

"The big one that got away." How many times that has been paraphrased! No one could have convinced me that it really was so important to lose any fish. Not that I haven't lost them before, time and again, and lamented. But never before has it taken so long to recover.

Trout—big, perhaps—and bass, pike and pickerel—all of them at one time or another have bid me goodbye at a most provoking moment.

Then there was that muskie over on Lake Court Oreilles in Wisconsin. That was a mean trick, because I had him in the boat; and after he had smashed my rod and I had outmaneuvered him hand over hand. Yes, and after he had twisted a sturdy gaff hook all out of shape and I was trying to subdue him with an oar and tie him with the anchor rope at the same time. That's when he flopped overboard and escaped; but I had almost forgotten it.

Odd then that an ordinary wall-eye should make such an impression. But on better thought, this by no means was an ordinary wall-eye. It was the biggest fish of its kind I have ever seen in the water. And I am sure it was the most patient, plotting and persistent fighter of the species I have ever hooked. Strategy is not conceded the wall-eye by all fishermen, but I do not agree that it is without tricks. Had Old Sock catapulted from the water to stand on his tail and fling the hook from his jaw with a mighty thrust it would have impressed me no more than the deliberate nicety with which he bided his big chance. He seemed so cock-sure all the while.

* * *

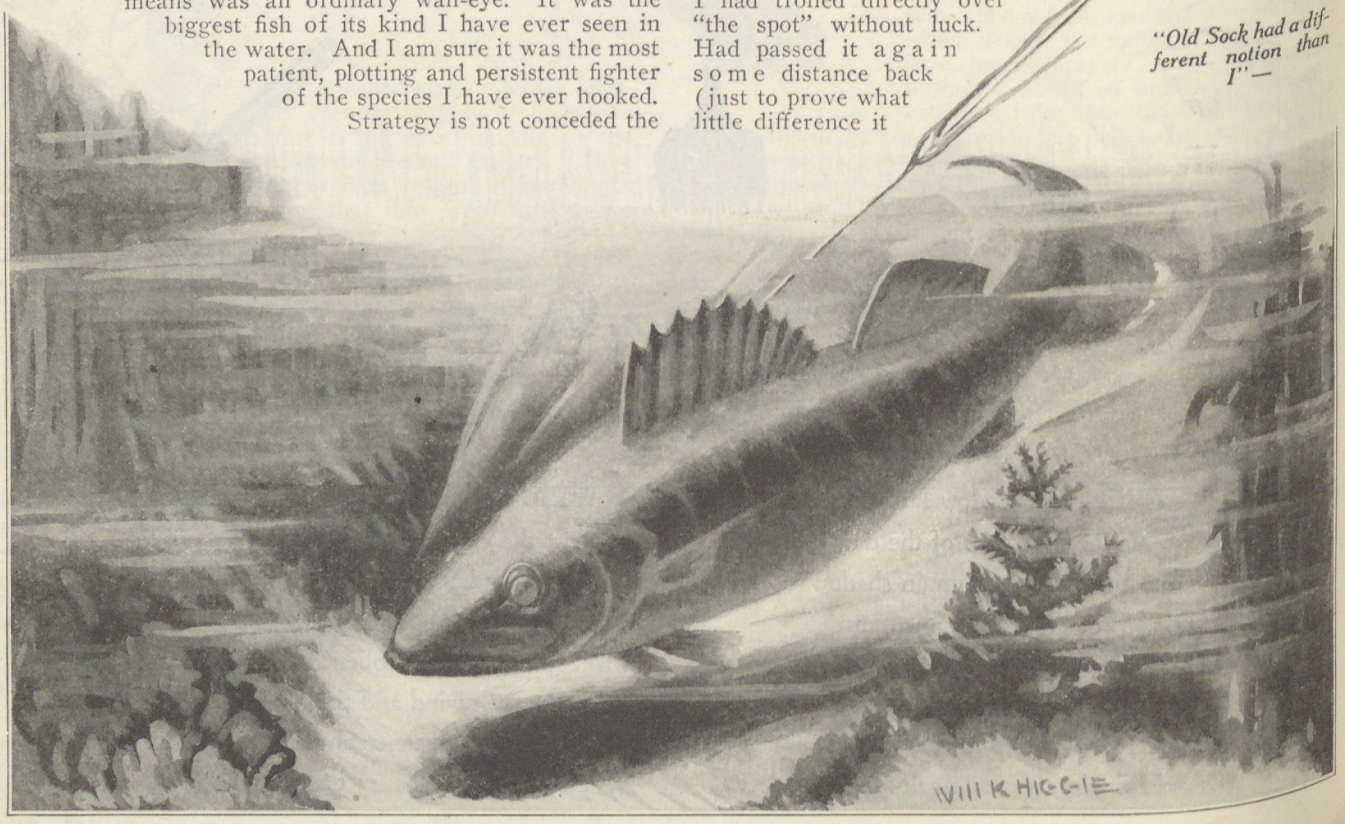
It was high noon. No one else in the boat; no other boat in sight. I had gone out on upper Chisago lake less seriously minded to catch fish than to kill time before lunch.

There's a sand bar out there, mostly submerged, with tall pickerel weeds reaching almost to the surface. Good fishing water, and I had found it especially so at "the spot," if you get what I mean. Way over on the west shore, a conspicuous boulder. Opposite, on the east, a small birch, standing apart at the end of a fringe of poplars. Just off the bar, between the rock and the birch tree—that was "the line." A mile north across the bay, the cottage, and some distance beyond it, a huge cottonwood. On the "line," with the cottonwood squarely behind the cottage was "the spot."

I had been casting there, tired of it, pulled anchor and tried trolling.

Across the bay something white fluttered in the breeze. That reminded me; I had left word at the cottage to hang out a towel or something when lunch was ready. Or had I? Blamed if I could remember. . . . . Quite a line of white things appeared. Airing some linen, maybe. Anyhow, if I should be late because they confused me with signals, it wouldn't be my fault, would it? I would fish just a little while longer.

Drifting along slowly, idling the oars but letting the breeze do most of the work. Time and again I had trolled directly over "the spot" without luck. Had passed it again some distance back (just to prove what little difference it



"Old Sock had a different notion than I"—

"I let out more silk and swung the tip of the rod around the bow to face the other way"—

made). The thought of a strike was out of my mind. I was watching a crazy loon bouncing about on the glittering waves—trying to adjust its dancing to some "theme song" running through my head. What started me thinking of that tune, any—R-r-rip, rip—eek-eek-eek!

Action! No pickerel weed could take out a line like that!

And yet, when I had the rod firmly in hand with my thumb on the spool, I wasn't so sure.

Bottom? Well, if it was, it was moving away; not with a burst of speed, but surely the boat wasn't drifting that fast. Pickerel, I guessed—Esox lucius—and a whopper. A little more pressure on the spool. A pause. A few turns of the reel, and response at the other end of the line—for a moment. Then the fish changed its mind. More line, and yet more line.

"Hold on, Old Top, that's all there is; there is no more." I checked and turned him. He was somewhat reluctant about it at first, then falling in with the idea heart and soul he came for the boat with such enthusiasm it almost took me off my feet. I'm not boasting of keeping the line taut, but in spite of misgivings he was still on the hook when I caught up the slack. But the boat was not his objective. He passed under it with a dash that gave me the idea he was on his way somewhere else and was hard pressed for time to get there. My bamboo curved over the port and dipped in the water. I let out more silk while I swung the tip of the rod around the bow to face him the other way. That is, I faced about. But Old Sock had a different notion.

When I checked him again, he sulked. Well, this wasn't a job to be done off-hand. There were obstacles in the boat that might interfere at the finish. Humoring his mood of the moment, I lifted the oars from their locks and put them away in the boat, then shoved the frog box under a seat where it wouldn't get tangled with my feet at the wrong moment. I reached for the gaff and gave him the signal.

This time he was better mannered. Instead of coming in with a rush, he yielded, after a fashion, and yet with resistance enough to keep the line taut while I reeled it in. Perhaps he was curious rather than tired. What sort of a game was it, anyhow? He passed the stern not more than ten feet aft, and I caught my first glimpse of what I had on.

It was not a fish that I saw diving for deeper water again. It was only a tail—with a spot of white at the lower tip that looked as big as a clay pigeon. Now I knew him. None other than the old patriarch for whom the genus was named —Stizostedion vitreum. And *some* wall-eye!

He was mulish again, yielded again, rushed, sulked and tricked me—time and again. The business was getting serious.

"Look now," I pleaded; "act like that, and who will believe me?"

But he paid no attention.

Around the boat he went, giving and taking; mostly taking on his part and showing himself now and then.

Well, right now I can think of a lot of things I could have done, any one of which might have turned the tables and spoiled this story. But we had drifted into the pickerel weeds. He was dragging a bunch of them with him, but shook them off as I wheeled him in—almost in.

We were both tired. He was composed. I was not, but pretended to be.

He fanned his broad tail listlessly, but kept just out of reach of the gaff as I tried to maneuver him nearer the boat.

"Now listen," I began in a pacifying tone, and he paused a moment as if to consider. But he gave me another cock-sure wink . . . . and the hook slipped gently out of his mouth.

* * *

There was no dash for freedom. He just poised there, easy-like, looking at me while I looked at him. Then he must have read something in my expression. Had I dropped something overboard? He sank slowly as if to find it for me . . . . and forgot to come back.

* * *

"H'm."

I'll swear that's all I said, for I wasn't excited, and there was nobody there to talk to—any more. Anyhow, for some reason, I was resigned to the outcome. . . . . Just sat there in quiet retrospect with my eyes glued to the spot where he had gone down, not realizing I had drifted away from it until the boat swung on the bar.

O, yes; those white things on the line near the cottage—still there. Well, maybe lunch *was* ready. I'd find out and come back after while.

It was. I did. But *he* didn't care. Gave him a chance until dark, but he seemed to have lost all interest.

* * *

Not quite bedtime. A game of Five Hundred. Rattle of window shutters. Hoped it wouldn't be too rough in the morning. That crazy loon out there—still bouncing and laughing . . . . at me, like as not. Well, maybe I'd have the last laugh. A restless spider, lowering itself from a rafter and reeling back upward again. Wondering how much line there had been to spare.

"Dad, you reneged!"

"That's so . . . ." (but he was so cock-sure of himself all the time).

"But, Dad, if the old sockdolager had a back *that* broad he must have weighed more than you said."

I didn't know I had said. I didn't know I had dared.

"And a tail like an airplane rudder."

"Then he *must* have weighed more."

That helped to convince me. I believe he did. Sure of it.

* * *

I'm not quite certain that I hooked Old Sock next day. Once I thought I had him on, but only for a moment. Anyhow, it was Sock or the bottom of the lake. It can't be that he has a counterpart there. Chisago is a good-sized lake, but there wouldn't be room for two of them and room for the water too.

I know I haven't hooked him since. Over and near "the spot," minnows and frogs have left my hook in mystifying manner. I like to think *he* got them. I'm for him until we connect again, and then if it happens he's not for me, I'll not be sorry, for there will still be something to try for.

And I think he will be there. If he's got by long enough to get *that* big, he's almost sure to get by longer. He proved to me that he has it in him.

But I've had him on, and—I'm hooked—yet!

Cold Weather Trout

By *Robert Page Lincoln*

I WAS lying outstretched on the sand looking out upon the shimmering sea at Long Key in Florida one early spring day —and I was holding a letter in my hand. The letter was from C. M. up in Minnesota and among other things it called my attention to the fact that the brook trout fishing season was not so very far in the distance, also that I should not fail to be up in time to get in on the lake trout as soon as the ice went out.

Suddenly I was smitten with a case of homesickness that would not out; one of those "gathering pains" that leave you inert and drooping. To get back to the northland became an uppermost ambition. With the crocuses and violets about to make their annual bow on the northern hillsides this was no time to be loitering under the cocoanut trees down on the bounding main. One runs an eye along the auto roads marked on the map, gauges the distance from point to point and the time to get there and then—*goes!*

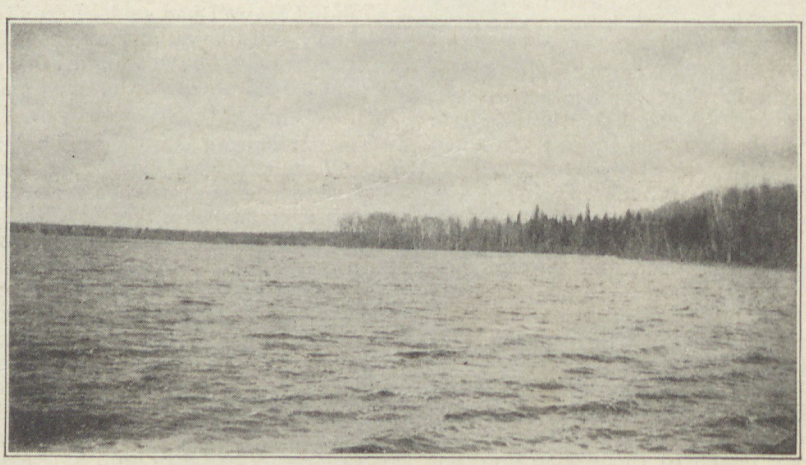
Distance surely lends enchantment to the view as the poet has it and plays some rather deliberate pranks with the fancy. Among other things it may be all of a golden summer and "June in Miami" but that is not saying that one is apt to be choked by a downpour of apple-blossom petals at approximately the same time up north. Not so you would notice it with your one good eye! You slip through the Carolinas, Kentucky, Indiana: everything pleasant. Illinois, not so good. Wisconsin, a little worse; and as you enter upon Minnesota the hills show ermine against a grey sky and the landscape in general has the aspect of January in the full sway of his reign. Crocus weather, indeed! But there is one relieving feature for here and there the brooks are merrily bubbling and chattering on their inevitable way to the sea and you know that the icy barrier has collapsed in some quarters at least. It helps you to forget that you left the sunny southland just a few weeks too soon, what with the ice on the lakes still adamantine in consistency and fleece-lined underwear the prevailing mode. I could forgive C. M. the laughter he perpetrated at my expense when he offered as a consolation the information that he had a lake spotted up on the border where we were to "break in" on the season with an expedition that had been planned against the lake trout.

Cold weather trout. Also C. M. by the way.

Time was when *namaycush*, the lake trout, enjoyed but a smattering of fame and was dubbed a commercial fish pure and simple. As a sporting proposition he was not in it and was waved aside by the élite in the manner one turns thumbs down on the lowly carp or the little pickerel. But the border and Canada has innumerable lakes that produce a deep-run member of the specie that is possessed of a pink flesh much on the order of the salmon and is dignified and raised to a special niche with the designation applied to it of "salmon trout."

The fact of the matter is that this same salmon trout is a far superior fish to the ordinary white-fleshed or grey trout; coming out of the deepest, coldest waters in the northern lakes they are equally as gamy as the rainbow trout, when taken from some waters at least. Added to this they are a food fish almost second to none.

At two seasons in the year these trout come up out of the depths and can be caught with ordinary bass fishing tackle, casting for them with wobbling spoons. These intervals are right after the ice goes out when they make a feeding run into the shallow water and again in the autumn as soon as cold weather comes on when they appear on the reefs for a time. It is interesting to note that the salmon trout do not stay long inshore in the spring for they are extremely sensitive to warmth, in fact the first intimation of real summery weather sends them into the depths from which they will not return again until winter is close at hand. When one considers the depth at which these trout are found in the border lakes some idea will be gained of their exclusiveness; these lakes range three hundred, five hundred, eight hundred, even one thousand feet in depth, amazing as it may seem but true nevertheless.



Vermilion Lake. The day looked grim and forbidding.

Trout Lake, just north of Lake Vermilion in Minnesota, was to be our objective when the word was imparted to us that the ice was out. And eventually we did get this word, at a time when the thermometer was still registering some very low temperatures; real mackinaw and double-built sweater weather. But fishing right after the ice is out in the north is an institution in the bor-

der country and one goes forth expecting to face polar conditions with all its frills and furbishes.

So we foregathered in a snug little cabin up on the shores of Lake Vermilion, six of us all told; we were to be led on to fish destruction by that celebrated guide, Einar Jystad, and none other than the famous Minnesota football star, Carl Lidberg. One of the members of our coterie was Captain Hughie Hughes, formerly of the Welsh Fusileers, who claimed to have swum the English Channel on his back.

It was a rip-snorting night out, that first night on Vermilion. The north wind fairly howled around the corners and we kept the stove going full blast. C. M. engaged Edward White and Colonel Spaulding Howe, one after the other,

Hughie said: "If my eyes do not play me false am I wrong in believing that the white I see in the distance is washing on the line!"

at checkers and having trimmed up on them, took on the rest of us with like results.

Morning arrived in due course of events, a grim, frosty one indeed. The canoes, with camping equipment intact, were slipped into the ice-cold water and a start was made, the waves of Vermilion fairly rolling in breaker formation with the flash far out of the whitecaps against the grey sky above. It was not just exactly a sight for sore eyes and an inspiration; indeed, there was much head-shaking with speculations as to the advisability of putting forth. But sally forth we did for a grueling paddle to the north shore of the lake in the face of full-on and quartering waves. The sting of the wind, which now had granules in it, carried down out of rolling clouds, did not help matters any and pointed to the fact that, instead of letting up, the wind was increasing in intensity and the wintry aspect was growing more evident as time moved on. I do not know if the other members of the party had lake trout upon the horizon of their endeavors, but as for myself I was dubious, although I had to admit that it is during just such riotous and bitter cold weather that the erratic red trout come to the surface, striking with merry abandonment to the tune of a snow-laden north wind. Cold weather trout they surely are. No wonder that some of these trout range thirty to forty pounds in weight, since no fisherman's net ever reaches them to cut them off in their youth; in fact, most of these lakes are now protected from the depredations of the commercial interests and will be left evermore to the pursuits of the disciple of Walton.

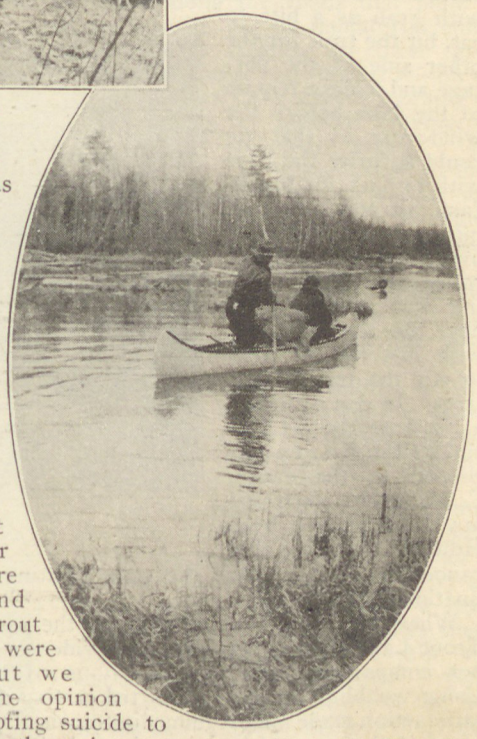
After much hard labor, several swampings of water, numb fingers and blurred eyesight, we reached the Trout Lake portage on the age-old trail of the fur-traders. Here it was decided that camp would be established and that from here we would go on to Trout Lake, returning to the portage in the night; in fact, both Carl and Einar had their doubts about fishing in such weather, for while the cold did not exactly hinder (as we would forget about that if the fish started coming in), still there was the aggravating wind to contend with. However, we crossed the portage to the lower end of Trout Lake and at someone's suggestion that perhaps it was too cold to fish, C. M. proclaimed loudly, "I came up here to get trout and I'm going to get them if I have to put on my diving suit and go down after them." Hughie asked later in an aside if it really were true that C. M. carried such equipment and I added that I would not be surprised. I stated that I thought he even carried a night cap with him.

Lower Trout Lake proved to be quite well sheltered and the decision was arrived at that we should spread out and go about fishing in the attempt to catch sufficient great northern pike for our noon-day festival. And fish we did. We fished hard and we fished with every sort of tackle that we had to our credit, added to which we fished shallow and deep, casting and trolling, and in the end had to admit our defeat, for not so much as one fish had come in, nor, indeed, not even a strike had been had. Consequently we advanced a notch up Trout Lake and in due course of time put into a sheltered harbor to build a fire and fry our bacon. From our vantage point we could survey a portion of the wide stretch of the lake which presented to the view waves that exceeded by far those we had battled on Vermilion. Hughie, who had been standing in silence appraising the scene both near and far away, pointed toward the eastern shore, a look of disgust on his face.

"I thought it had been said by some member of this party," he stated most emphatically, distrusting our good intentions, "that this was supposed to be in a howling wilderness. But am I wrong in believing that the white I see in the distance is washing on the line!"

Carl Lidberg, All American football celebrity; Captain Hughie Hughes; Einar Jystad; C. M. Bahr; Edward White; Captain Douglas Rolfe and Colonel Spaulding Howe.

C. M. poling up Trout Creek. Hughie resting.



Hughie was mortified when we told him that it was ice piled many feet in height on the shore of the lake.

C. M. was of the opinion that the wind would go down and that we could that afternoon hit out across lake for the islands where both Einar and Carl stated the trout would be if they were up at all. But we were all of the opinion that it was tempting suicide to hit it out now; so the wait was put into effect. Lacking the checker-board, which had been left at the tents at the portage, I routed out my checked shirt from the pack and, laying

this out and using pennies and dimes for checkers, we were soon under way, C. M. and I; and failing in a certain interval to make a "king" out of one of his men that had gotten over to my end of the shirt, he shouted in a most disreputable and atrocious manner—"Crown me! Crown me!" Somebody threw a packsack weighing eighty pounds, which fell on C. M.'s head with telling effect, from which disaster he arose slightly groggy and indisposed.

The wind refused to let up and so we agreed each and all to go back to the portage and there establish ourselves for the night. When we got back there we found that three men with one boat were engaged in the rather unsavory business of running a net up the creek, and thinking that these persons were seining wall-eyed pike, C. M. at once suggested that we call these reprobates to task and ask them where the dickens they thought they got off at.

Our righteous indignation took a deliberate turn when we found that it was merely a horde of spawn-eating suckers these men were seining. Being supremely generous and permeated with the spirit of co-operation, they kindly offered us eight of these delectable morsels of finny food: receipt of which caused our clan to grow wildly jubilant. Fish in camp at last!

In the presence of the gathering I steaked eight puckermouthed suckers and several of those present whose stomachs called aloud for fins and scales wanted to go back and bring in eight more—"Or arrest the cusses for using a net." I didn't say much but inwardly I recoiled. One fish next to a dogfish I detest is a sucker. In finny creation I find no reason for it; and as a food-fish it should only be resorted to when the last porcupine has been choked into dire submission. Yet here was a crew of good men and true whose interests now lay wholly in a certain pile of sucker-steaks that Carl Lidberg, the All-American celebrity, was about to practice on.

Someone had convinced Hughie that sucker roe was caviar in the rough. It seems that at one time in the distant past Hughie had partaken of caviar so that now it became Carl's task to fry about two pounds of sucker roe for Hughie, much to the astonishment of the rest of the gathering, who looked askance upon this ponderous Welsh rarebit. It is a marvel to me now that our party survived the feast that was spread before them and which they made inroads into with a heartiness and gusto befitting adept trenchermen.

In the dim of the next morning C. M. pounded me in the ribs and told me to wake up. The wind had gone down, he said; all was quiet along the Potomac and we should forthwith grab us a bite to eat, hit the trail for the other side of the portage and make a trip up to the lake before the wind rose so that we could surprise the boys with trout for breakfast. It took me ten minutes to think this over, but eventually I rolled out. The morning was another grey one, the sky overcast, with just enough wind to stir the tops of the trees. In due order we arrived at the other end of the portage, slipped in the canoe, C. M. at the stern and myself at the bow. How we did make that canoe breeze along over the water, hitting it for our destination in double-quick time.

We make camp at the portage.

When we came within sight of the open stretches of Trout Lake there were waves in evidence, but in no manner comparable with the conditions of the day before. Using wobbling spoons we started casting and to our great satisfaction made almost immediate connections with a brace of trout that ranged between six and eight pounds. Trust a wobbler every time to prove the Nemesis of the lake trout and the final argument so far as *namaycush* is concerned.

Two trout, then four we landed. Things were looking up. Followed then an intensive assault with wobbling spoons that brought in the fish one after another. They were there and they fought so energetically that we had to keep close tab on our reeling and give and take line to keep from losing several of the dandies.

When it is understood that our fingers were ice-cold and numb and our eyes blurred, our situation can well be understood. Fish you catch at this time of the year you have a genuine respect for and you appreciate them one and all in an abundant fashion.

We must have had all of fifteen trout when the halt came in our operations. The wind had started to rise in a most sinister fashion and the waves were gaining in volume with every minute. We unanimously agreed that the sooner we got out of our present location the better for us. In so many minutes we were about face and headed across that maelstrom of water for the lee shore. Above us the sky grew more grey and threatening. There was every indication that we were in for a most breezy session and once we were out in that surging sea and could not turn back we came to a realization of the seriousness of the situation. We knew that our combined skill with the paddles was necessary to keep us top dry.

It was nip and tuck for some time in our battle with the elements. Chilled we were to the marrow and liberally drenched with water. By straining every muscle and throwing our every energy into the performance we eventually made our goal. Or, probably, I should say, we *nearly* made it. For just as we were some thirty feet from shore the roll of the shallows caught us and before my bleary eyes could detect what lay dead ahead we were on a huge rock which the waves did not expose.

I tried to sheer off by putting forward the paddle, but it hit, slid, and the roll of the waves catching us, I shot sideways, and our weight being to one edge, over we went. Luckily it was not deep, but deep enough, nevertheless, to give us a generous soaking. It had all happened in a twinkling and what we did was also done in a twinkling. I have a picture of C. M. up to his neck in water, but I also see him rise superior to the elements, wallowing out with a string of six lake trout to his credit, and his exclamation—"I told you we should have strung the rest of them!"

But I knew that I had my rod safe, which meant much, and without saying a word I rushed ashore and hit it for the woods. Out came my knife and off came a strip of birch-bark from a down-tree. Followed a gathering of sticks, leaves and twigs. Followed the striking of a flame on the lighter. And followed a yellow gleam and the crackling and curling of the bark as the fire bit into it.

Came then C. M. wheezing up the bank dragging a bunch of unresisting trout after him and soaked and cold and half-dead I heard him say, "Well, I got two more of them out of the lake *and I think I can swim out and get two more!*"

I don't know whether I silenced him with the paddle or what I did. I do know that there were intense activities around that fire for about an hour in the course of which rub-downs, sweat-baths, laundry work and other manual labors, too numerous to mention, were prominently featured among our occupations. We had just been restored to both mental and physical equilibrium and were feeling fine and fit when C. M. made the nothing short of classic remark:

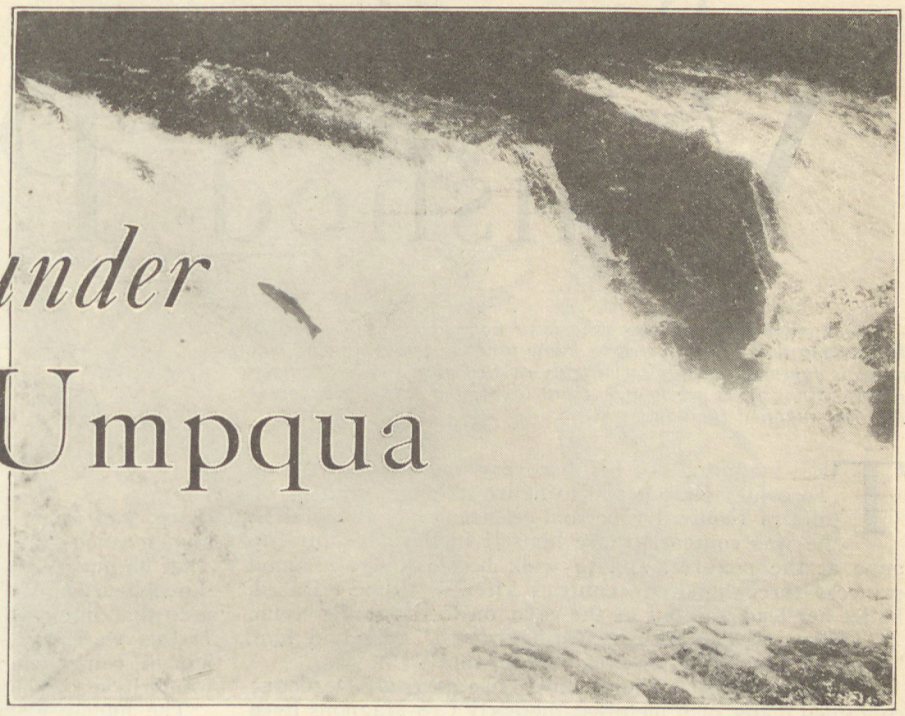
"What do you say we go out and mop up on a few more to take home!"

A cold weather fisherman. Brr-r-r!!

And cold weather trout. *Brr-r-r-r!!!*

That *Forty Pounder of the* Umpqua

By Major Lawrence Mott



Salmon attempting Steamboat Falls on the North Umpqua River, Oregon.

THE Creator of all things hath fashioned some most marvelous places of beauty in this world o' ours—and it has been my great good fortune to have clapped eyes on many of them—the world over.

But for sheer charm of exquisite scenery, combined with splendid sport, I have yet to find "the beat of" the gorgeous Umpqua river in mid-Oregon! Rising from Diamond Lake and many lesser tributaries away back in the silent mountains, the Umpqua—"The river that thunders" is the translation of the Indian name—does thunder its way to the sea, flowing wholly through Douglas county—that is one of rare richness of soil and, consequently, abounds in much produce—chiefly lumber, sheep, chickens and fruit.

It has been a matter of surprise to me that, comparatively speaking, so few folk know anything of this very lovely region! All my fishin' friends speak enthusiastically of the famous Rogue river—that I, too, thoroughly fished year before last—and in the next breath they open fire on the sport to be had on the Mackenzie! To reach the latter from the former one passes directly over the Umpqua—via a splendid new bridge at Winchester, just north of the cheery little city of Roseburg. Did the vast number of anglers, that shuttle to and fro in these hurried manners, but know what they are "passing up" as they cross over the Winchester bridge they would, I am sure, pause and consider a bit! This article is for the purpose of setting forth something of the sport that I had there in May of last year.

The good lady—ever my faithful companion on all my many wilderness trips, is undoubtedly the most enthusiastic audience that any angler could ask for—the kind that emits lusty cheers when a chap comes home with a good catch, or a slim one!

Leaving Redding, California, just as the first tints of dawn were commencing their attack on the soft warm darkness, we passed swiftly along the splendid highway, crossing into Oregon just beyond a lonely spot called Hornbrook. After two days of seemingly endless pounding along the wearying, flat country of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, it was indeed a joy and a relief beyond expression, to be among mountains and trees—with cool little streams gurgling and tinkling along the flower-lined wayside. Quail and dove—and the ubiquitous jackrabbits—were everywhere. Deer looked wonderingly at us from the edge of the dark green thickets as we sped silently on.

As though in greeting, Mt. Shasta's snow-crowned heights towered just above us, without its usual cloud screen and I could not help but philosophize a bit! Silent, grim, magnificent, inscrutable, Shasta looms above the land, as though watching in dignified amusement the frantic hurryings of humanity along the roads that flank its great base. So infinitely small and of immaterial consequence does "man" seem—in relation to these great masses of forest and stone that—on me, at least—they have a most soothing effect, stilling the modern craving for "speed—and still more speed!" The oceans—and I have been on all of them 'round the world—are not restful with their ceaseless heaving. But the mountains, to me, spell rest and a strange sense of eternal peace!

Major Mott with his 37½ lb. Chinook salmon.

And so, all day, through scene after scene of sheer delight, we sped on—reaching Roseburg in the late afternoon.

All preparations for me to set forth on the next morning after the famous chinook salmon were detailed to me—and so to bed with great anticipations! . . . .

The sun was beginning to crimson the skies of another day when I pulled up by the bridge pool. Picture, an' ye will—a magnificent stretch of very fast water whose head is 'neath a heavy fall at a dam, and that rushes thence for the matter of half a mile with entrancing eddies—smoother stretches—bewitching riffles—down to the head of the next rapids. Such is the salmon water that I looked hungrily upon, wondering what results would come from its foam- *(Continued on page 48)*

Drawings by Frank Hoban

The Vanished People

By

Edison Marshall

Those among our readers who have not made a study of anthropology will be interested to know that the tribes of men and animals appearing in this serial truly existed at one time upon the earth. Many facts are known about them; the author's imagination has supplied the unknown. —EDITOR.

THE magnitude of his discovery overpowered Adam. To contemplate it and to figure its effect on his own affairs required time and leisure. For the present he was content to lose himself in the adventure, to gape at the pictures, and to walk beside a Cro-Magnon princess three hundred centuries after her time. Dazed, he let her lead him out of the cave, on to the sunlit beach.

"There are other caves further down," she told him. "Some of them have pictures of elephants."

This fact did not astonish him. The caves of Dordogne contained many such pictures: the early Cro-Magnons lived and strove with elephants. He hastily assumed that the Antarctic branch of the race either had kept alive a legend of the hairy monsters, or else their pictures were thousands of years old. He asked to visit the cave.

"I will take you there, and perhaps you will get a chance to see how pictures are made. My own cousin—my mother's brother's son—is foremost of the artist caste, and he is making pictures in one of the sea-caves to-day. His name is Blut-Bal—it means Red Buffalo." *(Blut:* Blood, *Bal:* Bull.)

But they were not to pass the time so pleasantly. Without warning they were precipitated into a drama wholly in keeping with this wild sea-scene, and the outdoor hunting life of the Cro-Magnons. As they were passing a narrow strip of beach between towering cliffs and the surf, a storm of sound burst upon their ears.

It bellowed forth from one of the caves in the base of the cliff, the black mouth of rock acting as a megaphone. Shocked by the uproar, at first Adam could not imagine what it was. He only knew that it called up, from some old cellar of experience lying under his conscious brain, ghosts of primal terror which he had supposed the white man's civilization had laid long ago.

But Dian knew well enough. "Yore!" she cried, her face white as the sea-foam on the sand. "Run, run—it is *Yore.*"

And now his stunned brain moved, and he too recognized the general nature of the sound. It was the roar of an animal—the ferocious half-snarl, half-bay, of a large carnivor. What else could he expect, in this wild-beast land? It undulated in the cave, and shook the air outside. The fury and violence of the sound told plainly that the brute was either charging or in the act of killing his prey.

But Adam could not heed Dian's cry. He was not given the alternative of flight. Just as he was about to take to his heels, another cry, from another source, shot like a rocket out of the cave.

It was not so loud as the beast's roars, but it cut through them, shrill, sharp, and arresting. Adam instantly recognized it as a human voice—the voice of a fellow man in mortal terror. That he must answer it, the best he could, was not merely the obligation of his manhood, but instinct so sure and deep that it moved without any conscious act of his will. If this were not so—if such an instinct did not exist—human beings would not have survived, and the Beast would have conquered long ago.

The human cry had died in the air. It had ended in the middle of a tone, as if the breath behind it had been violently cut off. The animal sounds still continued, but had changed ominously in character. The long roar had given way to short, savage snarls, rapidly repeated, and indescribably ferocious, as if the animal had completed his charge and was now tearing its prey.

Somehow Adam got hold of his knife. He was not conscious of whipping his hand to his hip and sweeping the blade aloft, but Dian saw the act, and it left a picture in her memory that would never fade. Instantly he plunged into the cave mouth.

He shouted as loud as he could, partly to frighten the animal, partly to enbolden himself, but now the shout froze in his mouth. It was as if he had harked back thirty thousand years, to a drama of the Stone Age. In a niche in the wall a whale-oil lamp was burning. Blut-Bal, Dian's cousin, had placed it there to light the black walls which he meant to decorate, and now its yellow fitful gleam revealed a stranger picture than he could ever paint.

He lay on the cavern floor, his paint brush fallen from his hand. He was a strongly-built youth, worthy to be kin to Dian, but his great strength and agility would not save him now. Standing over him, fiercely attacking him and now in the act of crushing the bone of his left arm between white fangs, was a shaggy heavy-shouldered animal obviously of the bear family. No doubt this was *Yore* (the word seemed to be related to *bjorn,* the Scandinavian word for bear) whose name Dian had cried in terror.

Yore was unlike any bear Adam had ever seen. He was colored like the blue bears of the Alaskan glaciers, but of an entirely different build. He had immensely powerful fore quarters, but his loins were comparatively weak. His fish-shaped head and big paws suggested the polar bears, but he was not so large as the monarchs of the Arctic floes, and was nearer the size of the American black bears.

If Adam could have taken time to study the animal, he would have recognized a new species, as far as the

The Story So Far

DR. ADAM WEISMANN has been forced to join an Antarctic expedition headed by Karl Belgrade, world known scientist, whose ambition is to find an unknown race described to him by Hull, a sailor aboard his ship.

Adam hears much from Hull of this strange tribe of white people—by whom Hull and Morrison, first mate of their wrecked ship, had been rescued and with whom they had dwelt for years. Morrison had married the Chief's daughter who had borne him a girl child. Years later he is killed while hunting. Hull dies but with his maps and directions Adam and Belgrade leave their ship and set out in a plane in search of the vanished people.

They find a remarkably handsome and virile race of white people of which Dian, Morrison's daughter, is goddess and queen. Adam is charmed by her intelligence and beauty and realizes with amazement that her people are the last of the Cro-Magnons, unquestionably one of the noblest races time has known.

"It was as if he had harked back thirty thousand years, to a drama of the Stone Age .... Yore was unlike any bear Adam had ever seen"—

world knew, of water bear. Probably it denned in the caves beside the sea, and lived principally on seals. No doubt it was first cousin to the cave bears of prehistoric Europe—those ferocious beasts whose skeletons lie close to the broken bones of the Stone Age men, witnessing the forgotten battles of two hundred centuries gone. This particular animal had laired in the further recesses of the cave, and wakening from his sleep, had attacked Blut-Bal unawares. The man had attempted to flee, but Yore had overtaken him, perhaps crushed his skull, and now was demolishing him with all the horrible frenzy of the urson breed.

But Adam had no time for scientific observations. All he saw was the Beast rampant upon the body of Man. With a shout that simulated far more courage than he possessed, he raised his knife and charged.

He was not consciously brave. Indeed, he was terrified to the marrow of his bones: such a hand-to-hand fight would be bad enough in the open air, and much worse in this dark cavern, where the shadows danced and snatched at him with black hands. His superior civilization and scientifically trained mind were of no comfort or help. He quaked like the flint men in Solutrean caves, or like his yellow-haired ancestors in the forests of Ancient Germany. But again like these barbarians, he could not turn aside. He could not think rationally on the matter, conclude that his life was worth more than this pagan artist's, and save himself. The basic instincts of his breed hurled him on.

The bear's roving eye took in this new enemy. He raised his head, his lips drew in a snarl, and with a roar that made the cavern ring, he charged. Yet this new turn of the battle probably saved Adam's life. If he had plunged on, Yore would have stood up to meet him, and broken his knife arm, and probably his back as well, with one blow of his paw. Armed with such a short blade, Adam did not have a dog's chance of avoiding the horned mauls. But now there was no need to push the attack, because the bear had turned the tables.

Seeing that the animal had forgotten his first victim, Adam turned to run. It was at least possible that Yore would follow him into the open and make off. But in bear fashion, he took two leaps toward Adam, paused, and looked back at his helpless prey. Possibly he was considering whether he should return to the body and further vent his rage upon it; perhaps he was uneasy to find himself between two enemies.

At this instant, Adam saw a spear leaning against the cavern wall: Blut-Bal had no doubt set it there when he went to his painting. No object Adam had ever seen was such a joy to his eyes. It was merely a native lance—a shaft of wood tipped with a bronze point—but that point was almost needle-sharp, and the shaft, heavy and strong, added five feet to his reach. With this he could stab the animal's body and still remain beyond the sweep of those terrible hairy arms. The odds still might be in his enemy's favor, but at least he had a fighting chance.

He snatched up the spear and menaced his enemy. He made no attempt to hurl it—this was out of his line—nor did he hold it aloft, like a javelin; rather he handled it as though it were a rifle tipped with a bayonet. And now he was on sure ground. A scene of ten years before—an army camp in southern sand, and a straw dummy hanging on a rope—flashed briefly before his memory's eye. He knew how to wield a blade at the end of a stick! The admonitions of a hard-voiced sergeant rang in his ear, and a well-learned lore came back to him afresh.

Now the bear was moving back toward his first victim, and there was no more time to lose. With one deliberate blow he could break Blut-Bal's body in two. Suddenly there was a flash of red fire in Adam's brain. He forgot caution; he almost forgot fear, indeed, he remembered naught but rage and hate—primal emotions ancient as this cavern—and his only desire was to feel his spear-point in his foe's flesh.

Holding the spear in both hands, like a bayonet, he lunged on. He shouted as he came, hoarsely and horribly, just as he had learned to do twelve years before. And the look of him—lance pointing, eyes glaring, mouth open wide and yelling, powerful arms menacing—was more than Yore could stand. He was only the Beast, and this was Man. His instincts told him that he had met his master, and his wild heart turned cold with fear.

He was no rifle-tamed beast of a National Park, but a

cave-bear of old, still striving for the mastery of an unconquered wilderness. He had not yet learned a horror of the human scent that would send his northern cousins scurrying to cover. Yet he knew that the power of the Wild was broken. Man had seized the sceptor, and although there would be many skirmishes in the future, they must all lead to one end. It was best to avoid the two-legged foe, when he could. With a last menacing growl, he turned, sprang over Blut-Bal's body, and vanished into the further recesses of the cavern.

Adam made no effort to follow. He was only too glad to call the fight a draw. Cold and shaken by the aftermath of terror, he picked up Blut-Bal in his arms and ran out of the cavern. Just at the opening he met Dian, white as an ice-spirit. He realized, with a jubilant leap of his heart, that she had stayed with him to the last. She had not fled to safety, but had stood by, waiting for an opportunity to help, and yelling at the top of her voice.

Four fishermen had heard her, and were running over the dunes to their ruler's aid. The two ran to meet them, Adam still carrying the injured man, and not until the big Cro-Magnons closed round them did they shake off their terror of that gray demon of the cave. Then Adam laid his patient down on the sand and began to make a swift examination of his wounds.

Blut-Bal was now perfectly conscious, although suffering from loss of blood and severe shock. One arm was hopelessly mutilated, but he had rallied well, and if he could receive proper medical attention, his injuries were not necessarily mortal. This was the professional opinion of an experienced physician, and when he looked up at Dian, his eyes were alight with hope.

But Dian's eyes did not quicken to his. Her face was haggard with woe and horror. Plainly she had not waited his judgment, but had taken her own: she was ready to sing the death-song, to paint the victim's body, and to bury him, crowned by perforated shells, his weapons and food by his side, after the immemorial custom of the Cro-Magnons. Her tribesmen had likewise given him up; their faces were grim and white. As far as they knew, or tribal experience revealed, Blut-Bal was doomed.

The woe in Dian's face touched Adam deeply. "Don't take it so hard," he urged. "He may come through all right."

"He is gone," she answered brokenly. "He will make no more pictures to gladden our hearts. He must go to *Maun ig Mere.*"

The pity in Adam's face gave way to cold rage. To send this youth to the mysterious, sinister cavern whose very name chilled a man's heart like the South wind, seemed to Adam not merely barbarous but inhumanly cruel. Besides, his life-saving instincts rebelled against such a brutal waste. He was glad that Dian at least had the grace to weep.

"Do you mean you're going to kill him just because he's been mutilated and can't do his full amount of work?" Adam asked savagely.

Only her grief, filling her cup so full that no room was left for anger, saved Adam from serious trouble. It was not fitting that the Daughter of the Sun and the Moon should be addressed in this manner. Her tribesmen could not follow the words, but they kenned the tone, and their brows lowered, and their hands moved slowly and ominously toward their weapons. But the girl's pride had taken no hurt. "You don't understand," she told him gently. "I would pray all night in the temple, and give my gold bracelets as a sacrifice to the Sun, if Blut-Bal could live. Only his left arm is crushed, not his right. He could still make pictures for the people's joy. But he will die. The poison will come into his arm and his other wounds, and creep through his body. We have seen it before, when the flash is torn and the bones crushed by Yore's fangs. In three days —four days—perhaps five—he will beg to be taken to *Maun ig Mere.* And we will take him there, because we know he will die anyway, and we cannot bear his pain."

Adam's pale face slowly flushed. A high, solemn exaltation, such as he had known only in rare moments never forgotten, thrilled his heart and kindled his eyes. Not for the first time in his life, but one of the few times, he literally thanked God that he was a doctor.

"But he needn't die," he said earnestly. "I can bring him through, if he's brave enough. Dian, I am a medicine-man—I know how to stop the poison that spreads from his wounds—but I can do nothing unless Blut-Bal will help me. Can he bear pain—great pain?"

The pride in the girl's face, the noble lifting of her eyes to his, and the luster in her eyes, made this moment one of the most poignant in Adam's life. "Can he bear pain?" she echoed. "A man of our men, and a worshipper in the temple? Is he a child, or a dog to whine when he is beaten? Even the *Ug Paddrin* know how to bear pain, and Blut-Bal is of the caste next to me, Dian. Do you know what my people call themselves? The Last of the Men."

The fishermen who stood about her caught the earnestness of her tone, and questioned among themselves. Quickly she appealed to them, speaking in the Cro-Magnon tongue. Meanwhile Adam watched their faces, and the pride and valor and simple nobility that he saw there, when they understood the situation, stirred him profoundly. They answered almost in one voice.

"They say that he is Blut-Bal, the maker of pictures," Dian translated. "They say he is of the Temple, and of the Men. They don't need to say any more."

So Adam delayed no further. Quickly he gave directions for Blut-Bal to be carried to the guest-house. Here the walls were bare plaster, and therefore cleaner than the fur-draped walls of Dian's own igloo. Swift boats were sent to meet the party of men towing in the disabled seaplane, with instructions to procure Adam's medical bag and rush it back to the village. Meanwhile he prepared an operating table, rough but adequate, and with many a makeshift got together some sort of surgical outfit.

For his assistants his first choice was Professor Belgrade, whose iron nerve could now be put to good use. The Slav responded with a warmth and earnestness quite in contrast to his usual cynicism, and his feud with Adam was momentarily forgotten. The doctor told

"The dogs were no more or less than domesticated wolves marvelously trained and disciplined."

him the names of the instruments, so that he could pass them in a split second, and he learned them on one telling.

Adam would need an interpreter, in case he should be obliged to address his patient, so he asked Dian herself to stand by. The girl seemed childishly pleased to have a share in the work.

Hands and equipment and surroundings were made sterile as possible by scrubbing and boiling. The injured man was brought in and laid on the table. Whatever fear moved in his heart, at the grim preparations, cast no reflection on his still, pale face. And now Adam, the adventurer, the spear-shaker, the bear-hunter, vanished from the room, and only Doctor Weismann, physician and surgeon, was left. Coldly, ruthlessly, methodically he went to work.

Not only Blut-Bal, the barbarian, was on trial that hour. Doctor Weismann, his nerve, will, and professional powers were tried as never before. It was bad enough to see the knives move through quivering sentient flesh, as Dian could attest, but it was worse to wield those knives. Weismann had never before performed major surgery on a conscious patient. He did not even have local anesthetic to soften the billows of pain sweeping the patient's body. Yet he never did better work. It was surgery at its best —a first-rate performance from a surgeon's own viewpoint, a job to show colleagues in future years.

He was oblivious to his surroundings. His hand was steady, sure, and strong; his orders to his assistants clear and precise. It was a splendid demonstration of Weismann's powers, yet he himself knew that a great part of the strength that steadied his hand and nerve, came from without. He had not only high professional traditions to inspire him, but also the high heart of his patient. Whatever else happened, he must keep faith with the faith of Blut-Bal.

That man's strength in this trial shamed any weakness Weismann might have felt, and brought out the best that was in him. Blut-Bal lay motionless, as though he were completely anesthetized and the last reflex had died in his eyeballs. Wound after wound was cleansed, sterilized, and repaired, and finally the surgeon's blade emerged through the joint of his elbow, amputating his fore arm; but although the cold sweat beaded all his body and his face was gray as ashes, he scorned to flinch or cry out.

He was a man of the Cro-Magnons. It was not fitting that he should show weakness before these visitors from beyond the Ice. So he upheld not only his own barbarian honor, but the honor of his race, unquestionably one of the noblest races time has known. In his veins was the rich untainted blood of the First Men, from whose conquests all greatness began. He was one of the giants.

"In the name of the immortal truth," Belgrade whispered, "this savage is a man."

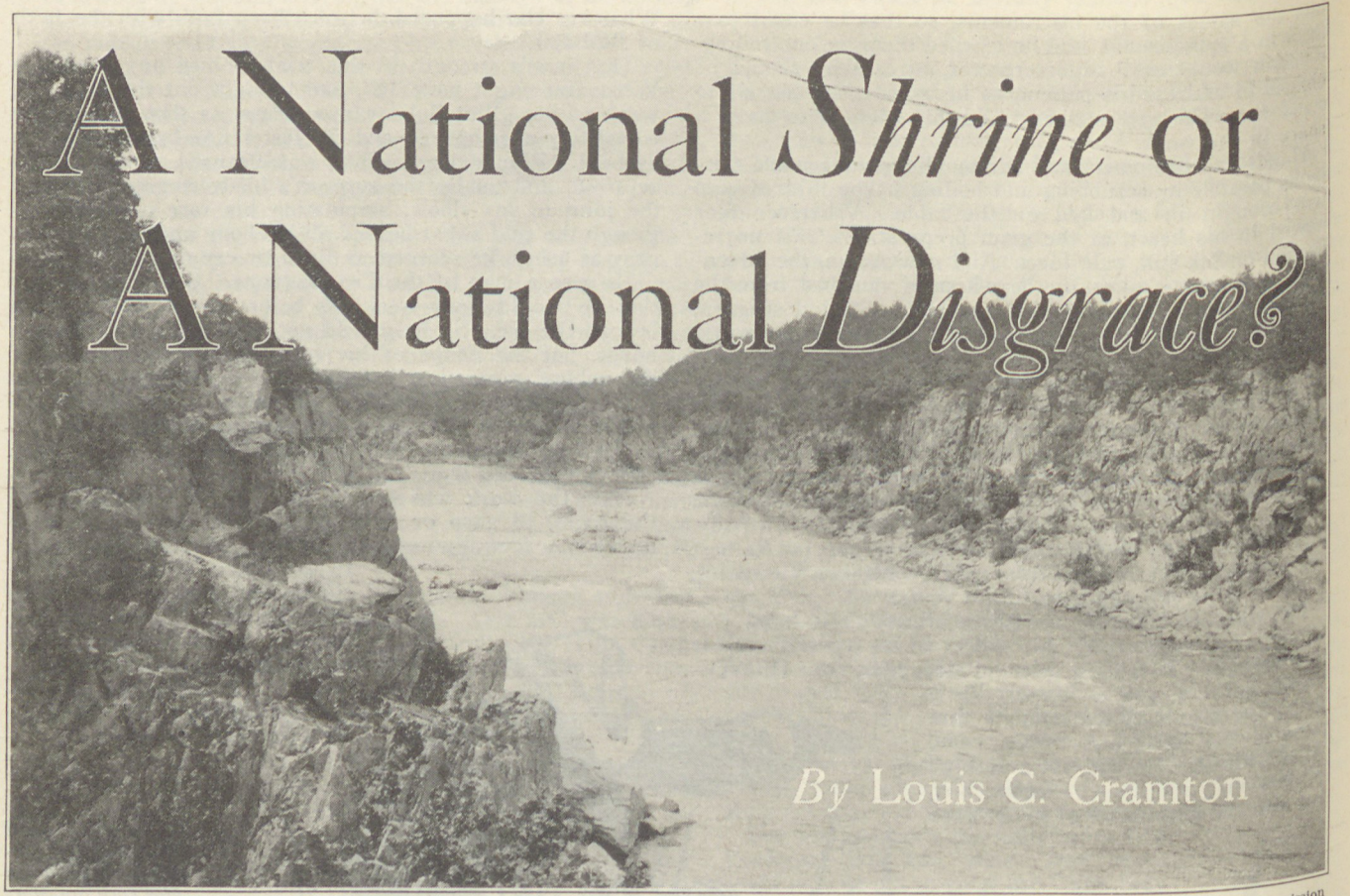
Now the work was done. Blut-Bal was left alone in the room, to gasp or faint or weep as his heart might desire. A few minutes later Adam and Dian stood again at the door of her igloo.

The girl gazed a long time over the sea. She was flushed, breathless; but her beauty was never so telling or her eyes so bright. The wild bud had begun to blossom, in this last

(Continued on page 79)

"The scene called back the dead centuries — Adam's blue eyed ancestors in the forests of ancient Germany, marshaling to hunt the eurochs and the wild horse."

A National *Shrine* or A National *Disgrace?*



By Louis C. Cramton

Photographs courtesy National Capital Park and Planning Commission

EVERY American should take a personal interest and pride in the scenic beauty of our National Capital.

Sir James Bryce once said, "No European city has so noble a cataract as the Great Falls of the Potomac—a magnificent piece of scenery which you will, of course, always preserve."

Yet there are those who urge that the development of hydro-electric power at the Great Falls is more important than the preservation of this "magnificent piece of scenery." There are those who give the practical a priority over the ideal, give the dollar a preference over world famous scenic beauty.

There are exquisite portions of the Potomac that would be 20, 30 and 60 feet under the lake level if the water power schemes go through as planned; some of the secondary falls would be completely wiped out.

The Izaak Walton League is vigorously opposing such destruction and urges its members and all lovers of outdoor beauty to do likewise. EDITOR.

THE most commonplace things are often of the greatest value but least appreciated because they are so common. Good water, a pleasant climate, healthy air—these things are so common that often we do not list them with our greatest blessings. So it is with the delightful scenery that surrounds the National Capital—seen daily, it becomes to the Washington resident so common that the edge of his appreciation is well-nigh obliterated. But it is a beautiful region, and his appreciation of its beauties must have largely influenced Washington in his designation of this site for the National Capital.

Some time ago former Chief Justice Taft, for whose recovery to health the whole Nation most ardently prays, declared:

> "Washington picked a site for the thousands of years which we hope will be our nation's destiny. The Capital of no other nation approaches it in the beauty of its situation."

Sir James Bryce studied American affairs, political and social, with as keen a judgment as any foreign visitor to our land. He was a pronounced admirer of the National Capital and was particularly enthusiastic upon the beauties of the Potomac. He said:

> "The Potomac has two kinds of beauty—the beauty of the upper stream murmuring over a rocky bed between bold heights crowned with woods, and the beauty of the wide expanse spread out like a lake below the city into a vast sheet of silver."

And again:

> "No European city has so noble a cataract as the Great Falls of the Potomac—a magnificent piece of scenery which you will of course always preserve."

That widely traveled and observing Englishman felt sure we would always preserve the magnificent beauty of the Great Falls. But some Americans of today are not so sure of the desirability of this. Some army engineers and power engineers of high standing seriously argue that man can improve upon these God-given beauties by creation of lakes that would obliterate this noble cataract, and urge that development of hydro-electric power at the Great Falls is more important than preservation of this "magnificent piece of scenery." It is even seriously debated in Congress whether we shall preserve this great cataract and the uniquely beautiful palisades of the Potomac or whether it is better to give the practical a priority over the ideal, to give the dollar a preference over scenic beauty, to give power development and fantastic schemes of water transportation through a connected Potomac and Ohio our chief concern rather than preservation of these world famous beauties. It is very reassuring to know that the House of Representatives by the overwhelming vote of 199 to 24 has given its endorsement to the pending program carried in H. R. 26 for the preservation of these scenic beauties, and such information as I have as to the Senate indicates that the overwhelming majority there, as in the House, appreciates these great beauties and desires their preservation in order that this National Capital may be truly the most beautiful city in the world. "Washington must be the most beautiful city in the world" is the frequent statement of Americans and it is a sentiment quite universally in the

hearts of Americans. In his last annual message to Congress, President Coolidge stressed eloquently the vital place of the National Capital in the life of the Nation when he said:

"If our country wishes to compete with others, let it not be in the support of armaments but in the making of a beautiful Capital City. Let it express the soul of America."

Plans most ambitious are now under way for the development of the National Capital, plans so comprehensive and far-reaching as to challenge the attention of the world. President Hoover said recently:

"This is more than the making of a beautiful city. Washington is not only the Nation's Capital; it is the symbol of America. By its dignity and architectural inspiration we stimulate pride in our country, we encourage the elevation of thought and character which comes from great architecture."

Thousands and thousands of our citizens, remote though they may be from the Capital, very possibly not hoping at all themselves to see its beauties, still echo in their hearts this same desire—that the Capital of the Nation be a beautiful city, the symbol of America, the soul of America. Washington founded this city and with Jefferson and L'Enfant developed the plans that still prevail. The great federal building program now under way conforms to the plans of the city founders.

The past twenty years has done much for the development of Washington and the next ten years will do a great deal more. Measured in money the totals are quite astounding. Much has recently been completed of great importance. The development of East Potomac Park, the Spanish-American Amphitheater, the Lincoln Memorial, are great projects that will for all time contribute greatly to the National Capital.

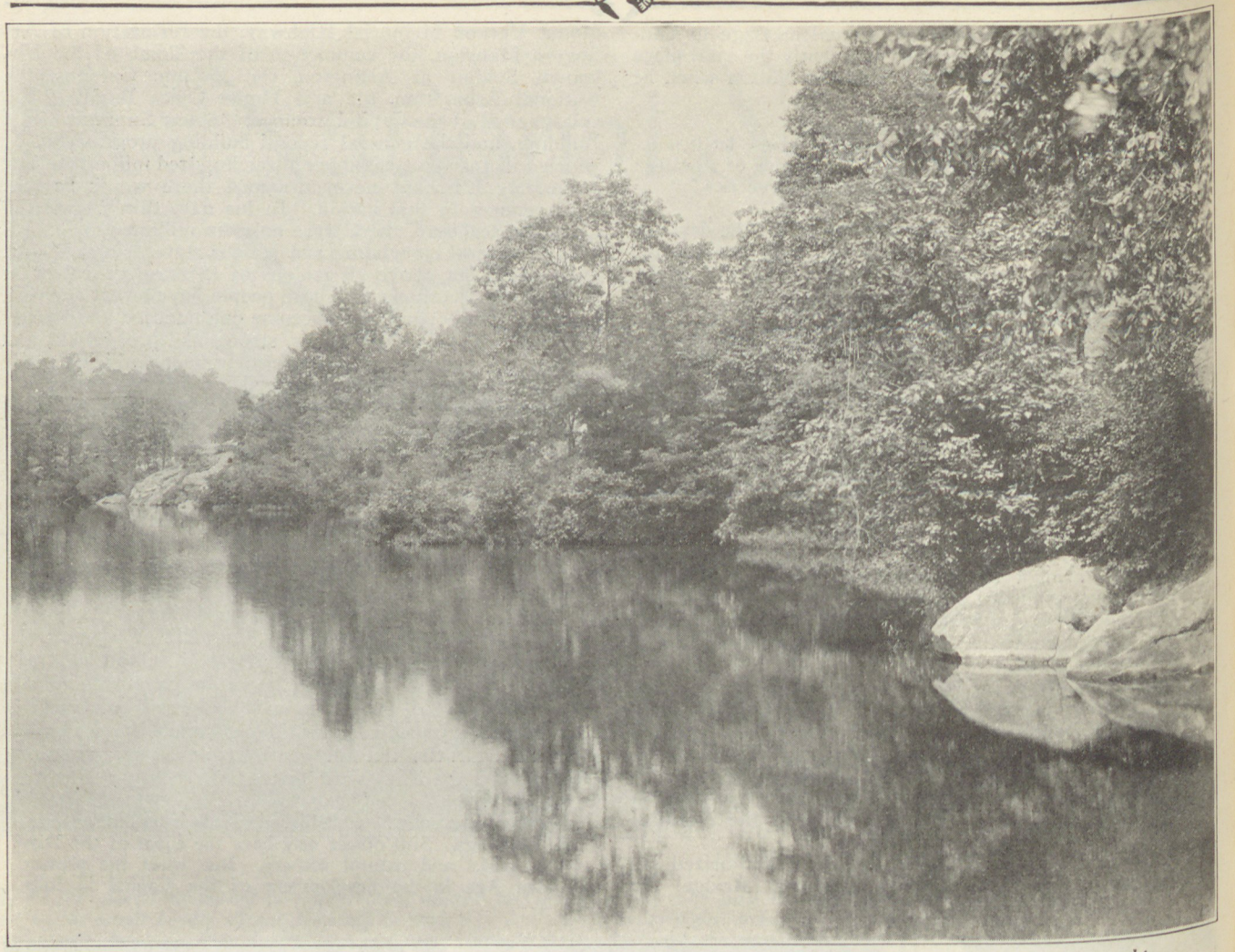
But we have now under construction or authorized for early construction the Arlington Memorial Bridge, the Mount Vernon Memorial Highway, the restoration of Arlington Mansion, the completion of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington, the Botanic Gardens, the National Arboretum, the new House Office Building, the enlargement of the Capitol grounds, the new Supreme Court Building, and the general federal building program, all of which will reach a total above three hundred million dollars.

Possibly L'Enfant never dreamed there would be that much money in this nation. In his day, thinly scattered along the seaboard, there were only six million people, citizens of several contending and jealous states, suspicious of each other, but above all jealous of increase of power in the federal government. Those people have swept across a continent and beyond, have become one hundred and twenty million, with forty-eight states, strong and prosperous, and a respected and trusted federal government which now is spending its money by the hundreds of millions in the improvement and beautification of the National Capital. And while they could not have dreamed our progress, Washington and L'Enfant made plans which are the basis for the wise expenditure of these great sums. This three hundred million dollars is strictly of federal expenditures. In addition there are great expenditures by the District of Columbia, notably the new Municipal Center, the total cost of which will run to thirty million dollars. Furthermore, many national organizations, church societies, and other agencies are erecting monumental or memorial buildings. Conspicuous among these is the National Cathedral, Episcopal, the total cost of which is to reach thirty-two million dollars.

But the complete Capital of the nation cannot be alone a man-made city of buildings and boulevards and marble memorials. It must combine in perfection the man-made wonders with the natural charm which came from the Creator. As the New York Times has recently declared:

"Other cities may be embellished with as handsome avenues and buildings. Still others may have the equal of the District's parks and natural scenery. But when the present Golden Age in the development of the Capital is fully

"It is argued by some army and power engineers that man can improve upon the God given beauty of the Great Falls of the Potomac by creation of lakes that would obliterate this noble cataract".



"Washington must have loved the Potomac as it flowed past his home, must have loved the hills and streams surrounding his country's Capital. These beautiful realities must not become only mourned memories."

achieved, this country may well boast that no other Capital so happily unites natural and artificial glories."

Washington located the new Capital in the midst of lavish display of beauties of God's handiwork. At the head of navigation of the great Potomac, in the midst of wooded hills, its many valleys carrying creeks that enliven the landscape. While we make a reality of the dreams of L'Enfant in carrying forward man-made beauties, we must not permit the beautiful scenic realities of Washington's time to become only mourned memories. Washington must have loved the Potomac as it flowed past his home and his great estate, must have been thrilled by Great Falls, where he went so often, must have loved the hills and streams surrounding the site he chose for his country's Capital, or he would not have so chosen. Just as he inspired the L'Enfant plan of development we now promote, he would have preserved those beauties. It is wonderful we are proceeding now so rapidly and so wisely with our architectural development, but delay in this has not been fatal. What was not done 50 years ago may be done now, and the error of 50 years ago may now be corrected. That which man made man may replace, and when he will. But the beauties of nature man cannot restore when once destroyed. Those woods which Washington loved are disappearing; those charming ravines are being leveled; those splendid palisades of the Potomac are daily scenes of blasting that rob them of primeval beauty. The preservation of all this has had much thought by our leaders, has been the subject of wise planning, but the plans have been disastrously slow in realization. The beauty is passing and cannot be restored.

It is to save and preserve these natural beauties of the National Capital that I have introduced H. R. 26:

"A bill for the acquisition, establishment, and development of the George Washington memorial parkway along the Potomac from Mount Vernon and Fort Washington to the Great Falls, and to provide for the acquisition of lands in the District of Columbia and the States of Maryland and Virginia requisite to the comprehensive park, parkway, and playground system of the National Capital."

By the legislation of 1924 and 1926, Congress created the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, no doubt the ablest planning commission in the country as the talent of the nation was available. The Commission consists of Mr. Frederic A. Delano, of the District of Columbia, chairman; Mr. William A. Delano, of New York; Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead, of Massachusetts and California; Mr. J. C. Nichols, of Kansas City; Major Stuart, as the head of the Forest Service; Mr. H. M. Albright, as the head of the Park Service; Maj. Gen. Lytle Brown, as Chief of Engineers; Major Ladue, as Engineer Commissioner of the District; Senator Capper, as chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia; Representative Zihlman, as chairman of House Committee on the District of Columbia; and Col. U. S. Grant, 3d, as executive officer.

This Commission has formulated its plans as to lands in the District of Columbia and in a general way as to needed lands in the environs of the District. As to the lands in the District of Columbia estimated to cost $16,000,000, they are going up in cost at a rate of $1,600,000 a year while we have been appropriating only $1,000,000 a year for their purchase. H. R. 26 will make it possible for the Planning Commission to proceed expeditiously with the acquisition of those needed lands in the District. It also provides for the acquisition of lands along Rock Creek and branches of the Anacostia for extension of those great District parks into Maryland. Such action is necessary to protect the flow of these streams which are so vitally necessary for preservation of the existing parks. Unless something is done Rock

(Continued on page 84)

The Début of J. Frederick

Drawings by Ferd Himme

By Ferd Adams

J. FREDERICK HENDERSON was to have his first experience at hunting the crafty duck in his native haunts. For weeks he had been making elaborate preparations.

At exactly 10:30 on the morning of the 14th, two days before the official opening of the season, J. Frederick, in full regalia, came clumping down his front stairs in hip-boots and strode through the living room to the large mirror wherein he approvingly regarded himself. Back and forth he strode like Julius Cæsar addressing the Gauls, his hollow chest thrown out, his sloping shoulders squared, his five feet five and one hundred and twenty pounds drawn up to their fullest measure.

At 11:00 o'clock, under the satisfying and proud gaze of Mrs. J. Frederick, Ellen Ann, their debutante daughter, and the colored cook, he remounted the stairs to the landing—where he paused—and, like his favorite picture of Napoleon, thrust his small hand into his shirt front and archly said to his wife, "Lizzie," (she always insisted on Elizabeth) "call up the Murrays, the Thornes and the Eddys, and invite them to the finest duck feast they ever sat down to. I'll be home on the night of the 18th, loaded down with ducks."

Long before 4:00 P. M. on the afternoon of the 15th, J. Frederick had the side porch piled high with his week's collection of hunting necessities, near necessities and an equal amount of dispensables. Arrayed in full regalia, with the exception of hip-boots, J. Frederick paced nervously back and forth while awaiting the arrival of Bill Sheldon, that dyed in the wool hunter of many seasons' experience, whose invitation to J. Frederick had been the direct cause of the upheaval in the Henderson household.

At exactly the agreed time, Bill's car swung into the drive and honked. As Bill approached the side porch and caught a glimpse of J. Frederick's pile, he could not believe his eyes.

Before his usual considerate diplomacy gained control of his tongue, still subject to his pop-eyed amazement, he had blurted forth, "Holy cats, what are you going to do with all that plunder? Why man, we're not going to discover the North Pole." And then Bill was sorry, for a hurt expression, like a wet blanket, wiped out J. Frederick's appealing and almost pathetic smile.

After filling the rear seat of the auto with the layout, the hunters drove away, waving confident goodbyes to the entire Henderson household who had gathered on the front porch to view the momentous departure. Within an hour the hunters had arrived at the Junction, stored their auto, caught the train for the little flag station near the duck marsh and were deeply engrossed in the latest information regarding the flight, the blinds, the boats and whatnot.

It was well after dark when Bill and J. Frederick clambered down the steps to the cinder platform and stood in silence as they watched the train's lights disappear in the distance. As J. Frederick stood there in front of the dilapidated old boxcar which served as a station shelter, it was impressed upon his natural cautiousness and down into his very soul, by the ominous silence, the muggy darkness, the chill night air and the hopeless lonesomeness of it all, that he was confronted by a stern reality from which there was no escape. And then he was startled from a reverie of his comfortable home and into a near panic by the sound of Bill's gruff voice, "Ain't this h—l? It's starting to rain and it's up to us to hoof it, lugging our stuff—since there's no one here to meet us—so let's beat it before it pours." And then it was Bill's turn to be startled—for he heard a rattle, a clatter and then a thud—followed by a feeble grunt. "Now, what in h—l's happened?" Bill demanded.

Not wanting to offend, J. Frederick replied from the cinders, "Nothing, nothing at all. I stepped onto the decoys in the dark and fell down. Never mind helping me, Bill. I'll be up as soon as I get my foot out of the rungs of this camp chair."

"Why, in Sam Hill, did you bring that contraption along, anyway?" peevishly inquired Bill.

It was ten minutes later that the two started out along the spur track in the direction of a faint light which shone from the window of a house which was about a mile and a half away—the home of Jacques Jeaneau, trapper and fisher, guide and gardener—and the rain began to come

"Onward and onward they trudged into the driving rain."

down in sheets. Bill strode on ahead and along the ties, carrying his gun, two burlap bags of decoys—weighing thirty pounds each, his boots—hitched together and swung around his neck, a grip containing clothing and about twenty-five pounds of shells, and a flashlight belonging to J. Frederick; the latter brought up the rear—falling farther and farther back as time went on—, gun slung over his shoulder, boots around his neck, camp stool over his head, two grips containing clothing and about twenty-five pounds of shells, a khaki colored tarpaulin to guard against the weather in the blind, a camera and an extra pair of high cut leather shoes.

Onward and onward they trudged, bending into the driving rain; farther and farther Bill unconsciously drew away from J. Frederick who was bravely doing his best to transport his load, refraining from shouting to Bill and thereby admitting defeat; and because J. Frederick had paused—Bill drew still farther away, the weirdly spasmodic rays of the flashlight becoming more and more indistinct, but—J. Frederick had had a brilliant idea in his time of trouble. He decided to put the tarpaulin into use, putting it over his head to keep off the rain and terrible chill, a truly brilliant idea except for the fact that the wind began to raise.

It might have been some mystic intuition or it might have been a faint gurgle that caused Bill to stop short in his tracks, turn and flash his light back along the track, but he saw nothing nor did he get an answer to his loudly shouted, "Hello, hello, there." However, as Bill retraced his footsteps along the railroad, unencumbered by his discarded load, he continued to wonder—how it was possible for a man to get lost following a railroad track. As it dawned upon Bill that a possible accident might have occurred, he hastened on until he came to the small trestle where he paused, for he thought he distinctly heard a muffled cry for help. Bill played the flashlight on the water underneath and then along the embankment and, as he again heard the cry, the light picked up what appeared to be the form of some strange creature which was endeavoring to scramble up the embankment, something looking like a khaki colored ghost or an ascending deep-sea diver—and then Bill became aware that the prowling beast was none other than J. Frederick in disguise, but why such a disguise and the reason, he asked himself.

"Well, I'll be— What—in—the—h—l are you doing down there? Some new game or just diving for catfish?" asked Bill as he scrambled down the cinders to assist J. Frederick to the tracks.

"I say, Bill, everything's all right now. If I hadn't gone too near the edge and if the wind hadn't come up to get me mixed up with this tarpaulin, well, it just would not have happened. Gee, but I certainly am wet and it's mighty cold, isn't it?"

"Come on, I'll carry some of your junk to where I left mine. We don't want to stay out here all night."

It was a long, cold and dreary walk and it was a great relief to the hunters when a light suddenly appeared from an opened door and a darkening form called off the dog and invited them inside.

In his most solicitous French patois, Jean Jeaneau welcomed the hunters into the kitchen of his shack. Apologetically he explained that he had wrenched his ankle that afternoon and was, therefore, unable to meet them at the train. In fact, he did not think he would be able to help them get the boats into the marsh or be of any assistance other than to furnish the live decoys.

The alarm clock, which was set for 3:00 the next morning, must have been a good one, for at exactly 3:00 A. M. it went off with such an unearthly, ringing clatter that, with the first peal, J. Frederick sprang to the middle of the floor, knocking over the washstand and sending the tin basin clanging to the floor, in his wildeyed efforts to collect his thoughts and realize where he was and what it was all about.

After a hasty breakfast over which J. Frederick nodded and blinked, the three made their way to a small shed at the rear wherein were housed the boats and a two-wheeled cart.

"You fellow, you git out de bateaux. Put her on de cart, den I tol' you de way. I git de decoy," said Jean as he hobbled toward the wire pen at the side of the shed, where his success could be noted by curses that were interdispersed with the flapping of wings and excited squawks and quacks as each decoy was caught, anchors fastened to leg bands, and thrust into a burlap bag.

After fifteen minutes of lifting, straining and grunting which made both Bill and J. Frederick gasp for breath, the two boats, together with punt poles and paddles, wooden and live decoys, guns and shells, lunch, flashlight and whatnot, were on the cart and the hunters bent themselves to the task of negotiating half a mile of the roughest road man ever knew, leading to the marsh. It was forty-five minutes of the most strenuous labor J. Frederick had ever imagined.

"J. Frederick had never been in a fight in his life and his consternation was obvious as he and Bill landed on shore."

"Here we are, old top. Now we can lift the boats off the cart and slide them into the water. It's just over there. Can't you hear the ripple in the wild rice?" puffed Bill as he leaned against the cart and mopped his brow.

"I was just wondering if they had moved the place since you were last here," panted J. Frederick.

"S-s-s-h-h, hear that?" asked Bill, in a stage whisper.

"No, I don't hear a thing. What is it, a dog?"

"No," replied Bill. "Ducks."

"I can't hear them—but what's that I smell?"

"Smell?" asked Bill.

"Yes, it's a strange smell to me."

"Oh, that's the smell of the marsh that's sure to get into your blood. Lis-t-e-n, hear that squawk—off to the right?" said Bill; a remark which affected them both and set them to dragging their boats to the water.

"Hey, Bill," whispered J. Frederick through the misty darkness, excitedly. "I guess I'd better load my gun, hadn't I?"

"Why not wait until you're in your blind? However, if you must load now—be sure your gun's on safety. I don't carry as much insurance as I should."

Bang!—, a flash of fire, a returning echo, a hurried feeling by each to see if he were shot, and then Bill let go with a volley of language which did not reach the trembling J. Frederick.

"Bill," feebly ventured J. Frederick, "are you alive?"

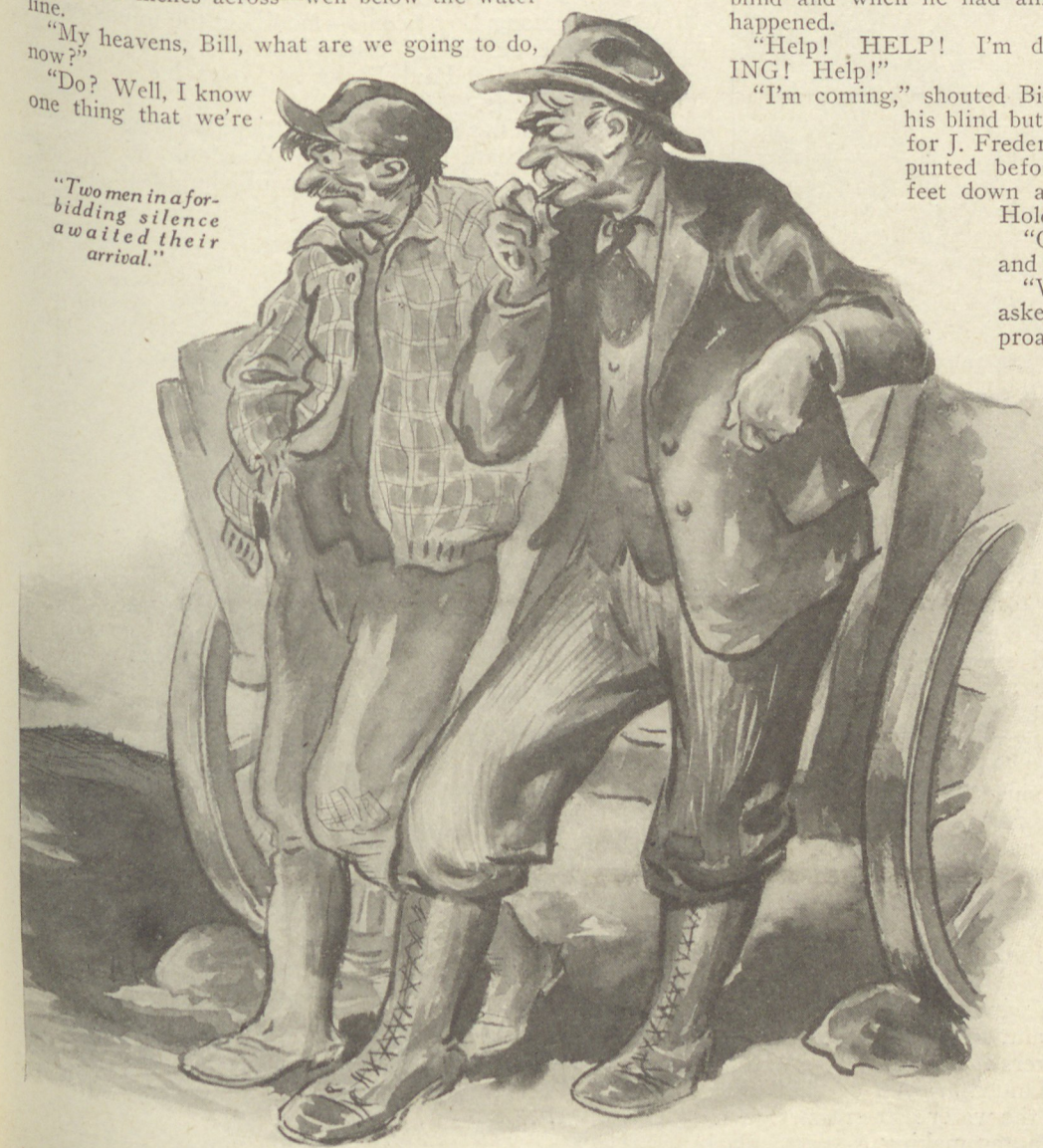
"No, I'm dead from fright, you bonehead. Say, do you know what you did?"

"W-h-a-t?"

"I'll bet a dollar that you blew the whole bow out of that boat." But Bill was wrong for there was only a hole of about two inches across—well below the water line.

"My heavens, Bill, what are we going to do, now?"

"Do? Well, I know one thing that we're not going to do; we're not going back after another boat and again make that trip over the Alps—so, I guess, we've got to double up, at least as far as your blind. I wouldn't shoot out of the same boat with you if I knew I was to die tomorrow."



"Two men in a forbidding silence awaited their arrival."

After loading J. Frederick's layout into his boat, Bill pulled up his boots and fastened the straps to his belt, ordered J. Frederick to push on the stern, swung the bow chain over his shoulder and went forward through six inches of water and a foot deep of muck until it was certain that the bottom would not scrape when both men climbed in.

Fifteen minutes of punting by Bill, who stood erect in the stern, and paddling by J. Frederick in the bow, brought them to the first blind where J. Frederick let himself over the gunwales and into the water where he struggled to the blind under his load.

"You'll have to hurry. You should be all set by now, with your decoys out and ready. I'll pull over to the left, out of range, so get busy and get your decoys out, old top," instructed Bill as he shoved out into the open water while the splash, splash of small waves slapped the raised up bottom of his boat. "Remember Bunker Hill, old top, and don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes. Be sure of your shot and—be careful," he added, as he disappeared into the darkness.

"All right, Bill, and the best of luck. Remember, the limit's fifteen."

Following Bill's instructions, J. Frederick busied himself at getting out his decoys, first, the wooden ones from which he had no trouble untangling the anchor strings and placing where Bill had suggested. It was on his way back to the blind and when he had almost reached shore—that it happened.

"Help! HELP! I'm drown-ing. I'M DROWNING! Help!"

"I'm coming," shouted Bill, who had almost reached his blind but turned the boat and punted for J. Frederick's blind—as he had never punted before, or since. "Keep your feet down and your head up, old top. Hold your breath, I'm coming."

"One foot's away down now and the other's going down fast."

"Where in Sam Hill are you?" asked the panting Bill, as he approached the blind.

"Right here, Bill," came a voice from the darkness.

"I can't see you, but I guess you're still alive."

"Here I am—on my hands and one knee, Bill."

Bill jumped into the water and soon located J. Frederick who actually was down on his hands and one knee.

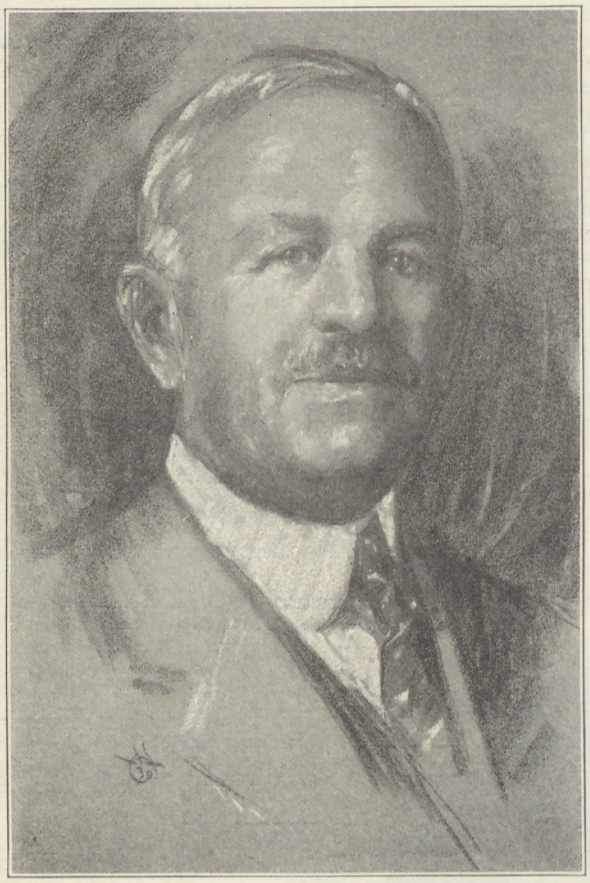
"Well, why in the devil don't you get up—instead of looking for collar buttons in the bay? Why, you're not drowning, you chump. What's wrong, now?" said Bill, as he lifted J. Frederick by the coat collar and arms. "You darn fool, you. You've got one foot down a muskrat hole."

With J. Frederick taken care of, at least for the time being, Bill turned his boat and again started for his own blind. There was no

(Continued on page 67)

Biographies *By* Arthur B. Wilson

Outdoor



George R. Skinner

George R. Skinner

GEORGE R. SKINNER, retiring a few years ago from an active and successful business career, took up almost as active and strenuous a career as angler and conservationist.

His interest in the progress of the Izaak Walton League from the very first has been keen and devoted even to the practical demonstration of acting as General Manager and reorganizing League Headquarters in 1924. Also he was National Treasurer of the League in 1923-24 and is now a National Director and contributor to the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation.

Golf claims much of his time and fishing for trout and bass has charm for him, but his heart's fealty is sworn to deep sea fishing.

For several consecutive winters he has landed a record-breaking sailfish at Palm Beach; last year, in fact, landing three record breakers in as many days. Recent news tells us he has just landed another on the lightest of tackle that leaped from the water fifteen times during a fight of thirty-three minutes making a spectacularly game fight.

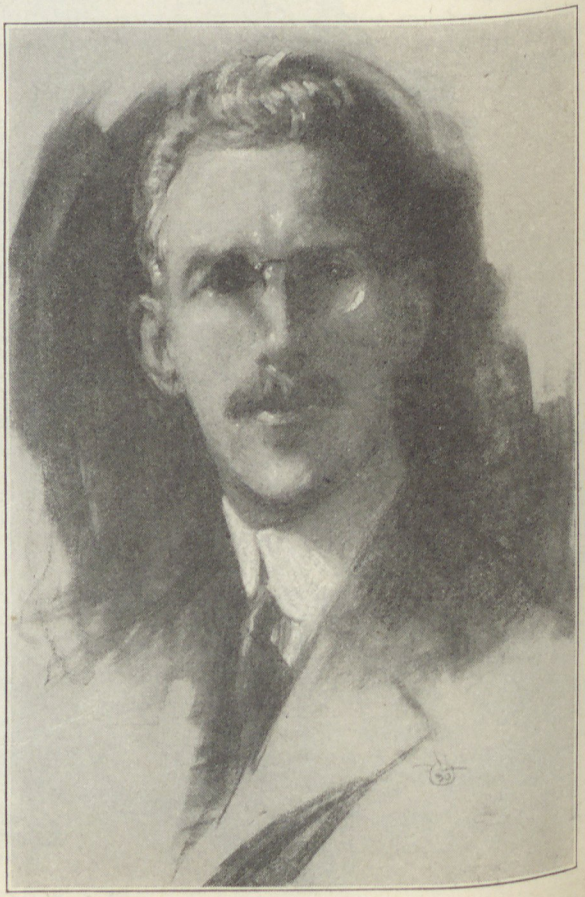
J. Miles Flynn

J. MILES FLYNN might point with pride to his outdoor lineage. Born in Ireland, of a father who taught the art of angling to the nobility of Europe, including the present King George of England, J. Miles Flynn was a "chip off the old block," for he, too, guided and instructed such noted personages as the late Earl of Warwick, Duke of Leeds, Lord Douglas Haig, William G. Jameson, and many others.

Since 1910 when he came to America, Mr. Flynn's standards of clean sportsmanship have inspired all who have known him. And his pen has written of streams, their neglect and abuse, in a way that has won countless followers.

Mr. Flynn has many other hobbies. A devoted worker among Boy Scouts—moulding the minds of the coming generation of conservationists. Active in the St. Vincent De Paul Society. Loves his setter and cocker spaniels.

Mr. Flynn has served as U. S. Deputy Game Warden, New York State Deputy Game Warden, and is President of the Brooklyn Chapter of the Izaak Walton League.



J. Miles Flynn

Americans

Portraits
By Julius L. Olson

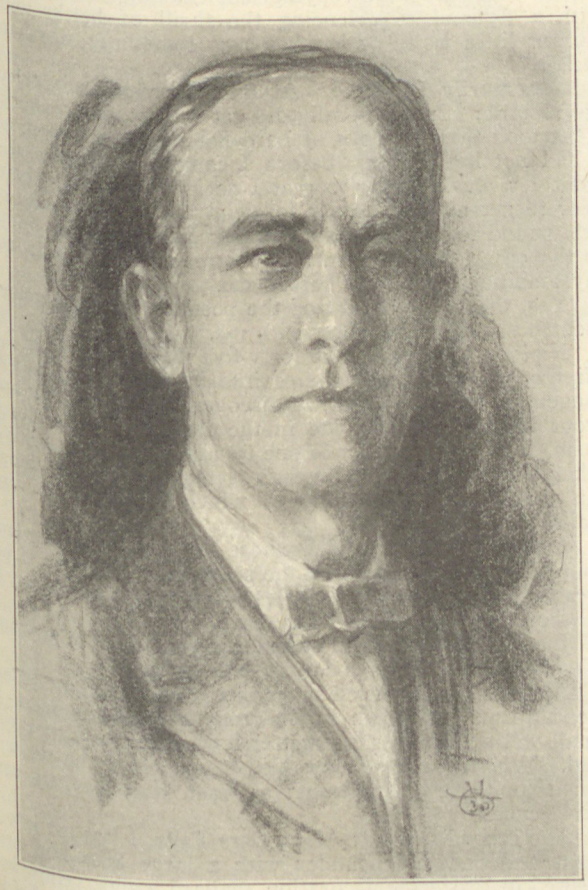
Colonel R. T. Stedman

PERHAPS no more distinguished American sportsman has lived than Colonel R. T. Stedman, of Winston-Salem, N. C. Hunting has been his very life and Colonel Stedman has possessed both the inclination and opportunity to fulfill this enjoyment as have few. He has sought the game denizens of the wild unsettled regions of the rugged North Country and 'way down to the sunny haunts of the Southland.

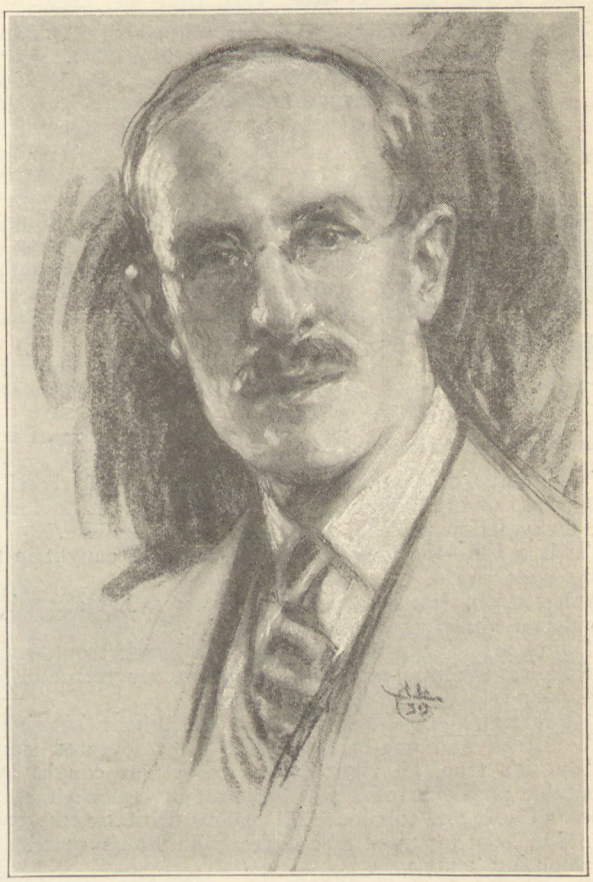
Colonel Stedman organized the Winston-Salem Chapter of the Izaak Walton League—that sponsored the Sauratown Mountain Game Preserve. The tract includes 35,000 acres of land, an ideal place for the propagation of deer, turkeys, pheasants and quail.

For many years Colonel Stedman has been noted as a breeder and judge of bird dogs. A lover of horses too—one of the promoters of the old Virginia-Carolina Field Trial Association, and President of this club for six years.

Truly a quiet, unassuming Southern gentleman, beloved and respected, well worthy of lasting remembrance among all great Outdoor Americans.



Colonel R. T. Stedman



Harry C. Goodwin

Harry C. Goodwin

HARRY C. GOODWIN enjoys a wide friendship, for he is an after-dinner speaker whose eloquence has charmed many audiences in Rochester, New York, for some twenty-five years. In fact his entire life represents a close, intimate experience with human nature that few possess.

Newspaper selling at eight years of age was his first business venture. Graduating from Ives Seminary and Hamilton College he became editor of a semi-weekly newspaper.

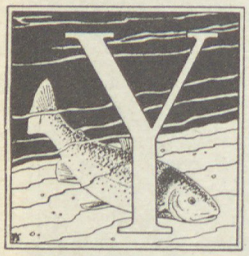
He served in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, and later as a newspaper reporter won the friendship of Col. Theodore Roosevelt and Chauncey M. Depew. Thereafter he followed the editorial calling, later engaging in the advertising business and founding his own advertising agency.

Mr. Goodwin has been as interested in the great outdoors as in other activities. He has been a most willing worker in the Izaak Walton League, and is now a National Director, and a member of the National Executive Committee.

The Largest Brook Trout *in the* World!

By *Ozark Ripley*

Drawings by
R. Fayerweather Babcock



"YOU never do thrill at anything, do you?" Jim Sturdevant flung the question in my face, as though he had something in reserve that would disrupt my usual fancied or affected poise.

"Well, big heads can't do it," I answered, not knowing where the question would lead, though sure there were designing ideas back of it.

"What about a fish?"

"Oh, that's different!" I exclaimed, "particularly if it's a big bass or brook trout. Then I certainly get envious of the lucky fellow and am ambitious to do likewise."

"It is a fish—the biggest brook trout ever caught in this wide, wide world. Listen—"

Whereupon, Jim slowly read the news that started my blood immediately seething with desire.

"Think of it," he declared, "a true brook trout, a true fontinalis, authentic, mind you, weighing fourteen and one-half pounds! Gosh, what a whopper!"

"'Fourteen and one-half pounds!' Did I hear that right?"

"Fourteen and one-half pounds!" Jim repeated slowly.

"But it's true, all right. That trout was caught by a reputable physician of Fort Williams, in western Ontario, Doctor Cook, and to silence all jealous criticism, the specimen has been mounted and is ready for the inspection of all doubting Thomases.

"And it was taken with a certain live minnow called 'Cockatouche.'"

"'Cockatouche'!" I cried. "I know the ugly little things. You find them around the rocks. Use them for bait. They look like a cross between our little hog sucker of southern mountain brooks and a mudpout. To think that such a fish would desecrate the name of trout by taking such an ugly looking bait!"

"Admit that I got you to enthuse once," Jim said, by way of a parting salute.

The truth was so much in evidence that he hurried away, not even waiting for my reply, and there for a while I pondered, speculated and planned, the ultimate outcome of which was that I quickly decided, no matter what happened, I was going to take a fish just as big, and, when I did, it would be in the only ethical manner, to wit: with an artificial fly.

Three years after that conversation with Jim Sturdevant, I saw him again for the first time since. I had returned from a long sojourn in the North, the object of which had been the equaling, or the exceeding of the catch of the lucky Doctor Cook. A secluded corner in the club found us facing each other over a table.

"You look queer. I guess it's the usual stamp of time. You are more than usually sunburnt," said Jim. "In fact, and pardon me for saying it, you look like a man suddenly chastened, or one humiliated by a sudden disappointment.

"What about the Big Brook Trout?" he asked finally, in his most persuasive way, when I remained singularly reticent of speech. "Ever beat that one of Doctor Cook's?"

"Almost! Almost!" I said. "I had him, really I did, in my hands—and then, I threw him away!" I admitted, with a shamefaced laugh.

"'Threw him away'! Go ahead and tell me all about it, Old Sour Face. And remember this, before you start talking," and he held up his right hand like one taking an oath at the bar of justice, "I swear I will believe every word you say, though it tax the powers of my credulity to the limit."

Such indisputable encouragement was not to be overlooked, particularly by one who wished to unburden his mind with the recounting of a piscatorial incident that at that very time was still thrilling him to the finger tips.

"When you told me about Doctor Cook's fish," I began, "I silently made a vow that I was going to duplicate or exceed that catch. Because Doctor Cook caught that one was no reason to believe that there was not another like it and, perhaps, one a bit bigger. When Nature commences making things on a big scale, I argued, she alone knows when and where to stop. Why, then, should she stop at a fourteen and one-half pound brook trout, as though that were the limit of her creative powers?

"I felt that there was as large a trout, if not a larger, than Doctor Cook's in the Nipigon River. So nothing more natural than that I should travel to the Nipigon and try my luck there. I had my ideas about the right fly, for I was determined that I would take my royal fish with a fly, and nothing else. To equal the Doctor's catch with a cockatouche would be mere copying, but catching a record trout with a fly and experiencing the thrill of battle with a vibrant little wand of bamboo was something worth conjuring."

Momentarily I paused. At this, Sturdevant interjected the remark: "But you really did get the record breaker?"

"It took three seasons of hard fishing," I resumed, as if I had not heard him, "before I caught a glimpse of the trout I wished. Prior to that I decided that the only way ever to get an opportunity to equal the fourteen and one-half pound fontinalis was to fish the Nipigon, from one end to the other, downstream and upstream, until the trout of my ambitions appeared before me.

"Yes, the very thought of the possibility of the achievement became an obsession with me.

"Nipigon River is about forty-five miles long from Lake Nipigon to where it empties into Nipigon Bay, a water tangent of Lake Superior. I discovered that the only brook trout in this stream abide in the rapids or very close to them, for this waterway is one typical of Canada, with big lakelike spreads, narrowing into tremendously fast, dangerous reaches, the beginning of which is beautiful Virgin Falls.

"I started below the falls, where I took my first big trout, four pounds, red banded on the belly and spotted as if with freshly sprinkled blood. At least this was something; but nowhere near the mark I had set.

"Just before the season closed that year, in another rapids I hooked into a six-pounder close to camp.

"Already I had learned something which stood me in good stead. Large Nipigon brook trout had no fondness for small wet or dry flies, no matter how exquisitely they were tied. When you get below No. 4, you enter the realm of less than three-pound trout; at least, that was my usual experience.

"The second year, at Alexanders Falls, I hooked into an eight and one-half pounder with a large bass bug ornamented in Professor decoration, mallard wings, yellow body and red tail. That fish put up one big fight. Yet he held to

the swift water and I was never in doubt about landing him, as long as I was able to keep away from the big rocks.

"You do not get an eight and one-half pounder often. Usually it is the wonder of an angler's lifetime, and it would have been with me, had I not heard of that surpassingly large one taken by Doctor Cook."

"But you finally got the record breaker?" again Sturdevant interrupted, with no more success than on his first try.

"Things happened about the same during the third year—at least, the greater part of it," I continued. Then I heard about the big brook trout among the rocky islands of the North Shore of Lake Superior. I simply had to visit them. I did get a number of good-sized brook trout—coasters, they are called by the Indians—that ought to have satisfied anyone but one suffering with my complex.

"A trip up the Jackfish brought from this practically unfished, rugged little waterway some splendid trout, but all of them fell below my self-established poundage quota. The closed season was not far away, as I returned to Nipigon village and studied the conditions of the water. No bright prospects loomed on my perplexed horizon. Then only two more days remained."

"But you did get the record breaker, didn't you?" Jim interrupted, apparently as much interested in my fatuous undertaking as I.

"The evening of the day previous to the one that marked the close of the season, found me strolling toward the river, at its last reach in the village, previous to its termination with a quarter mile of grilling fast water to attain its ultimate subsidence in Nipigon Bay. At its narrowest part the river is spanned by a high bridge.

"Looking down from the height of the bridge, I could see for some distance north and south everything in the bed of the stream, the varying whips of the current, the occasional dartings here and there of large trout among the rocks, using them as bulwarks behind which they rested themselves before undertaking another attempt in their upstream dash. No one could blame the trout for pausing to rest. The force of the current was tremendous. There were ideal lurking places for the trout, the rocky crypts along the shore line providing them with abundance of their favorite cockatouches, as well as young white fish and wall eyes.

"Then I found myself looking down along the dangerous boulders of the western shore. Later I was picking my way speculatively amidst the rough going and looking ahead as far as I could see trout water. Somehow, I was attracted by the way the current shot away from the perilous rocks at an angle of forty-five degrees and left behind it a quiet, small, apparently deep pool.

"'What an ideal place for a big trout!' I exclaimed to myself. Then I stood aghast at what, at that very moment, I saw. I couldn't have uttered a word if I had tried. I was helpless with mingled doubt and astonishment. Was it a fancy of my overworked imagination, or some trickery of optical illusion, created by the restless water and the setting sun? Sturdevant, I saw the largest brook trout in existence, one five times as big as I had ever dreamed about. I actually saw every crimson spot in its mosaic setting of orange and I assure you they were as large around as a Canadian one-cent piece! As sure as I am sitting here talking I saw that fish. Its length absolutely defied credence.

"I stood still in my tracks, staring, until I became aware of a big brown grasshopper struggling on top of the smooth little bit of backwater. Until this moment I was about to reconcile myself to the idea that I had been temporarily subjected to a fantastic play of the imagination, for I began to smile at the thought of the wild vision, until that big hopper started to kick himself toward the shore line and I saw irrefutable reality.

"Abruptly the quiet pool went frenzied with a riotous disturbance. Simultaneously I saw the monster trout reappear and, rolling to one side, leisurely seize the struggling insect, then bore for parts unknown.

"It was almost dark when I found my way back to camp over the labyrinth of rocky hazards. If a man was ever inspired to striving for an achievement, I was. If ever there was the least envy in my being towards the man who had captured the world's record brook trout, it immediately passed away. Instead, I had a sensation of pity for the man whose angling classic I fully believed I was going to relegate into a mere secondary performance. The trout I saw weighed fully eighteen, nineteen or very likely twenty pounds.

"No, twenty pounds was not an excessive weight for the Nipigon apparition I had seen. As for its length, why labor with intricacies when all my mind ought to be engaged in finding or contriving a fly, the replica of the hopper which I had seen the largest trout in the world take in its capacious maw?

"That night I could not sleep. I had come to that state regarding my obsession, that I believed that trout was mine alone. I had seen him first. Were any to dispute my right of possession, I certainly should have immediately engaged in mortal combat with him. Even the very mention of it would have excited my most violent passions toward militancy.

"What an evening of trepidation, lest I should be unable to procure a fly resembling that brown hopper! Three hours saw an achievement in feathers and hair, tied on a cork body and attached to a 2/0 hook. No smaller-sized hook would be of any consequence with that fish. Then I held the lure I had fashioned in the lantern's dim light for close observance. I realized that it looked more like some extinct diminutive penguin than it did an every-day grasshopper.

"Just when I gave up hope of producing the identical fly I wanted after hours of failure, I suddenly looked in an old duffle bag and produced the very thing I had been trying so arduously to create—a cork-bodied grasshopper, which had remained for years intact on a card, the way I had bought it in a store, never having used it on account of its overly large size. One glimpse at this hopper, and I knew it was the right thing.

"A little later, as I tossed in my blankets in a state of semi-somnolence, I sensed the thrill of combat with an immense trout, the thrill which comes to the man who pursues his sport only with a fly rod and has an aptitude for visioning the fanciful.

"When day came, I told my In-

dian guide not to follow me. Destiny irresistibly argued that the taking of that monster trout should never be qualified with the assistance of anyone. As I noted the frost on the herbage and trees, the cold tang in the air, I was planning how I would have the big creature mounted and to what taxidermist I would allot the honor of doing it.

"Arriving at the river, I was somewhat startled at conditions. They were not as I had expected. The entire stream and bottom was covered with a gray fog, so thick that you felt yourself clearing your way through a maze of invisibility. But I knew the terrain, for I had studied it, to every one of the rocks in the dangerous western embankment, and was fully aware of what might ensue from one false step. The possibility of this causing a broken ankle did not seem so threatening as the significance of breaking my powerful dry fly rod at such a momentous time. Nevertheless, my limbs were given due regard, and the rod was given sacred devotion. By sense, occasionally sight, and sound I scrambled perilously toward the river, ultimately finding myself on the flat rock from which I had planned to make a long cast into the pool of the great fontinalis.

"With trembling hands I assembled the rod and affixed the cork-bodied hopper to my leader. Though the fog on the river was extremely dense, I had a map of my objective in my mind. I knew the pool where I would drop the fly.

"Forthwith, I cast falsely several times to attain the needed distance and, with an uncanny feeling, let the fly fall delicately on the mist-laden pool. I did not have time to think—only time to act and strike simultaneously with the sight of an ominous swirl. It seemed at first as if I had hooked onto an immense rock; then, suddenly, the object gained momentum and moved midstream with an alarming speed attached to my grasshopper.

"What had happened seemed almost predestined to me. It was the culmination of my long drawn out expectations of three years. I had long dreamed of this same chanting rhapsody of wild waters, the current cutting line, the struggle of this peerless game fish—the lion of his tribe. The fish could flounce, roll, toss and bore this way or that way without avail for I felt myself and my skill equal to the occasion, knew myself master of my fate. My patience was inexhaustible; my stamina trained from nearly three years of trying for this experience. I felt there could be no possible slip on my part that would endanger the landing of the fish through the clumsy breaking of tackle or any gauche movement of any kind. If the fight were long, all the better, for it had an angler equal to the deed; thus I complimented myself, and veritably experienced every quiver of that giant fish, as it was telegraphed to me by the powerful, light bamboo rod.

"After three-quarters of an hour, I had become vibrantly enthusiastic. While the mist still held strong, I knew that I was going to win. I could feel that my plan of battle was succeeding, for now and then I could sense my captive yielding, as I roughed him away from the threatening swift water and gradually worked him toward the rock upon which I was standing.

"The instant I reeled the obdurate giant into the pool, my heart nearly stopped beating. I was transfixed with horror! I had forgotten my landing net!

"The fog was as thick as ever. I could see little except what was close below my feet and there was a trout longer by far than the one I had seen the night before. But I had not time then even to speculate as to his size or to admire the beauty of the creature. I dropped flat on my stomach, reached down with my right hand and inserted my fingers beneath the huge gill cover. It was a tremendous lift, one that taxed every atom of my strength, and the next thing I knew I was struggling with it on top of the flat rock."

"Bully for you, old boy! At last you've caught the record trout." Jim stood up and cheered me as though he were a spectator of the happening.

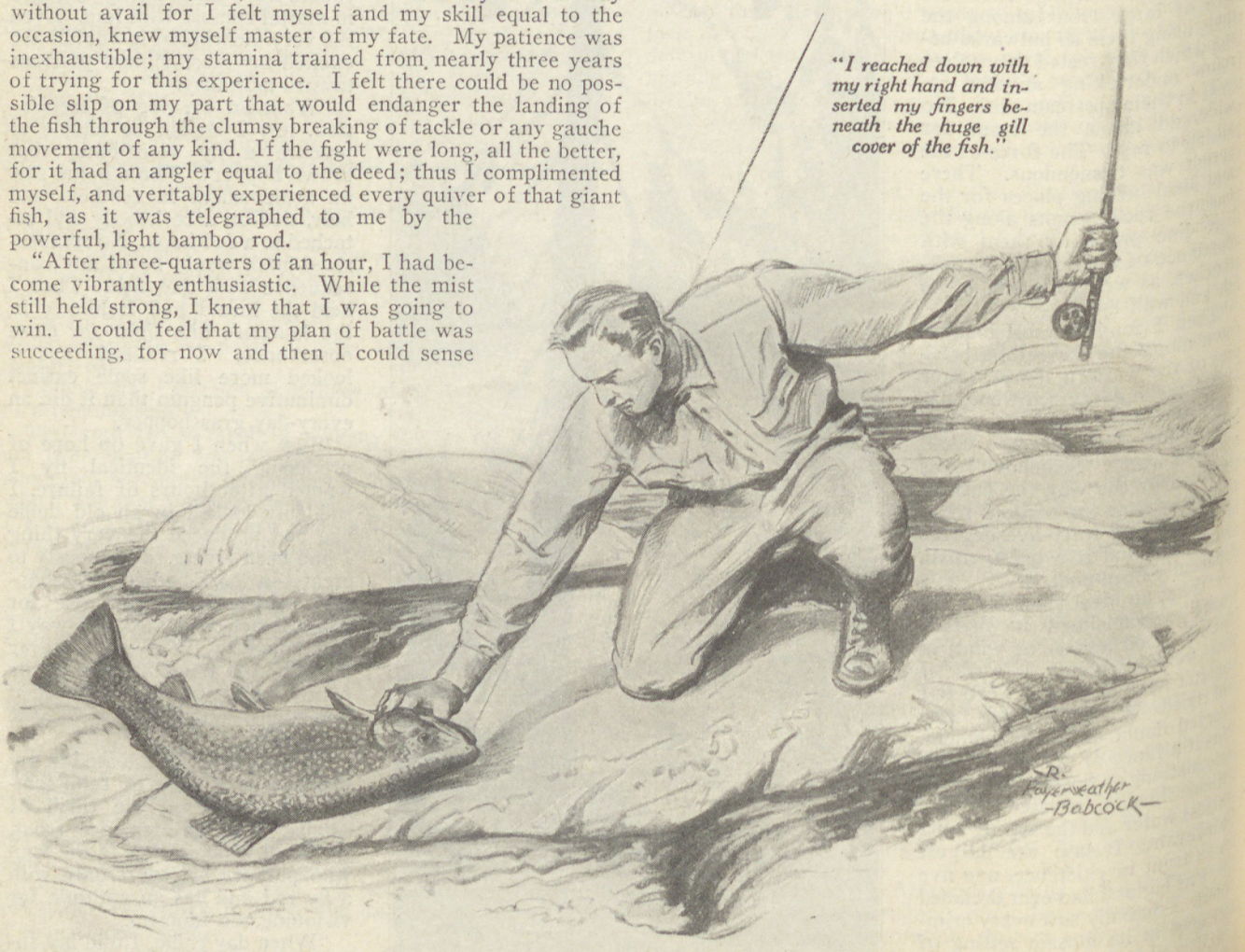
But I continued with no acknowledgment of his plaudits.

"I wrestled with that trout as though it were a human and knew everything about headlocks. Tired by the fight with the slippery body I saw the danger of my losing it. Once that fish escaped my hands it would again find its home back in the famed stream.

"Suddenly what I then regarded as an inspiration seized me, one compelled by the exigency. The heavy fish was slipping from my grasp, gradually and gradually. There was only one thing to do, and I did it immediately. Getting my hand firmly once more under the gill cover, I flung the trout toward the trees."

"You broke the world's record!" Jimmy exulted.

"Then I heard a great splash. There was a pool of water back of me that was connected with the river. Perspiration broke out all over me. I was seized for the time being with an uncontrollable fit of fury, as I saw the Biggest Brook Trout in the World quickly roll itself in the back eddy and dart for the fast water!"

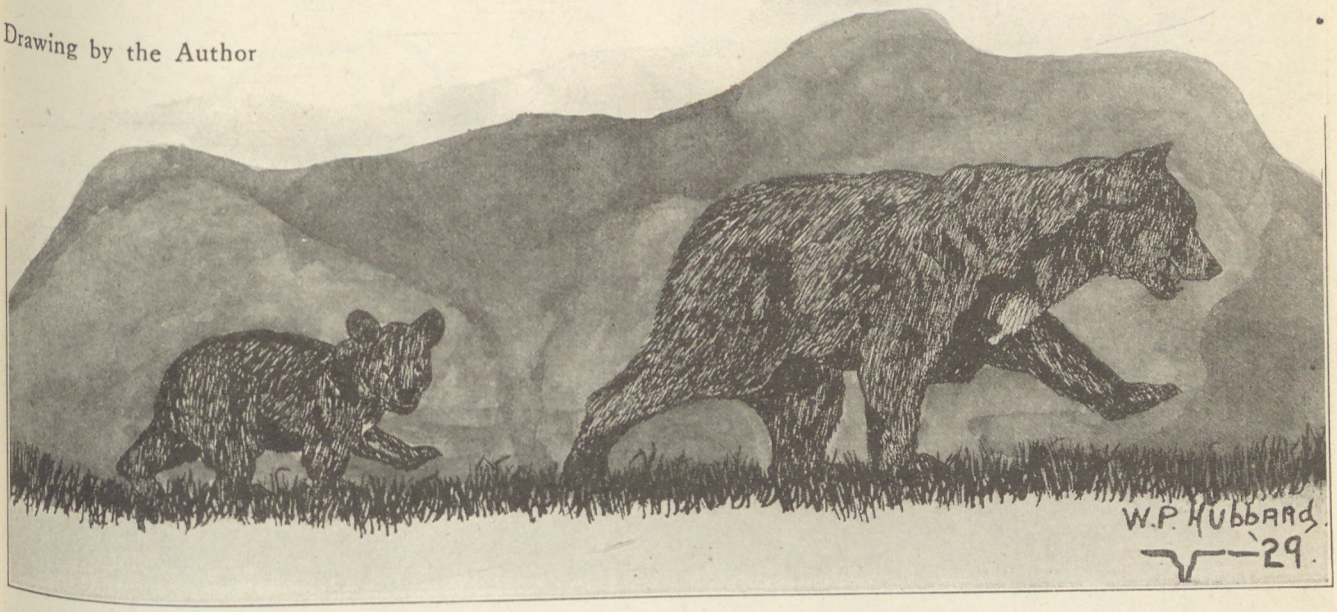


"I reached down with my right hand and inserted my fingers beneath the huge gill cover of the fish."

Two Black Bears

By *W. P. Hubbard*

Drawing by the Author



ONE day, when riding along a ridge in the southeastern British Columbia country, I ran onto an old she bear and her cub.

The two bears, in the clearing below me, with their glossy black hides shining in the early afternoon sun, stood out like a vivid picture against the green of the surrounding country.

The clearing, about a half mile long by a quarter mile wide, was covered with a crop of fresh spring grass. On all sides surrounding the clearing were stands of pine, spruce, cedar, and fir trees. Under the shade of the trees and back in the damp spots grew dogwood, wild berry bushes, ground creepers, and bulblet ferns.

The clearing sloped gradually southward where it bordered a creek and steep cut bank. The mother and cub were working their way toward the creek, taking their time as they hunted for food. Having nothing of importance to do, and since I was only drifting through the country, I stopped to watch them for awhile. Dismounting I turned my horse loose and sat down at the base of a tree. The wind was coming from them to me so everything was hunky-dory.

The old bear as she slowly poked along overturned small boulders, dead limbs, and other objects in her search for food. The little fellow was always in her way so as to be first to rush in when a boulder was overturned. When his mammy thought he'd had enough of the choice bugs, she gave him an impressing side swipe with her forepaw that sent him rolling over and over. He scrambled to his feet and with his head cocked a little to one side stood watching her as she licked up the bugs on the under side of a rock.

After a time she came to the end of a downed tree and started off across a small flat of large boulders to another likely grub spot. The little fellow tagged along behind imitating her every move. As they ambled along a ground squirrel dashed under a boulder. The old bear saw it and stopped short. The cub, who was looking toward me at the time, kept right on agoin' and banged into his mammy's heels and fell over. The old bear gave a startled grunt and turning around cuffed him 'til he ran off squealing to a safer distance, where he stopped and turned to watch her.

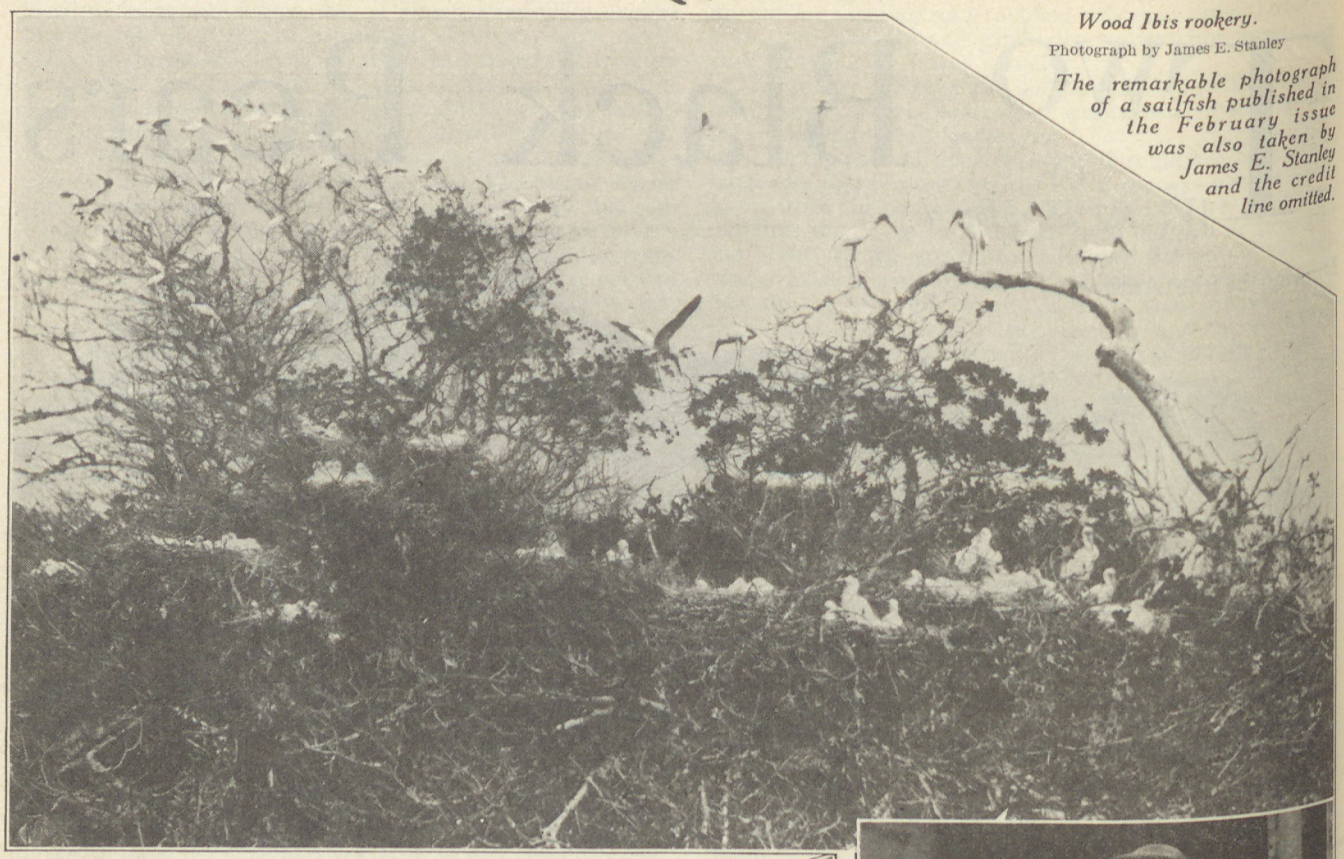
Presently she moved off again toward a fallen tree bordering the edge of the clearing. At the tree she began to tear off pieces of rotten bark in her quest for ants, grubs and wood worms. The little fellow was doing his level best to stay right between her front legs, where he could get at the pieces of bark that were being ripped off and dropped on the ground, for he knew full well it was his only chance for the bugs, as he wasn't quite tall enough, even when standing on his hind legs, to reach the spot.

For nearly a half hour the two hung around the tree before the old bear turned and started toward a rise of ground where there was a large pile of boulders. When she came to the boulder pile she began to sniff around at the base of the larger boulders. Presently she began to dig in under one. The little fellow stood behind her chasing the small rocks and pieces of dirt she kicked up in her digging. All of a sudden there was a wild scramble made by the old bear. A ground squirrel, gopher, or field mouse (just what it was I couldn't tell, but evidently it was what she had been digging for) slipped by her and started running downhill. In an attempt to turn the old bear stepped backward on the cub. There was a startled squeal from him, and a couple of grunts from her. The old bear soon got on her feet and started in the direction her quarry had taken. When she turned he was gone. He'd ducked down another hole. Again she ambled off, the little fellow following at a safe but respectful distance.

Near the creek was a low place where the water had backed up in the early spring causing a kind of swamp. During the summer the place stayed damp, and it was here that large stands of ground roots, bulbs, and skunk cabbage grew. Coming into the middle of the place the old bear began to root and dig around. The little fellow stood by, watching intently. Pretty soon the old bear began chewing away on a root or bulb of some kind. The cub came up, nibbled on a piece of it for a few seconds, and then ran off toward the creek where he began to play. After a time the old bear came down to the creek, sat down, and propping her front legs out in front of her began to watch the cub.

Since the two had gotten behind a few trees I changed positions so as to have a better view. The little fellow had walked out on a small sandbar, and was standing there watching what I knew were salmon. The spring runs were on and the creeks full of fish, all fighting their way up stream to spawn and die. After a few minutes the old bear ambled out and stood watching with the cub. A second or so later she cocked her ears forward and lowered her head watching intently.

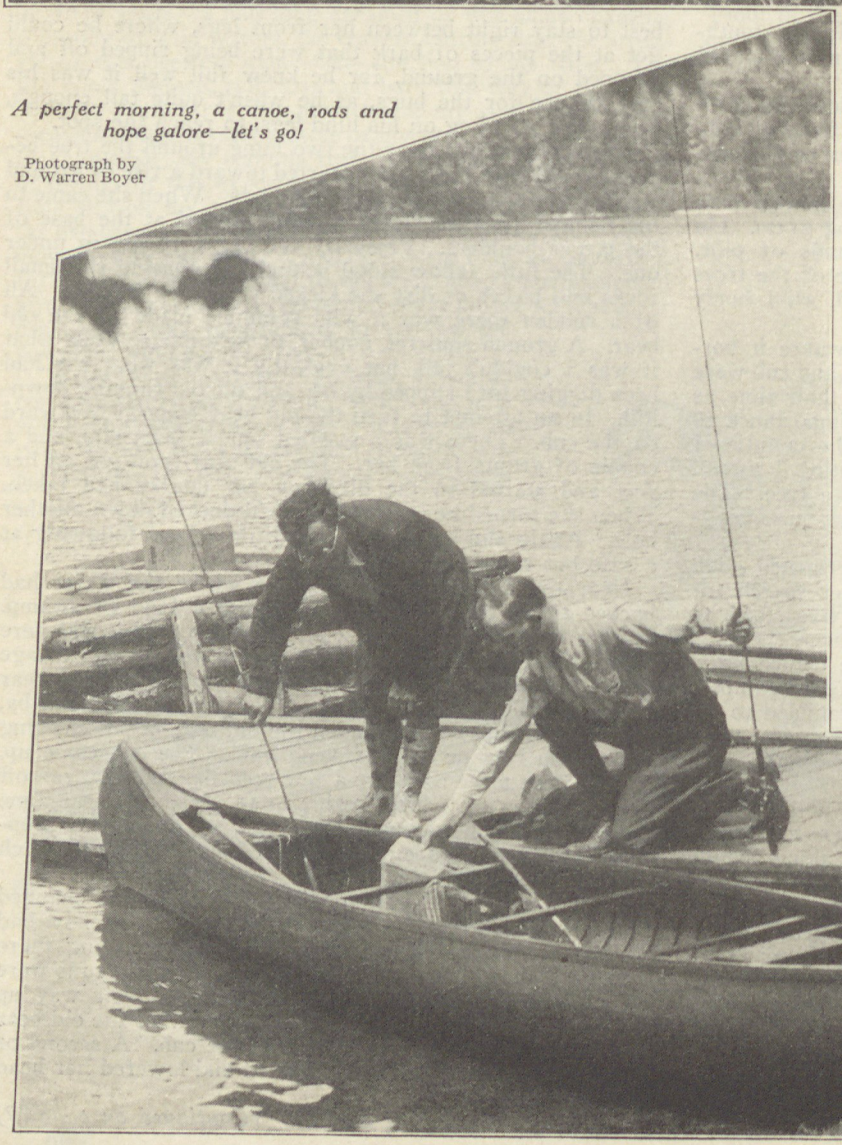
Figuring the gurgling of the *(Continued on page 79)*



Wood Ibis rookery.

Photograph by James E. Stanley

The remarkable photograph of a sailfish published in the February issue was also taken by James E. Stanley and the credit line omitted.



A perfect morning, a canoe, rods and hope galore—let's go!

Photograph by
D. Warren Boyer

The best one we've heard in years!

Photograph by Ken Wright

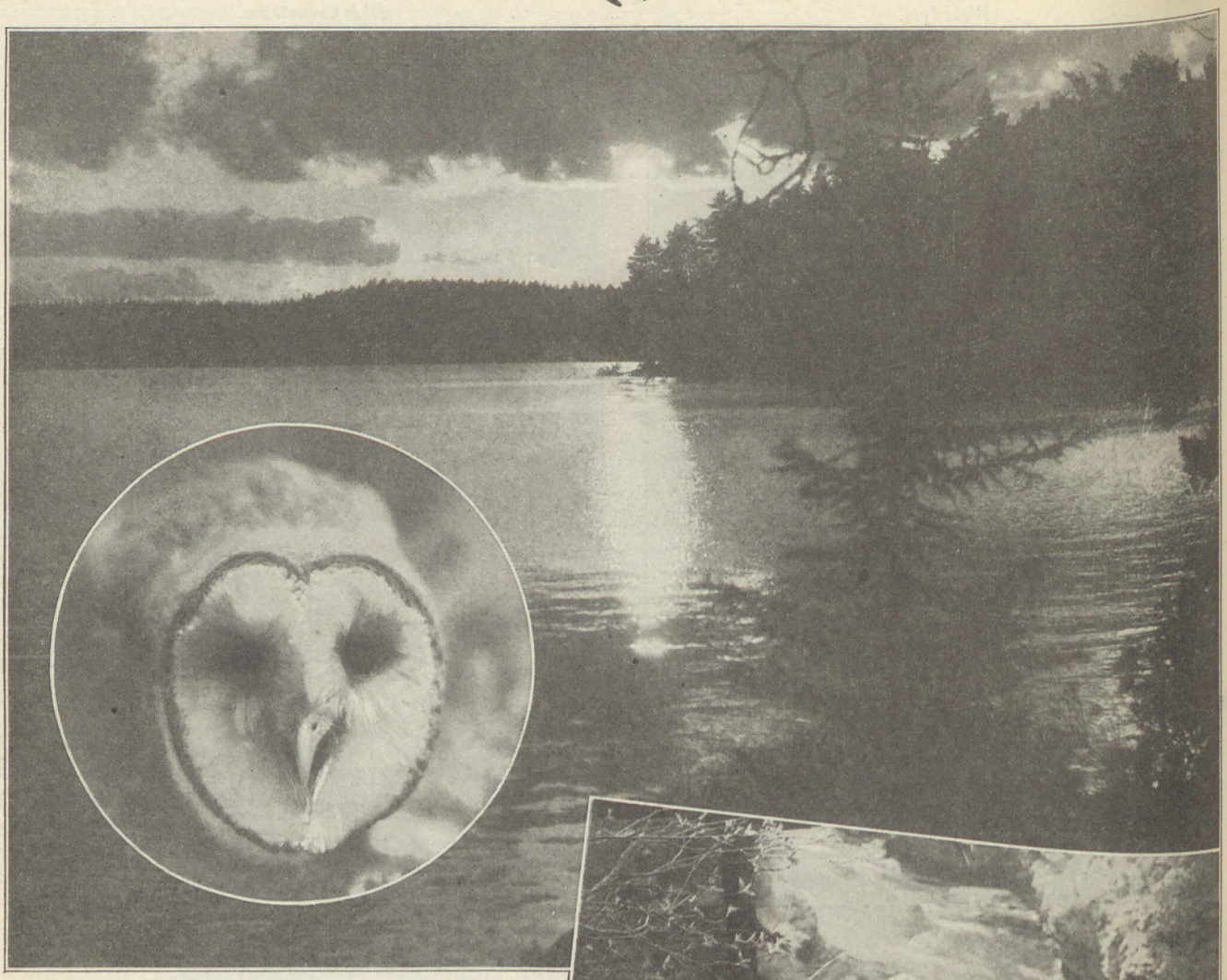
Wild Iris.

Blue Columbine.

Photographs by D. O. Collins.

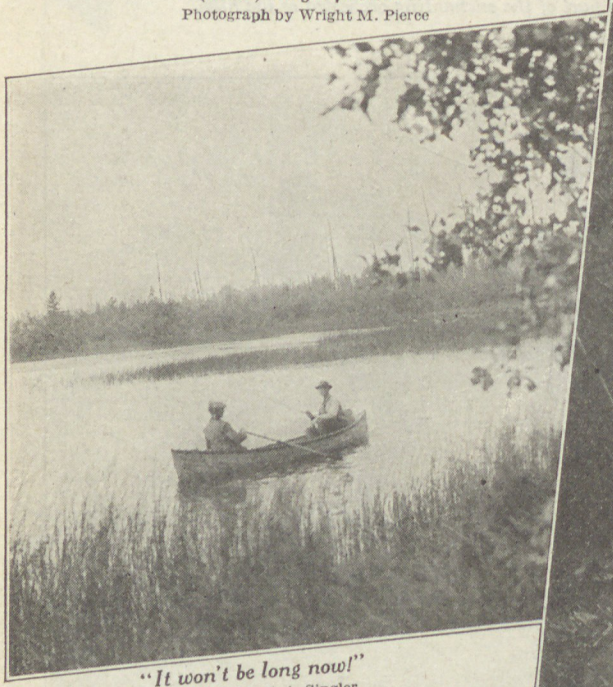
Beaten and bent, this lone pine, as a one string violin, is a part of the enchanting orchestra of the hills.

Photograph courtesy Denver Tourist Bureau.

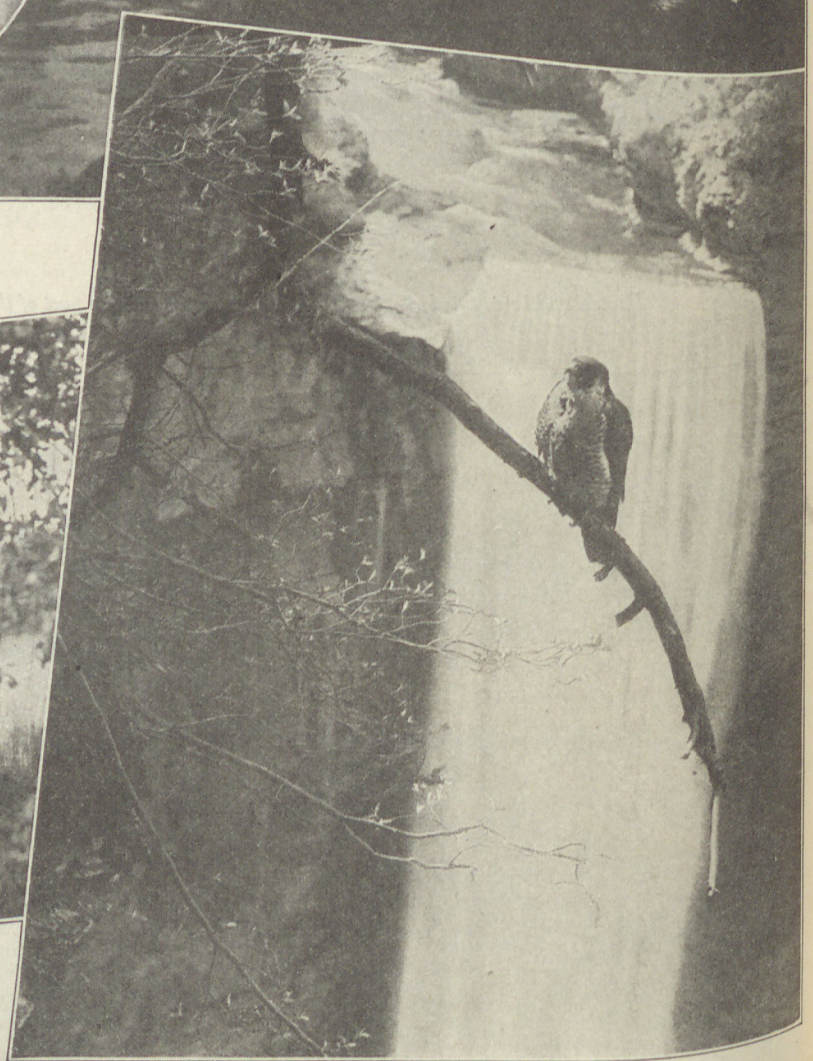


Sunset in the North Country.
Photograph by J. A. Singler

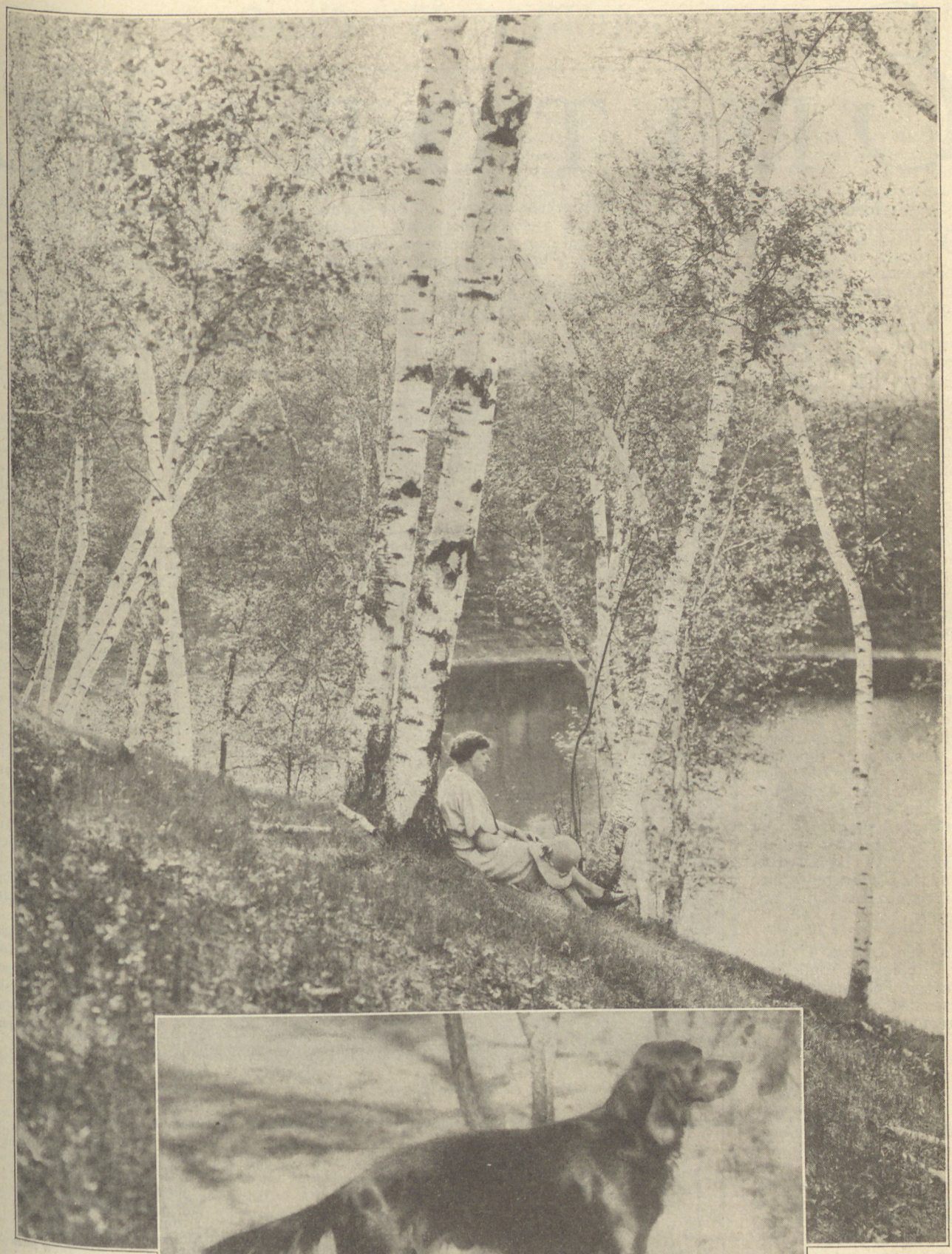
(Inset) Night prowler.
Photograph by Wright M. Pierce



"It won't be long now!"
Photograph by J. A. Singler



Duck hawk or Peregrine falcon.
Photograph by A. A. Allen, Cornell University



(Above)
Springtime amid the birches.

Photo by Bert Brown

(Left)
A champion on point.

Photo by Dr. Lloyd Thompson

EDITORIAL

Public Confidence

OUTDOOR AMERICA has constantly endeavored to promote a broadminded, constructive conservation program. It has not gone afield to quarrel with its neighbors or to build up circulation by driving wedges of dissension into the ranks of organized forces. Neither has it feasted upon public credulity by maligning conscientious public officials and workers in other groups.

To destroy public confidence by slanderous attacks, or impugning the motives of others, is a despicable practice. During the past year certain outdoor publications, with fine records behind them, aided by a small coterie of individuals who are not abreast of the times, conspired to force their whims upon responsible public servants. Their purpose, even though ever so laudable in the beginning, was hopelessly engulfed in a morass of personalities and jealousies that dimmed their keen vision of former years.

The principal victims of these attacks were the United States Department of Agriculture, especially the Chief of the Biological Survey, Mr. Redington, and the officials of the National Association of Audubon Societies and the American Wild Fowlers, all of them courageous men of recognized standing and integrity.

* * *

In due course of time Mr. Redington, following extensive field studies, recommended a reduction in waterfowl bag limits, and the Secretary of Agriculture took the necessary steps to put the new regulations into effect. Prior to the conclusion of these studies certain proponents of the lower bag limit had bills introduced in Congress in an effort to force the hand of the Secretary and take regulatory powers out of the hands of his department.

When the Secretary acted, the magazines which had been fighting for such legislation lost interest in the bills, but a few die-hard proponents insisted that they must be passed because "the Secretary had not acted soon enough or in good faith."

The recent hearing on the House bill was a sorry spectacle! All the principal conservation forces, including the Izaak Walton League, were solidly arrayed against the bill, preferring to leave full, flexible regulatory powers in the hands of trained government experts.

On the other side, under the autocratic leadership of one man and his paid lobbyist, were a handful of vociferous proponents. The bitter, inflammatory statements which they placed into the record showed conclusively that they were more interested in punishing those to whom they could not dictate than they were in protecting the ducks.

These regrettable statements not only lost the day for them but undoubtedly sounded the death knell for their kind in the national conservation field. Unfortunately, those biased, vitriolic statements are there to gratify the avidity of professional troublemongers, but their purpose is so obvious that public confidence in those attacked will not suffer in the least. After all, fair play and harmonious teamwork is still the best policy!

Henry Wiand

National President, Izaak Walton League of America.

Write TODAY

THE Shipstead-Newton-Nolan Bill, designed to create and develop an international playground and save the Quetico-Superior region for the benefit of millions of outdoor lovers, is now before the House Lands Committee.

The passage of this bill is one of the major projects of the Izaak Walton League and its fate is of supreme importance to every outdoor loving citizen of the United States and Canada.

At present the bill simply establishes policy. It does not attempt to deal with details, but it gives the *people* a chance to be heard amid the selfish clamorous claims of those who would destroy the magnificent wilderness area involved.

All lovers of lakes, streams and forest trails are asked to write their Representatives at Washington urging that this bill be passed without harmful amendments.

The names of the members of the Committee follow, all to be addressed House Office Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Chairman Don B. Colton, Utah
Addison T. Smith, Idaho
Scott Leavitt, Montana
Phil D. Swing, California
Samuel S. Arentz, Nevada
F. D. Letts, Iowa
Joseph L. Hooper, Michigan
Charles L. Gifford, Massachusetts
Harry L. Englebright, California
Robert R. Butler, Oregon
Albert G. Simms, New Mexico
John W. Palmer, Missouri
William R. Eaton, Colorado
W. I. Nolan, Minnesota
John M. Evans, Montana
Tom A. Yon, Florida
William C. Lankford, Georgia
Edgar Howard, Nebraska
Butler B. Hare, South Carolina
Rene L. DeRouen, Louisiana
Claude A. Fuller, Arkansas
Victor S. K. Houston, Hawaii

What Does Mere Man Know About the Perils of a Non-Stop Flight?

Cartoon by J. N. Darling — Courtesy N. Y. Herald-Tribune

Stephen Tyng Mather

THE death on January 22 of Stephen Tyng Mather was a national loss and a personal sorrow to the outdoor lovers and conservationists of America.

Mr. Mather was director of the National Park Service under three Presidents, organizer of the service and the man credited with forcing public recognition of the national parks and raising them from the status of orphans of the nation to the stature of national playgrounds.

Mr. Mather's death came 13 years and 1 day after he took over the direction of the national parks, and only a little more than a year after his resignation from the post of director of the National Park Service.

He was appointed director of the service in May, 1917, after having been in charge of the parks since January 21, 1915. Failing health forced his resignation as director of the service on January 8, 1929. He was succeeded as director by Horace M. Albright.

At the time of his death Mr. Mather's legion of friends throughout the United States, numbering many men and women high in the official and social life of the nation, were marshaling for a permanent testimonial of his work. This testimonial, known as the Stephen T. Mather Appreciation, now will probably take the form of a memorial.

A fund of $150,000 is hoped to be raised to create the testimonial. One of the suitable suggestions made to perpetuate the work of Mr. Mather is the purchase of a grove of sequoia trees and their inclusion in a park to be named after him.

The possessor of a striking personality and having the faculty of quickly making friends and holding them in bonds of mutual work and companionship, Mr. Mather leaves a lasting imprint on national life. Unobtrusive, vigorous, a man of the outdoors, ever pressing for expansion of the national parks along educational and recreative lines, he had seen the development of the National Park Service from little more than a vision and a few desks in a small office in the Interior Department Building to the vast organization it is today, stretching its network literally from Maine to Alaska. Always a leader in the cultural life of the community, Mr. Mather was instrumental in the formation of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, was one of its members for several years and always stood for civic betterment along approved lines. He always had taken a deep interest in the development of the National Capital and his advice had been sought on many occasions by leaders and developers of thought along those lines.

He virtually created the post of director of the National Park Service. When he took over the task under Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, the parks were not in a prosperous condition. Congress had bought or set aside land for them, but their development stopped at that point. Nothing had been done to make them popular or accessible and they were operated as separate units.

Rehabilitation and development of the national parks became a pet project of the director. Possessed of a comfortable private fortune and a host of friends, Stephen T. Mather brought his unflagging interest to the cause of education of the people to the parks and their development.

The manner in which he became identified with the public parks is an interesting story. One summer he had visited several national parks and expressed his displeasure at the methods of their exploitation. On his return he wrote a letter to the authorities in Washington registering his protest in characteristically vigorous terms. A short time later he received a letter from Secretary Lane, who had been a college chum, reading as follows:

"Dear Steve: If you don't like the way the national parks are being run, why don't you come down here to Washington and run them yourself? I mean this sincerely. Come on."

Mr. Mather agreed and arrived in Washington with the rank of an assistant to the Secretary. His authority was ample and from that humble beginning has come the great network of national parks, which attract hundreds of thousands of persons annually and today wield vast authority along educational lines in the national life. The parks are today expositions of the wild life of the Nation. Mr. Mather also took a leading part in the steps which led to the foundation of the Shenandoah National Park and the Great Smokies National Park, which ultimately will become the great mountain national park of the Eastern seaboard.

Not satisfied with the funds Congress granted the park service, Mr. Mather dug deeply into his private fortune at various times to attain objects he deemed desirable in national park development.

One of the projects into which his own money went was purchase of the Tioga road, across Yosemite National Park, in California. Others included purchase of groves of sequoia trees and provisions for quarters for the park rangers.

Mr. Mather received from the King of Sweden a decoration in recognition of his outstanding work in national park development. Gold medals from the National Institute of Social Science of New York and the Cornelius Amory Pugsley Foundation also were presented to him for similar achievements.

Honorable Stephen T. Mather

The airplane has been identified with many important activities in conservation—but feeding quail from aloft is perhaps the latest idea and the most novel.

Flying Waltonians of Rantoul

By Cal Johnson

FEEDING game birds during the high snow period of midwinter has been one of the important activities of many Izaak Walton League groups, conservationists, Boy Scout organizations and individual game bird enthusiasts throughout the northern states. The usual method pursued in distributing feed has been accomplished on foot, horse and sleigh or with the aid of an automobile, but the flying Waltonians of Rantoul inaugurated a new and novel method of scattering food for the starving birds from an airplane.

The vicinity surrounding Rantoul, Illinois, harbors many coveys of quail and the extreme cold weather experienced early this winter worked havoc in the ranks of these miniature game birds in their quest for food. Deep snows covered the ground for miles around and the huge drifts piled high throughout their domain, covering every available feeding spot and endangered the lives of the quail from starvation.

"Why not feed the birds from an airplane?" suggested a member of the Rantoul Izaak Walton League. As the organization is composed largely of aviators enlisted in the United States Army Flying Corps at Chanute Field, this suggestion naturally met with instant approval.

The problem of how to accomplish this feat successfully came up for discussion. It was finally decided to fill several hundred paper bags with grain, each to hold about seven pounds, tying the bags securely so that the contents would not spill out after being dropped from the plane. The bag would burst upon striking the ground and scatter the grain over an area of about thirty or forty feet, or be torn open as it passed through the sharp branches of brush and distribute the feed directly into the natural feeding cover of the quail.

My first opportunity to take an active part in this novel program came early in February. Three planes were tuned up on the spacious runway at Chanute Field, each plane to play an individual role in the day's accomplishment. One was to carry the big aerial camera, mounted securely to the rear cock-pit. Another was to carry the sacks filled with the individual grain "bombs." The third ship was assigned to carry me, with Lieutenant N. R. Laughinghouse, president of the Rantoul Waltonians, at the controls.

Sergeant Paul B. Jackson was delegated to drop the grain bags over the quail cover as the camera plane filmed the activities close by. Our plane was to swoop low and fly a few hundred feet to the right of the center plane where we could watch the operation and determine exactly what happened.

The powerful motors had been warmed up thoroughly before we wedged ourselves into the cock-pits, then taxied into the wind and took off. We flew in formation several miles from Chanute Field before I noticed Sergeant Jackson signal that he was about to drop to a lower altitude and prepare to release the paper sacks filled with grain. Each plane gradually dropped lower and lower, circling over the territory that looked like good quail grounds.

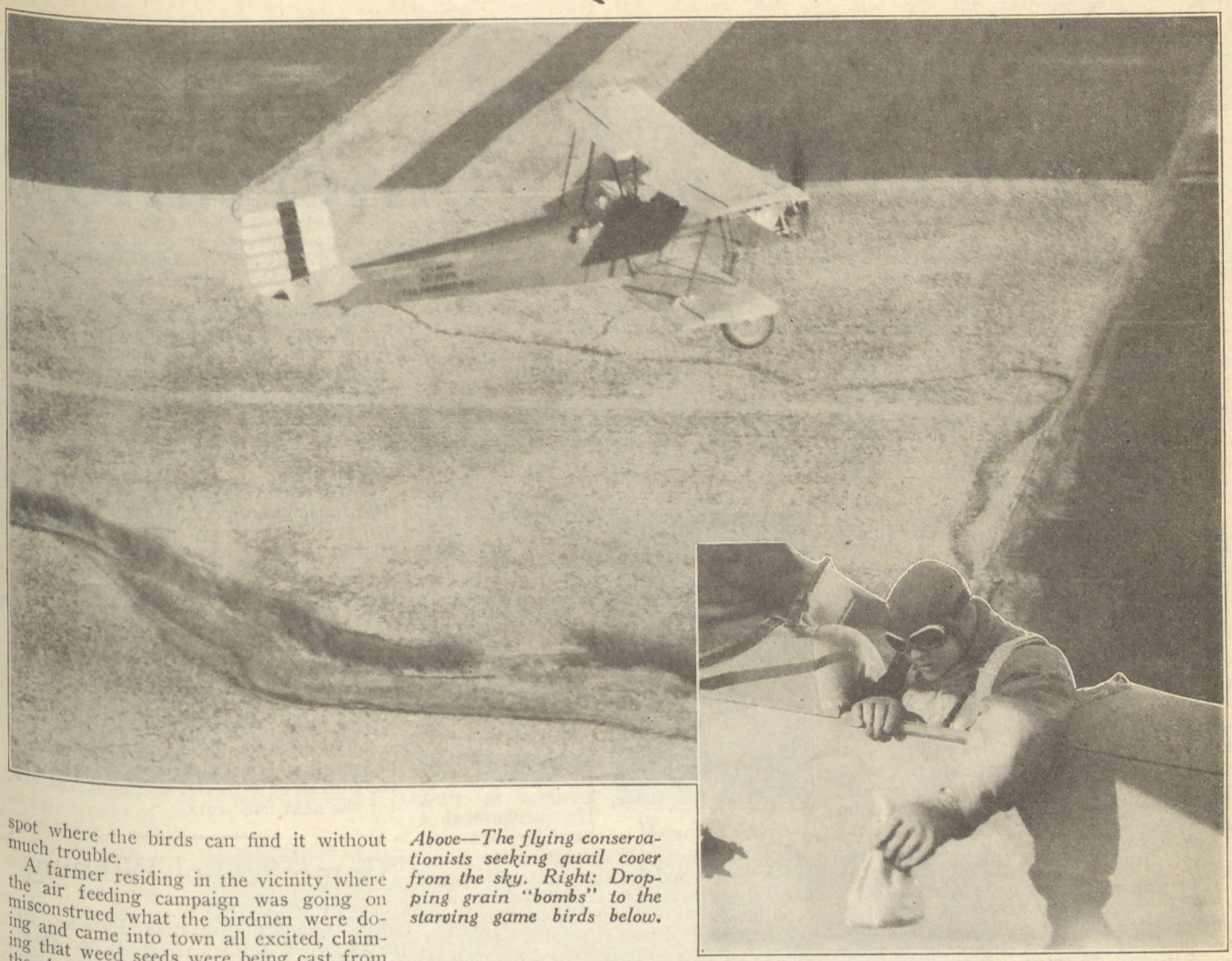
When plane number one leveled off at about one hundred feet elevation, we saw a grain bag leave the ship and drop like a plummet into the thicket below. The camera plane flew alongside and I could see the camera man doing his stuff from the gun-pit. Bag after bag was dropped, each finding a new location and scattering the feed where the quail certainly could not help but locate it.

Lieutenant Laughinghouse turned in his seat and nodded. I smiled back at him, making a few motions with my hands to indicate that all was well and that I had witnessed the initial operations of the day.

The planes circled several times over the same territory, more grain bombs being dropped each time we passed over the hedges and quail cover. This method of operation warranted that the food would surely reach a spot where the birds could find it. At no time did we see any birds in flight, which indicated that the planes did not frighten them when flying over their cover. Of course, it is highly probable that the quail huddled close together underneath the low hanging branches and twigs of the thicket and most likely gave a sigh of relief when the big mechanical birds had passed. But, even so, we cannot help but believe that they were a bit grateful for the grain dropped to them by their fellow birdmen.

The atmosphere surrounding Rantoul is constantly filled with the drone and hum of airplanes and to see a number of them in flight overhead at all hours of the day is nothing out of the ordinary, hence the game birds of the vicinity naturally become accustomed to them and soon learn that they are not huge birds of prey and will not harm them.

In a half hour's time we covered more ground and distributed more feed than could have been possible in several hours, perhaps days, when directing operations from a ground crew. It may be possible that an occasional sack of grain goes astray and does not reach the birds, but it is certain that nine out of ten sacks reach the



Above—The flying conservationists seeking quail cover from the sky. Right: Dropping grain "bombs" to the starving game birds below.

spot where the birds can find it without much trouble.

A farmer residing in the vicinity where the air feeding campaign was going on misconstrued what the birdmen were doing and came into town all excited, claiming that weed seeds were being cast from the planes. He outlined the great damage being done to the farms by planting such seeds, and while it might be good feed for the quail he complained that it would cause much extra work for the farmers in ridding their tracts of the pest.

This, however, was not true, and after explaining to him just what was going on, he immediately agreed that it was a fine stunt and would do much to save the birds when feed was hard to find. When one considers the great value of quail to the farmer it can be easily understood why they are interested in the feeding activities sponsored each winter. Quail are great insect destroyers and do not harm the crops materially, but add to their growth and general health by helping to rid the territory of grain destroying insects.

The quail is referred to by many as our most pugnacious game bird. The mighty pheasant has a hard row to hoe when the quail decide to advance on their larger brother. Predatory animals are attacked at certain times of the year, and there is little doubt but what the husky little feathered folk win many a battle and put to rout some of the four-footed pirates of the animal world.

Being extremely hardy, the quail will undoubtedly be among those present for many years to come. However, it is necessary to keep a watchful eye on the supply and lend our co-operation towards their welfare, especially when the deep snows of winter cover their food supply. Living on the ground, the quail is an easy prey for weasels, mink, fox, hawks, owls and other game bird destroyers of the predatory type. Then there is the worst pest of all game birds that nest on the ground, and also feed close to nature, the farmer's half-wild house cat. The family pet has been blamed for many murders of our bird life; and from observations I have made, the condemning of the house cat is rightfully done.

On the other hand, it is contended that moderate shooting makes the birds hardy, checks the excess of males, which is fatal to production, prevents inbreeding by scattering the coveys, and makes them wary and hard to approach. Quail that are not gunned for at the proper season, lose their fear of man and as a result become easy prey for the pot-hunter, who is usually on deck in every community with his lawless methods of destruction.

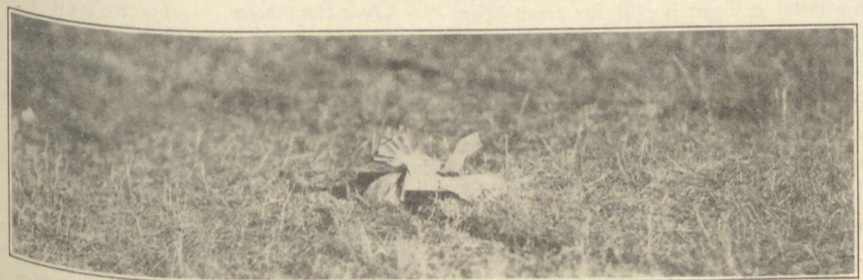
It is not difficult to visualize a covey of quail, huddled closely together on the ground, and a sneaking pot-hunter letting loose with a charge of number seven shot from his twelve-gauge gun directly into the center of the mass of feathered creatures. Between such beings and the family house cat, the quail undoubtedly has his toughest fight for life and can easily fight off the other pests with the loss of only a few of the covey.

William H. Jackson, executive of the Rantoul Walton Chapter, one of the Kingpins in inaugurating the feeding campaign via airplane, reports that the quail supply in the vicinity of Chanute Flying Field is on the increase. However, much credit for this increase must be given to the activities sponsored by local conservationists towards the welfare of the game birds.

The airplane is used in surveying likely territory and locating cover where quail and pheasants can be liberated. The Department of Photography of the U. S. Air Corps Technical School has photographed all the surrounding country from aloft, which gives the local Waltonians an opportunity to study game conditions more thoroughly and with greater success and less time.

After an hour spent dropping grain

(Continued on page 78)



Here we see the grain "bomb" after it has struck the ground, scattering the food in all directions for the birds.

What's Happening in Conservation

By Seth E. Gordon
Conservation Director Izaak Walton League of America

A Monthly Resume of the Outstanding Conservation Events Throughout America

Hurrah, Mississippi!

THE only state in the Union without a state game and fish department is Mississippi, but if the organized conservation forces of that state have their way about it this reputation, and the present unsatisfactory patchwork of county administration, will soon be but a memory.

The Mississippi Legislature is now giving serious consideration to a bill jointly drafted and sponsored by the Mississippi Association of Walton League Chapters, the Mississippi Association for the Conservation of Wild Life, and the Mississippi Division of the American Legion.

This is an excellent measure. It provides for a commission of three members to be appointed for terms of two, four and six years, and thereafter for full terms of six years. The commission is to receive no salary but shall be entitled to a per diem of $5.00 per day and actual expenses when engaged in the work of the department. The commission is authorized to appoint an executive officer who shall direct the affairs of the department under the authority of the commission.

The plan is most comprehensive throughout. It provides for necessary regulatory authority; statewide fishing, hunting and trapping licenses; law enforcement; creation of refuges, fish hatcheries and game farms; and such other things as necessary to perpetuate Mississippi's wild life.

It is earnestly hoped that this bill will pass without delay in order that Mississippi may take her place among the progressive conservation states of the Nation.

Save the Steelhead!

THE last session of the Washington Legislature passed an act intended to save the famous steelhead trout. It prohibits their sale in a fresh state, but does not interfere with legitimate operations of the commercial fishermen.

The leaders in the commercial fishing industry are accepting the mandates of the Legislature and through their official publication are urging their members to adhere strictly to the new law. There are others, however, who are less scrupulous. They are trying to break down the law by encouraging the Indians on the Quinault Reservation near Aberdeen to catch and sell steelheads through markets in other states, claiming they have the right to do so under their treaty.

The local Game Commission and the State Supervisor of Fish and Game joined hands in bringing suit to stop this practice and save the steelhead in the Quinault River. The local court ruled in favor of the Indians, but the matter has been carried to the upper court where it is hoped a decision favorable to the public will be obtained.

The Izaak Walton League is strongly supporting those who are endeavoring to save this wonderful game fish for the enjoyment of the disciples of Izaak Walton.

Shirts Succeeds Mannfeld

ON January 8, George N. Mannfeld, Superintendent of Indiana's Division of Fish and Game since it was created in August, 1919, passed away a victim of pneumonia. Mr. Mannfeld was well known to conservation leaders throughout the country as he attended national gatherings quite regularly.

George Mannfeld.

During Mr. Mannfeld's administration the receipts of the division increased from $89,000 in 1918 to $334,000 in 1929. He inaugurated a hatchery expansion program to stock public waters and during the last five years used surplus funds for purchasing timbered lands for use as public game refuges.

Mr. Mannfeld was succeeded by Walter Shirts, an attorney who joined the staff of the Department of Conservation as legal investigator in 1921, later became assistant to Mr. Mannfeld, his last assignment being in charge of the warden forces of the department.

With Congress

THE present session of Congress is making fine conservation progress. Our national forest needs are being given better recognition. Almost $3,000,000 additional have been provided for forest protection during the next fiscal year. The National Park Service is receiving additional funds to carry out important development work, the Bureau of Fisheries is receiving more financial aid, and the Biological Survey's appropriations look considerably better.

Among the increases in the items for the Biological Survey, aggregating about $300,000, are the funds authorized for refuges under the Norbeck-Andresen Act and almost $50,000 additional for the employment of federal game protectors. This latter amount is still far from being adequate but indications are that Congress intends to alleviate a serious deficiency in this direction as rapidly as funds will permit.

The prospects for various measures in which the conservation forces of America are interested are very good. It seems as though Congress is fully awake to the tremendous public sentiment for conservation, and intends to give this phase of our national problems full consideration.

Chances for Important Measures

HEARINGS on the International Playground plan covered by the Shipstead-Newton-Nolan bill were conducted by the House Committee on Public Lands during the early part of February. Indications are that both the Senate and House Committees will again favorably report this plan even though selfish interests are doing their best to keep the bills in Committee or badly mutilate and thus destroy them.

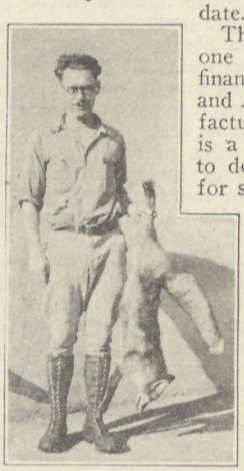
The House Ways and Means Committee held hearings on the Albemarle Canal lock, and prospects for favorable action on this project are very encouraging.

Senator Hawes' bill to enforce the law against the interstate shipment and sale of black bass has been favorably reported out of Committee. The same bill has been introduced in the House by Congressman Hudson of Michigan and Congressman Hull of Illinois. Favorable action is anticipated.

The White Fisheries Program is coming along nicely, and indications are that it will be passed without opposition. It will give the Bureau of Fisheries a definite program for the next five years.

Game School Winning

THE Game Conservation Institute, an experimental farm and school for game farm superintendents operated near Clinton, New Jersey, by the Game Conservation Society of New York City is winning its way. Reports indicate that the current year will be the most successful to date.



Clyde Baumhofer.

This game school is one of the projects financed by the Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers Institute, and is a constructive effort to develop trained help for such positions. The demand exceeds the supply; many of the more advanced students receive employment before the full two-year course is actually completed.

Students are enrolled without tuition fee, the only charge being for board and lodging. Among the first students to attend the school was a young man sent there by the Milwaukee Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, and last fall the Minneapolis Chapter of the League decided to send Clyde F. Baumhofer, a deserving young man interested in game breeding activities, to this Institute.

Mr. Baumhofer reports that he likes the course immensely, and as evidence of some of the enjoyable features he submits the above photo of himself and a red fox which he had just dispatched on the school property.

New National Park

A NEW innovation in national park-making was established on February 6 when the creation of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, lying in the lower Appalachians in North Carolina and Tennessee, took definite shape. Deeds covering 150,000 acres, more than one-third the area proposed, were turned over to Secretary Wilbur, head of the Interior Department, by the Governor of North Carolina, O. Max Gardner, and the Governor of Tennessee, Henry H. Horton. They were accompanied by large delegations of leaders from their respective states.

"We are presenting to you," said Governor Gardner, "the most massive uplift in the East, containing eighteen peaks towering above 6,000 feet. This area is unsurpassed for natural beauty and grandeur, and contains one million acres of virgin forests, some which were full grown when Columbus discovered America."

Gifts Made Park Possible

SECRETARY WILBUR in his acceptance praised the liberal contributions of the citizens and the Legislatures of the two states, amounting to nearly $5,000,000, toward this project, and especially the pledge of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation to match the contributions from North Carolina and Tennessee up to $5,000,000.

Secretary Wilbur stated that the Great Smoky Mountains area measures up to the requirements of a national park because of the "height of mountains, depth of valleys, ruggedness of the area, and the unexampled variety of trees, shrubs and plants. The region includes Mt. Guyot, Mt. LeConte, Clingmans Dome and Gregory Bald."

In the acquisition of this land for a national park, as authorized by Act of May, 1926, there were no precedents to guide those interested. All western national parks were carved from lands still in public ownership. The government has never expended funds to purchase lands for the purpose of establishing a national park.

Regulatory Powers

THE tendency in game and fish administration is rapidly in the direction of giving the department in charge broad regulatory powers so that seasons may be closed, and limits and regulations fixed as changing conditions demand without awaiting action by the Legislature. Almost half of the states already have such regulatory powers.

The sportsmen of California are now waging a campaign to place such responsibility upon the California Fish and Game Commission by constitutional amendment. It is reported that Roy Shaver, an active Waltonian of Los Angeles, initiated the movement and that the Orange Belt Council of the Izaak Walton League, the Associated Sportsmen of California, and other groups have endorsed the plan and are standing solidly behind it.

Information obtained indicates that the commercial fishermen and the commercial duck club operators are the only ones opposing it. Apparently they fear that their legislative lobby of former years may be unable to influence the judgment of the state's experts in charge of game and fish affairs.

The outcome of this movement in California will be watched with interest. Californians must choose between waste and destruction on one hand, and a future supply of game and fish on the other. It certainly is good business to relieve legislative bodies of the enormous volume of legislation dealing with regulatory details and place the responsibility where it belongs—the department directly in charge.

Forest Conferences

SEVERAL years ago the first national Commercial Forestry Conference was held in Chicago. Large lumber operators, wood users, state and federal forest agencies, and conservation groups interested in forestry discussed their several problems freely and frankly. Much benefit resulted therefrom.

Later the idea of state commercial forestry conferences was inaugurated in Wisconsin, and during December a like conference took place in West Virginia. During the month of February a forestry conference was held at Richmond, Virginia, where such problems as land uses, the handling and growing of forests, forest recreation, forest protection and extension, forest taxation, and allied subjects were discussed.

At all of these conferences wood users and lumbermen joined hands with state and federal forest officials, forest protective associations, representatives of the Izaak Walton League, and other groups.

Many bird feeding contests were conducted during the past winter. Here is a Joplin, Missouri, Boy Scout servicing a hopper feeder recommended by the Missouri Game and Fish Department. The Joplin Chapter of the Izaak Walton League furnished materials and feed, and the Scouts built the shelters and serviced them.

Contest Wins Favor

"HOORAY, now that's what I call a fish contest really worth something!" exclaimed O. L. Kaupanger, the aggressive Executive Secretary of the Minnesota Division of the Izaak Walton League, when he first saw the announcement of the James Lawton Childs Memorial Fund in the January issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. "Mrs. Childs' reasons for establishing this fund actually brought tears to my eyes. I hope every reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA read the announcement and the editorial about this gift. Gosh, I wish we had a lot more public-spirited men and women like her.

"What a memorial! What a purpose!" continued Mr. Kaupanger. "Every other fish contest I ever saw was nothing but an endurance contest, a killing contest. In effect they said, 'Fish and fish hard, every one of you five million anglers. Fish early and late, catch all you can, and probably by the end of the season you will have caught a fish bigger than your neighbors, and you may win a prize.'

"But here's a contest that doesn't mean killing more and more fish. It means producing more fish. And you can put it into your pipe and smoke it that we in Minnesota are going after that Childs Fund Prize for 1930. In fact, we challenge the rest of the world right now! By the way, what are the rules of this game, anyhow?"

Many Chapters Enter

THIS is just one of the many enthusiastic comments induced by the announcement of this annual contest. Many requests for information about the rules have been received, and indications are that probably half of the Walton League Chapters will enter this new contest, the deadline for entry being April 1.

The purpose of the Childs Memorial Fund, as already explained, is to stimulate and increase the annual production and restocking of trout, bass and other fishes for the benefit and enjoyment of the anglers of America.

With this annual contest as a spur to further activity, officials of the League anticipate that the fish rearing program will be enlarged tremendously, and the output of young fishes, removal of pollution and rough fishes, improvement of food conditions in the streams, planting of stream banks, and other activities to increase the fish supply will be increased many times during 1930.

The Childs Memorial plaque alone is worth going after. Every chapter of the League would be proud to have one of those plaques placed on the edge of a fish rearing pond, or on the shore of a beautiful creek or river restored as a fishing stream. But the cash prize; that is worth going after! About $200 in cold cash to be presented at the 1931 Annual Convention of the League.

A New Record!

THE annual kill of large game by the various states presents an interesting study. Pennsylvania during the past season established a new record, and claims the big game record for all states.

In 1927 the kill of antlered male deer

(Continued on page 50)

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH, *Angling Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

ARBUTUS

What early spring trout-fisherman is unacquainted with the arbutus? The arbutus comes pushing along hard after the disappearing snow, so is ready to smile up a greeting into the face of the opening-day trout-fan. Delicately beautiful, delicately fragrant, it is also rare enough to grace a king's table or garnish the first catch o' the season.

The Apotheosis of Worming

BLISS PERRY wrote a classic upon "Fishing with a Worm," so why not my title? I have always come to the defense of wormers, remembering the early days of my piscatory novitiate and knowing right well that there are streams where fly-fishing is utterly impossible, so brushy and snaggy are they. And, bend low your large and furry ear, there are opening days when an artificial fly is utterly unattractive, but do not quote me, please. As to the "sportsmanship" of it, why bring that up? It is not whether you use a worm or a fuzzy-wuzzy that makes you a sportsman or the other thing, but whether or not you play fair and never yield to porcine proclivities.

Some of the finest, truest sportsmen I have known have been wormers, and—whisper it only—some of the crassest, you-know-what-to-call-'em, have been past masters of the gentle art of fly-fishing. Always, and as I have said over and over again, sportsmanship is decency and fair play raised to the *n*th degree.

With the foregoing as my excuse or vindication, as you please, I dare even write of "The Apotheosis of Worming," for to me there is nothing quite comparable to setting forth on an opening day morning, after having dipped into a page or two of the "Compleat Angler," armed for the fray. I hope you got that last, "armed for the fray," for it possesses a subtle, evanescent meaning. The paraphernalia of the wormer may be simple in the extreme, a twig and a twisted line; or it may be as elaborate as you can well imagine, from habiliment to imported rod, reel, line and hook. The point I would make is this, it is not the outfit that matters so much in worming, as it is the spirit of the wormer. Nor yet is it the taking of fish that calls the man a-stream, but the gentle woo of the green growing things, the notes of meadow-lark, robin and song-sparrow, the gentle kiss of the south wind. Within the heart at this season of the year are entailings of far off hairy ancestors rejoicing at the return of Spring. "The Apotheosis of Worming!" Yes, indeed.

To properly enjoy such angling, go alone. Oh, I have said much about companionship being the sauce piquant of angling, and it all stands; but leave your companions, when actually fishing, and angle alone. We are so much in the crowd these days that it does us good to be alone. I like my lone lunch by a smelly little camp-fire, but I also enjoy gathering around a friendship fire at noon, and the exchanging of experiences with other anglers. Just the same, the high experiences, the wonderfully pregnant moments come only when we are alone.

One experience stands out vividly in memory, I do not need to refer to my note-book for that year. Then the season in Wisconsin opened on the 15th of April, too early by far. Six of us traveled to a little forest, brushy, meandering creeklet, for it was absolutely useless to go to a grown-up trout stream, bankfull of brown turgid water were they. We each had a supply of early worms, worms that were ahead of the early birds. Then we mounted upward, walking around one another to touch the water at open spots, for when I say the stream was brushy, I mean brushy. What began as a sort of lazy meandering, developed into a veritable foot-race, so eager were we to take the first fish. Our excuse was of course the fact that we had been pent up for long, cold months. No fish were taken. You can't take trout and indulge in a foot-race at the same time.

At last I came to myself, awoke to the absurdity of the whole proceeding. I was not having a good time, was not catching fish, was only working up a senseless lather. So I sat down on a moss-grown stump and let my companions go. After the sound of their eager footings had vanished, quiet, blandishing and recreative, stole in. An early robin visited a nearby tree, calling cheerily, "Kill him, cure him, give him physic!" I grinned appreciatively, for I needed his sort of "physic," if you get what I mean. I let time slip unregarded by. I had all the time there was. Trout were inconsequential. If one can't have a good time fishing without catching fish, catching the limit will not make a good time. Another thing, when we make fish, even trout, the end of fishing, we have prepared ourselves for utter ignominious failure. The way to catch fish is not to give a tinker's cuss, or any other kind, whether or not you catch them.

When I had my fill of silence, I hunted out a rather deep and open pool at the bend of the stream, thickly environed with willows and alders save at one narrow place; there I sat me down. Leisurely I baited up, looping on my largest worm with utmost care, for I believe more depends upon properly arranging the bait than in expectorating upon it. Just a wad of worms will not do, the "nervous body" should be run well up the shank of the hook so that it will appear a bit natural. A single "buckshot" was pinched on the shank of the hook, just below the gut connection. The idea is to have it so that when a snag takes place, and on such snaggy streams entanglements are numerous, one can slide the rod down to the hook and disengage it; also, where there is considerable current and the water is earth-stained, as is the usual condition in early spring, one needs must go down to the bottom where the trout lie.

All my preparations completed, and with due care and decorum, I tossed my worm out upon the water at the head of the miniature pool, and let the current carry it down, down and away under the sweeping brush below. At the moment I did not care whether or not I took a fish, for across the stream were some chickadees, those feathered sprites of spring woods, gay, friendly, talkative. I swear they remembered me. What was that? "Bosh! Nonsense! Impossible!" All right, all right, if you must be matter-of-fact, *be* matter-of-fact; but get this, you can't pack your worms in my worm-box.

Perhaps I "mooned" for five minutes, perhaps half an hour, for I did not mark time; then my line began gently to twitch

There's a more likely hole farther down, sister!

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Here is the one that's made history—the fly that lures the biggest browns, rainbows, salmon—that has brought new records with Small-mouth—that has taught skeptics that the BIGGEST Large-mouth *will* hit the fly—*and how!* Pickerel? Yes! Muskies? Again, Yes! Weedless. Fish it in the best water—among snags, rushes and lilies. It's a riot for raising strikes and how it hooks and holds! Our own factory men's first choice; carries our 100% recommendation. 12 patterns, sizes 4, 2, 1/0.....60¢
With attached Nickel Spinner.....75¢.

Welcome, Brother "Whiskerakle"

A new version of the Whiskerbug (illustrated above). It is tied with more hackle to float higher but is not so weedless. Use it in more open or fast water. Size 4, 60¢. Sizes 2 and 1/0, 60¢.

Weber "Autograph" *Combination Wet or Dry Fly*

A typical Weber departure, now nation-wide in popularity and going bigger. Divided wing, hollow point hook, turned down eye or to gut. All patterns.
Sizes 4 to 12, doz.....$1.75
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New hair-and-feather image of large wood lures yet airy light for Fly Rod. Use wet or on surface. White or fawn body, red or black head. 3¼ in. with size 1/0 hook, also smaller sizes, each 75¢.

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Fuzzy high-riding floater. Ostrich body, quickest fly to dry on backcast; stays up longest. Good with earliest hatches and all season. Best hollow point hook, eyed or to gut. 12 patterns, each 20¢. Doz., $2.25.

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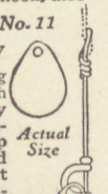

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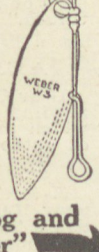

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Superior construction. Brightest flash; sure-working, easiest pick-up. Won't cock the fly.
No. W3..... 50¢
Popular "Colorado" style, No. 11.....25¢

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It is easier to learn than bait casting, and your nearest lakes or streams — even if considered "fished out" — will surprise you!

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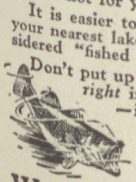

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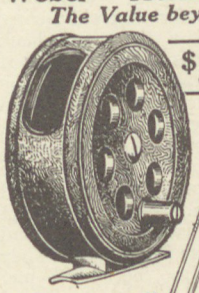


$5

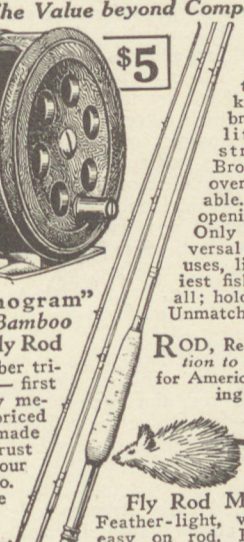
No reel to equal this for value, service, satisfaction. Fit for a king. Beautiful brown-finish Bakelite. Extremely strong, very light. Bronze-bushed hub; oversize click, adjustable. Hardened guide-opening equals agate. Only successful universal model for ALL uses, lightest to heaviest fishing. 3¼" over all; holds 100 ft. C-line. Unmatchable value at $5.

"Monogram" *Split Bamboo* $15 Fly Rod

A Weber triumph — first worthy medium priced hand made rod. Trust it on our say so. 3-piece only 1 tip.

$15

Other Weber Rods $25 and $35



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Greatest range and highest standards of test and selection. Quality only. Every size, length and variation—straight or tapered, for every fishing requirement. Example: "Straintest" brand, Level, 6-ft. Trout, 5-lb. Test, half dozen in Reddi-Moist Pouch, $2.25. Others, 3-ft., as low as 7¢ each.

Weber Fly Lines

Most satisfactory made Long-lasting. Soft, pliable, no kinks. Waterproofed under pressure, hand-finished. Level or double-tapered. Brown color. Example: 100 ft. level, size E, weight 1¼ oz.....$ 4.00
Others to $10.00

ROD, Reel, Line and Leaders, featured here, when *selected in proper relation to each other,* form the basic principle of the Weber Balanced Outfit for American Fly Fishing — easiest casting, most satisfactory. Get our willing help in shaping your outfit correctly from the ground up.

New Fly Rod Mouse

Feather-light, weedless, easy on rod. Bucktail, very light. Weedless. Natural color and size of young field mouse. Life-like imitation that fools big trout or bass. Hook size 2 and 1/0, each 75¢.

"Aklebug" Fly Lure

Fuzzy, luscious, insect-like tempter with a killing record. High floater; alights softly; easy pickup. Sure luring and hooking. 12 patterns. Trout, 4 to 10, 60¢. Bass sizes, 65¢.

Improved Roll-up "Dres-a-line"

Most practical little fingerful you ever had. Roll-up grain-leather cover. Sheepwood pad better than felt. Improved line dressing compound, surpassing Old World secret formulas each ..... 50¢
Extra compound, 1½ oz. can..... 25¢

Patronize your local dealer. If he cannot supply you, we will.

The Weber Lifelike Fly Co.
Stevens Point, Wis.
Also Operating
FROST FISHING TACKLE CO. (*Est. 1896*)
and KINNICKINNIC TACKLE CO.

"If Weber Makes It A Fish Takes It"

Coupon

Box 1830, Stevens Point, Wis.

Enclosed find 25¢ for Catalog (This 25¢ to be credited on any future purchase by me) and with Catalog send me your FREE item as follows:

☐ "Reddi-Moist" Leader Pouch or ☐ 25¢ Fly _____

(Check which in square above. If you choose fly, use line above to name patterns, size, etc. or leave it to us.)

Or Enclosed find $1, $2, $5 or $..... for which send Catalog FREE and Leader Pouch FREE (or Fly FREE) and goods as follows:

(describe or let us select)

[Write description of goods wanted in space above, or attach separate list]

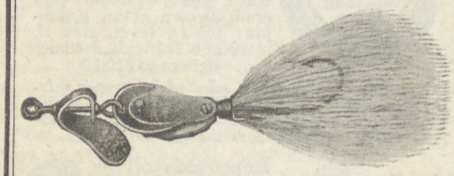
Sign Plainly and Correctly } Name.....
Address.....

Another Convert Hits the PORK Rind Trail

Mr. W. L. Hardin of Waynesville, N. C., writes, enclosing the above pictures:

"Lake Junaluska is well stocked with large mouth bass but they are 'educated' and hard to catch. On my last trip there my nephews insisted that I take a Shimmy Wiggler. I had no faith in it but asked a friend to try it out. He was inexperienced in bait casting, but in two hours the first evening he landed four, weighing, respectively, 7, 6, 5 and 4 pounds each.

"I want sportsmen in search of an effective lure to benefit from my observation."



The above explains why the Shimmy Wiggler is more popular today than ever before. Fishermen like Mr. Hardin have learned they can take it out and come home with "something to talk about" instead of a lot of alibis. Made in ½ and ⅝ oz. wt. brass or nickel finish, different colored streamers, $1.00.

Just a word of CAUTION: The SUCCESS of the Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows has brought forth a host of imitations by men who do not have inventive ability enough to create anything themselves, nor sportsmanship enough to prevent them from copying the ideas of others. You can tell who they are by their advertisements and can rebuke them by not using any of their products.

Write for catalog of Al Foss baits.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Al Foss Department, No. E
Cleveland, Ohio

AL. FOSS
PORK RIND BAITS

and jerk; though I regarded it intently, closely, I merely gripped my rod the tighter. Then it started away, straight away across the pool, and, in the parlance of fly-fishing, I "gave the butt." Instantly pandemonium broke loose deep down in the water. Again, in well remembered parlance, I was "in" a good fish. What mattered it that I had still-fished for him, he was on, and here, there and everywhere over that small pool, fighting with every fin and muscle to get down under the brush. The light rod bent and the line sang, and so did I. I am telling you it was a real ichthyic struggle in spite of the fact that I had hooked the fish on a worm, in spite of the fact that I had sat there more interested in my surroundings than in my fishing.

Then at last I brought my capture in shore, right up to my feet, and reaching down I slipped my fingers in his gaping gills and lifted him out upon the bank, a one pound speckled trout, the first trout of the season. Only dyed-in-the-wool anglers will get the full significance of that last, "the first trout of the season." Is there a more meaningful, more potential fish than that? It is more than a capture, than the end of a small battle, a bit of delectable flesh to enjoy: it is an augury, a prognostication of the season. To lose the first trout hooked is disaster, terrible and irrevocable; nothing, no later victory when streams clear and flies allure, can make up for it.

Well, I sat there by my little brush and tree environed pool, sheltered from the wind, until high noon, and had six very good speckled trout to my credit. Maybe it wasn't fishing, real fishing, but I know this, it was rarely good for that old spring fret. Then I kindled a little fire back amid the budding arbutus and fried two of the smallest fish and ate them there, as one should, hard by the murky, ice-cold water from which taken. At three o'clock, when my tramping companions returned, tired, a bit cross perhaps, I had three more trout, seven to take home with me. And they, well, they had only—but I must not tell on them; at any rate, they had had considerable worthwhile exercise. They were quite sore at me too, because I had elected to sit quiet, invoke my soul, and catch fish: of course it was the latter fact that rankled.

For worming I do not vary my outfit one iota from that which I employ in fly-fishing, same rod and reel, same double tapered line—for I love the refinements of tackle; but when we reach terminal tackle, there, there is a change. When I employ a leader at all, and in some of these extra brushy, tangled early streams a leader is a nuisance, I employ but a short one. Generally it is better to use a long snelled hook, and as I said, pinch on a shot to the shank of the steel. The hook should be large enough to prevent the smaller trout from impaling themselves. Of course the little fellows will gnaw off the worm, but he who objects to contributing that much toward their growth shall be a wee bit of a poor sportsman. The fly-rod should be light because the employment of it will prevent your dragging the fish out by main strength and awkwardness, and furthermore, the battle will be surpassingly thrilling. Always the rod should be so valuable that you will give it the benefit of every doubt, rather losing a fish than injuring.

Should I ever reach the place where the taking of trout submerges the wonder and glory of the Open, when I shall disregard silence for fish, birds and flowers for a full creel, I hope my battery of choice rods may go up in smoke, and my good rod-arm palsy from the shoulder down. If the time should come when I can't angle with garden hackle and remain as true a sportsman as when using a fuzzy-wuzzy, I hope I may be expelled from the Izaak Walton League of America. Indeed, it is not all of fishing to fish, or of successful angling to fill one's creel.

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

WANTS A LOW PRICED FLY ROD

Dear O. W.: What sort of a rod would you recommend for dry-flying for trout in Michigan? Can one get a low priced rod that will render adequate service, and which do you prefer, a 9 ft. weighing 4¾ or one weighing 5½? What do you think of the automatic reel?—A. E., Mich.

Sir: As between a 4¾ and 5½ oz. rod for the fishing you have in mind, I would incline to the latter, for one can use a fly-rod a bit heavy in dry-fly fishing to advantage. So long as the rod balances properly the added weight is not wearisome and does give more casting power. It is not the weight so much as ill balance that wearies one. There are many rods on the market selling under $20.00 which are very fine. I have recently been trying out such low-priced rods and with wonderful satisfaction. The automatic reel is very fine, especially in heavy fishing where the fish run large. They are very popular in the far west.—O. W.

WANTS A SIMPLE AUTOMATIC

Dear O. W.: Is there an automatic reel on the market, simple in construction, yet reliable, one that an angler could take down for cleaning and oiling without finding more machinery inside than he could put back? I have a little trouble cleaning and oiling my automatic and thought perhaps there was a more simple one on the market.—L. A. M., Okla.

Sir: Any automatic reel is a bit complicated, the very nature of the beast makes it so, though you should have little difficulty in cleaning and oiling, once you have become acquainted with the innards of the beast. When it comes to a thorough over-going, then I would by all means return it to the maker. It never pays to run chances with a reel, automatic or otherwise, for while we are told that ignorance may be bliss, there are times when it is something else again. The newer automatics are provided with oiling places so that it is unnecessary to take them down in order to oil up.—O. W.

WAS IT FISHING?

Notice in a Church Bulletin

"Owing to the good condition of the roads in this locality, our regular worship of Almighty God has been discontinued."

A CAT AND A CARP ON A FLY

Dear O. W.: Herewith is a clipping regarding a friend's skill with the fly, which may interest the angling readers of Outdoor America.—J. E. P., Neb.

From "Omaha News"

J. E. Perry, with the Bradford-Kennedy Lumber Co. and living at 3605 South Twenty-fourth street, is an ardent fisherman and one of the most tireless fly-casters in this section of the country. He spends all his spare time on lakes within 100 miles of Omaha and does only fly fishing, mostly for black bass.

Twice within the past month Perry has made unusual catches at a lake near Columbus. Three weeks ago Lou Ruf rowed a boat for Perry while he fly-fished for bass on McAllister lake.

"I saw Perry get a heavy strike," said Ruf, "and I put the boat in such a position that he would have no trouble in getting a fair chance to land his quarry. Well, when he whipped the fish and brought it to the side of the boat I saw a channel catfish that weighed more than six pounds and it was the first one I ever saw caught on a fly."

Fishing in the same lake on July 7,

Perry hooked and landed a 4-pound carp on a fly, another very unusual catch. Perry declines to use any kind of a lure except flies and has made some wonderful catches of black bass since the season opened.

Sir: Thanks for the clipping. It is not unusual for a channel cat to take a fly, though the bass fisher who hooks one has the surprise of his life. A six pound channel cat on a fly rod is something else again. A friend of mine tells a similar story, though he goes into minute details of course, making you see the thirty-minute battle. It is more unusual for a fly-man to take a carp and details would be interesting. I have tried to hook them when I have seen them "playing" in shore in early spring, but have always failed. A carp and a cat on a fly is sure some record.—O. W.

AT A WALTON BANQUET

One of the boys, with a local reputation as a soloist, was asked to sing. He did, and—well, the least said the better. A dear old Friend, who happened to be present, comforted thus: "Never thee mind, lad, never mind the breakdown, for thee's done thy best; but the fellow who asked thee to sing ought to be shot."

HIS FLY ROD ACTS UP

Dear O. W.: First off, want to thank you for the best angling department in any outdoor magazine, and add that it is owing to you that I became a fly-fisherman. Why do you not give more space to fly-fishing for bass? Recently I purchased a 9½ ft. fly-rod, with which I use an automatic reel and a level E line—the rod weighs 6½ ounces; but somehow I am unable to get out the feather-minnows as well as I used to with my old rod. Help me out, please.—M. S., Wisc.

Sir: I certainly appreciate your good words concerning our column, and to know that I have helped you into an understanding and appreciation of fly-fishing. I prefer throwing counterfeit presentments to any other method of fishing, though that fact does not lessen my delight in casting with a short rod, or even still fishing. As to why we do not give more space to fly-fishing for bass, will only say that there are twelve months in the year, a great many species of fish to write about, and demands from here, there and everywhere that I write about each "more often." Fact is, we could fill the whole magazine with fishing information each issue and not cover the wide field. I can't understand why you are unable to handle more line, using feather-minnows, with the outfit you describe. Perhaps if you would employ a heavier, larger line you would get along better. A rod of that weight should handle the automatic all right in my judgment. Try using a light reel and see if the results are any more satisfactory. It may be that you have not "got on" to the new rod yet. Sorry I can't be more explicit.—O. W.

HOW ABOUT ALUMINUM?

Dear O. W.: Is it true that aluminum rod cases are harmful to rods, and if so, what shall we use?—J. M. R., Ill.

Sir: You have raised a question I can not answer, I am afraid. I know there are those who say that a split-bamboo in an aluminum case "sweats," but I have kept my rods in such cases without harm insofar as I can see. Of course no one would think of putting a rod away wet, or leaving it stored in a case for months without removing. More harmful than storing in a closed case, is tying to a wood form; one should be very careful never to bind a light wood rod to any sort of form. The open bag, with partitions for each section, is the thing. Never set a rod against anything, unless supported the whole length. I take my rods out of the tight cases and place them in a cabinet, laying down on the side, the whole length supported. It is a splendid plan, along towards open season to assemble, and support from the tip-top, with a weight like a flat-iron attached to the butt. We shall be glad to hear from our readers upon this question.—O. W.

IT'S JUST TOO BAD

She: "Did you ever see a catfish?"
He: "Most certainly, I'm an angler!"
She: "How'd he hold the rod?"

HE'S NATURALLY A FISHER

Dear O. W.: Possibly it is because my name is Frish, but anyway, I love to fish. I want to give you a list of my tackle from rod to lures, then I want you to tell me why I don't catch fish on my lures. I am but a boy you understand. I fish in Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin, my delight being blue-gills and perch. I just couldn't catch them on lures, so turned to worms, but got only little fellows which I put back in the water to grow up. Oh, I did hook one big fellow, but before I could do anything he had wound around the anchor rope several times and broke the line. Tell me what, how and where to fish.—H. F., Ill.

Sir: I doubt if the fact that your name sounds fishy has anything to do with your liking to fish, rather I think it is because you are a perfectly normal American lad. I sometimes say I was born with a fish-pole in my hands because I can't remember when or where I took my first fish. I do remember hooking a bass so large that he would have pulled me into the river had not a Mr. Penny picked me up, fish and all. Fact. Doubt if I can help you much in your problem, for you have a wise selection of tackle. The difficulty is that the water is fished so hard that the fish, even pan fishes, are afraid to move, regarding with suspicion anything in the way of a lure. Early in the morning, very early, you might have good luck with pan fishes, using almost any sort of bass-bug, feather-minnow or artificial fly. Perhaps you will find smaller flies than the feather-minnows attractive. I would say a brown, or a brown and red. I would fish off weed-beds, just along their edges, even in open pockets of water. Don't cast too much, but consider every throw well.—O. W.

A BROWN TROUT PUZZLE

Dear O. W.: Why is it that the loch leven trout of the Black Hills are not as active up in the hills, where the water is swift and cold, as they are down in the lowlands, in pools and open swims? The water below is quite murky and much warmer. What is your opinion of the respective merits of trout and black bass, I mean as to activity?—J. W. S., Kans.

Sir: You have raised an interesting question, if your findings are true. There is no reason, as I can see, why the brown should be more gamy in slower water; the reverse should be true. Of course, fish run larger in pools than in rapids, and one might mistake weight for gameness. I am a lover of the rapids fish, they are ordinarily more active, trimmer built, but not overly large. In my recent visit to the Black Hills I did not have opportunity to fish as widely as I desired, was so busy with lecturing at the Placerville Assembly, but in my experience I did not find the conditions you name. As to the respective merits of trout and bass, "why bring that up?" We all know what Dr. Henshall used to say, "Inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims," referring to bass. Just the same I think I would vote for the trout, especially the rainbow, than which, to my way of thinking, there is no fresh water denizen more active and resourceful.—O. W.

OF COURSE

"Am I descended from a monkey, Ma?"
"I dare say, but I'm not sure. I've never met any of your father's people."

AGAINST THE WIND

Dear O. W.: I want a rod that will handle line better in a wind. I am using now a 9½ footer that weighs 5 oz., and am wondering if a bit more weight might help? Am wondering as to the respective merits of various American makes and how they compare with foreign makes of equal price.—G. J. F., Minn.

Sir: It is exceedingly difficult to make a satisfactory reply to such a question as yours. First of all disabuse your mind of the notion that "make" has much to do with it. Frankly I can not see that there is great difference in quality between makes of the same grade. I am not saying this because I am in a position where recommending a certain rod is impossible; I know it to be the truth. There is no necessity as I see it, and as I have already said through the magazine a number of times, for going across the water to get a rod. I believe that inch for inch and ounce for ounce American made are every whit as good. I think a bit heavier rod would be an advantage, a bit heavier and perhaps possessed of a little more backbone, then use a line of larger caliber and I think your trouble will be partly solved. Of course the wind does swing down those draws in your country something awful.—O. W.

THE True Temper, one piece, rapier steel rod with its clock spring temper is built for sportsmen—by sportsmen.

To create its wonderful, live, supple strength, we have put into its manufacture all our skill and experience gained in over 100 years in working with fine steel.

A rod with this kind of a pedigree should capture the sportsman's heart—and it has. In fact the True Temper Rod has succeeded as no other fishing rod has ever done.

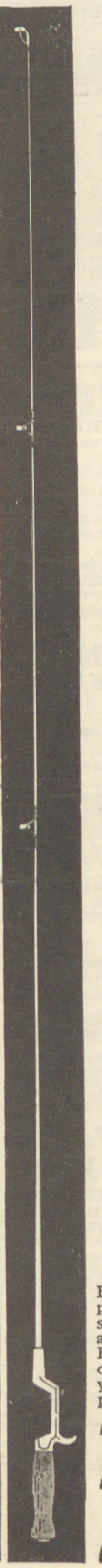
Now, this success looks mighty attractive to imitators in just the same way that a private gunning or fishing club's ground looks "good" to a market fisherman or gunner.

We intend, however, to preserve our rights and the rights of sportsmen to a product of such basic merit as a True Temper Fishing Rod by preventing anyone from flooding the market with cheap imitations which are bound to disappoint the sportsman user.

Every genuine True Temper Rod has the words "True Temper" stamped in the butt of the rod itself. Look for it, if you want the thrill and satisfaction which the True Temper Rod alone can give. May we send you a catalog?

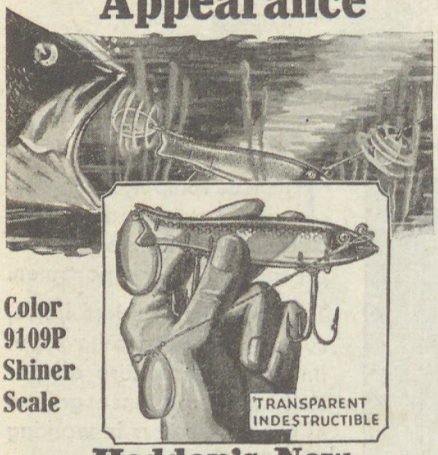
THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
1931 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, O.

The Toledo:
Highest grade True Temper Rod with offset reel seat handle, genuine agate guide and tip top. Finished in black nickel or special "Afco". If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.



TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

At Last—
True "Fish-Flesh" Appearance



Color 9109P Shiner Scale

Heddon's New "SPOOK"

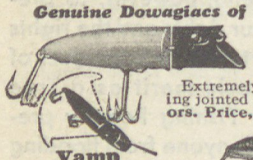
Now Heddon offers you much more than minnow-shape, minnow-color and minnow-action. A fourth priceless feature is obtainable—true "fish-flesh" appearance. Here is the greatest improvement in artificial baits since the first Heddon Dowagiac was invented 25 years ago. The "Spook" is a sinking bait with two flashing spoons. It can be sent deep to tempt the lazy big ones. Is absolutely irresistible, also indestructible. Made of Heddy-lin (like Pyralin), the jaws of the most powerful and sharpest toothed game fish can't break, crack or mar it. A new one free if it fails.

Comes in six handsome finishes. **Price, $1.50.** Guaranteed to outlast a dozen wooden baits.

If your dealer does not have the new Heddon "Spook" in stock, it will be sent to you postpaid upon receipt of price.

Heddon's "Old Reliables"

Genuine Dowagiacs of Wood and Metal

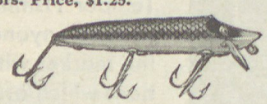


Zig-Wag

Extremely erratic and lively-acting jointed bait. **All standard colors. Price, $1.25.**

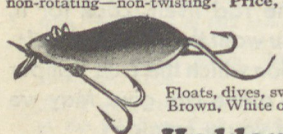
Vamp

Famous everywhere. Floats, dives, swims with rolling motion. Sizes: "Regular" and "Baby," $1. "Jointed," $1.25. All standard colors.



The "King" and "Queen"

Flashing metal baits—Spinner, Spoon and Fly combined. Gold, Copper, Nickel, and Scale finishes. Semi-weedless—non-rotating—non-twisting. **Price, $1.**



Meadow Mouse

A mouse that IS a mouse. Flexible tail and ears. Floats, dives, swims. Three colors—Brown, White or Gray. **Price, $1.**

Heddon's New Bait Chart FREE

Revised and improved for 1930. Just the thing for your tackle box. Folds to vest pocket size. Tells what bait to use under all fishing conditions, and the best bait to choose for any kind of fish. Chart is sent free, together with Heddon's complete 1930 Fishing Tackle Catalog. Write or use coupon today. (58)

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Dept. A41 DOWAGIAC, MICH.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, Dept. A41, Dowagiac, Mich.
Gentlemen: Send me your complete 1930 Catalog and the new Heddon Bait Chart and Fishing Guide. I am especially interested in

☐ "Spook" Baits ☐ Bait Casting Rods ☐ Reels
☐ Other Baits ☐ Fly Rods ☐ Tackle Boxes

Name .....

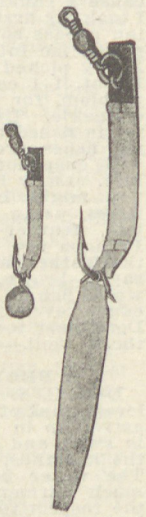
Address .....

ANGLER'S CABINET

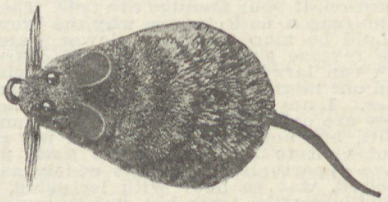
*(From time to time in this space, our angling editor will tell of the new tackle-ideas he has tried out. It will be understood, of course, that he is not recommending any particular wrinkle, merely giving his impression and findings. We think this will be of great interest and value to fishing fans. The address of the firms can be secured by writing "Outdoor America."—*EDITOR.)

AN OLD FRIEND IMPROVED

Here we have a lure for the fly-rod which came out last season but has been greatly improved for 1930. You fellows who like to use the fly-rod for such fish as croppie, blue-gills, perch, etc., not to mention trout lying deep, will find the smaller one, with the bangle, a taker. The larger size is bad medicine for bass. It sure is a wonderful performer, all right and you should have a few in your tackle-kit.

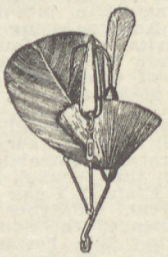


THE MICE ARE COMING



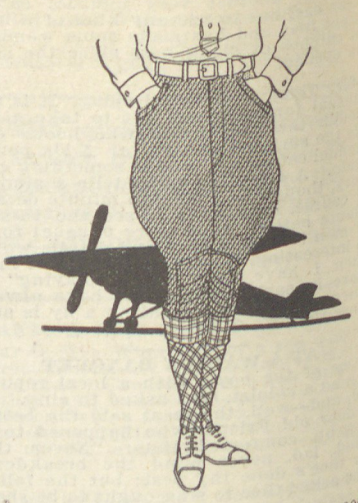
"Hickory, dickory, dock," we don't know whether this is the mouse which ran up the clock or not, but it looks as though it might run anywhere, and we know will run on the water. It is as light as a heavy fly and can be used for big trout and bass. Here is a good chance to try out the belief that a mouse will take the granddaddy of trout and bass. You know up in the Labrador during a "mouse year" the flesh of trout taste mousy. Well, 'nuf said.

ANOTHER WINNER



Need only show the picture in order to tell you how good this is. You recognize the shape as being familiar and this one is a sort of improvement over the other. The tail strip here is attached directly to the spinner, and waves to all the fish to come on. It is practically weedless, heavy enough to throw well with a light caster, but splendid on a heavy fly-rod. It is a winner from a shop that has the habit of producing winners.

THEY WON'T WEAR OUT

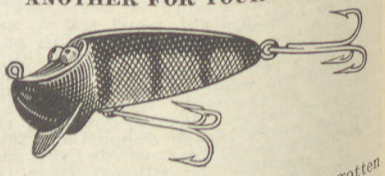


These pants were built with the needs of the hunter in mind, but for the trout fisherman who faces rough going, they are the thing. They are made from closely woven cotton, with repelletted outside weave, which is in itself thoroughly waterproof, but is also treated to a special process of three types of oils and waxes. This is thoroughly boiled into the fabric. The inside of the fabric is given a doeskin finish. Go into the briars if you want, they can't prick through. Material is like leather, and, like leather, wears wearable and never wears out. Get a pair of pants you can will to your son or daughter after you quit wearing pants.

THE LAST WORD

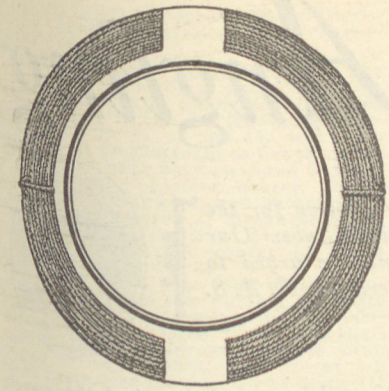
The last word, to date, we mean. Here is a rod forged and ground in one piece from solid chrome vanadium spring steel. It is made for fishermen by men who know where a rod should be stiff and where it should flex, the result is an almost human rod. Has a locking reel seat and non-twisting rod lock. When you cast and reel, never worry about the line-guides working out of alignment, they can't. It is sure a fine rod for the discriminating caster; action, strength, resiliency plus.

ANOTHER FOR YOUR CASTER



Just a regular plug, fancifully gotten up, but with a mug that will either strike terror, or arouse anger, in the minds (?) of all fish. It sure is a wonder, joking aside, for it is a fishful lure all right. Is made for streams and shoal lakes where it will be found wonderfully attractive if retrieved rather rapidly, and the tip of the rod kept in motion. It has been a long time since we have examined a "plug" which got our imagination as this one has. Olive green back, striped sides, red throat.

SOFT, FLEXIBLE AND STRONG



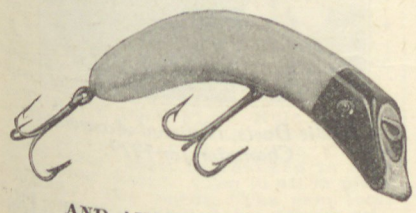
Here is a new level fly line that will not bankrupt a fellow to purchase, and one that is well made, by a company famous for its high grade lines. It is soft braided and unusually flexible. It certainly is strong, for we led Towser around with it, though its real test came when we strung up a rod and tried it out in a wind. It certainly is a fine fly-fisherman's line, and the wonder is that so perfect a string can be produced for much less than five dollars.

TRY THIS ON YOUR FLY ROD

If the number of fly-rod lures appearing is any indication of their popularity, then this year is to be a fly-rod year. Well, here is one that will fool the small mouth and other game fish. It is a popular last year's model improved with a wonderful spinner. No well-conditioned bass can possibly fail to fall, or rather, rise, for this. Just cast it out into the weeds, almost weedless, and see what 'appens.

AND THIS ON YOUR CASTER

To the man who wants to cast with the short rod and multiplying reel, this lure will be a boon. While it is built with pickerel in mind, bass will come for it with vim and vigor. Its peculiar construction makes it almost irresistible. Just the right weight for casting, and how it does dart, wiggle and wriggle! It sure is a wonder.

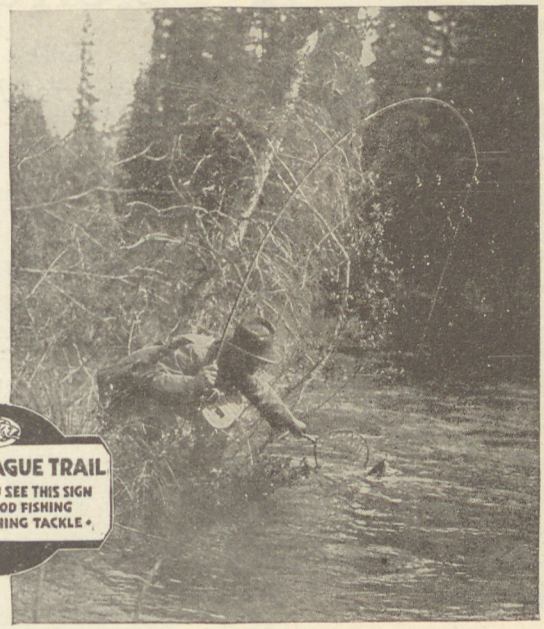


AND ANOTHER WONDER

Speaking of new plugs, here is one that made itself very popular last season, but in a smaller size, which will recommend it to bass and walleye fishermen, especially those who like to use lighter casting rods. Weighs about ½ ounce, is well made and tinted variously. It should be retrieved very slowly, ordinarily, for our mistake is thinking to excite the fish by action. It sure will attract 'em, and how!

MONTAGUE RODS—OF KNOWN QUALITY

—famous since 1875



Look for the MONTAGUE TRAIL SIGN on your trip. It tells you "here is good fishing tackle."

Trout!

—a streak of finned lightning—an explosion of water—a rod goes into a loop but hangs on like a bulldog. It's a Montague.

Montagues, the first choice of expert fishermen of four generations, are always dependable in the skirmishes. Note for instance:

Montague Manitou Fly at $35.00—a supreme achievement in fly rod manufacture with an extra tip built up of six strips selected TONKIN CANE—aged and heat treated to secure action found in no other rod—deep rich mahogany color. Ferrules of 18% nickel-silver, hand-welted, perfectly fitted, serrated, wound over and made water-proof. Reel seat of hard rubber, spiral locking nickel silver band, and butt cap. Solid cork grip to fit hand. First guide and tops of genuine agate. Intermediate guides of file-hard steel. Hook ring above grip. Wound with pongee and purple silk, heavily varnished. Packed in Sateen bag in aluminum rod case with water-tight screw cap.

8½ ft. Light Trout—9 ft. Medium Trout—9 ft. Bass.

9 ft. Light Trout—9½ ft. Medium Trout—9½ ft. Bass.

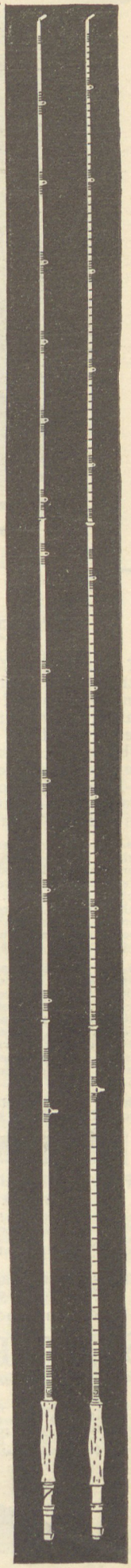
Other Montague Fly Rods

Montague Red Wing .	$25.00
Montague Flipline . .	15.00
Montague Fishkill . .	12.00
Montague Splitswitch .	8.00

(See catalog for detail descriptions of these marvelous rods.)

AND NOW—Registered Rods in Matched Sets by Montague.

Your special rods—unexcelled by any other equipment in the world—registered now as to style and type at the Montague factory for quick and accurate duplication or replacement. No extra cost to you, either. It's a part of Montague Service. Ask your dealer to show you his stock of Montague Registered Rods in Matched Sets. Surely, you'll want one this year.



MONTAGUE

ROD AND REEL COMPANY

MONTAGUE CITY MASSACHUSETTS

Montague Oar and Paddle Corp. (*a subsidiary*)

FREE: Grantland Rice's great fishing book—"Fish That Have Caught Me in Various Places." You'll never part with it. Send coupon for copy.

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City or Town..... State..... F1

Rods!

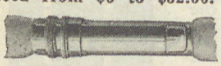
Here are Two of the Best

If you like to *feel* the strike—*feel* every dart and lunge of your catch; if you like the keen thrill of light, whippy rod action that permits plenty of play—here are two light weight bait-casting rods without an equal.

No. 9—a new, extremely light, sporty-action South Bend bait-casting rod. Beautifully built of matched, selected split-bamboo. Color, rich brown with 2-color silk wrapping. Positive Thread Lock Reel Seat. In 5, 5½ and 6 foot at $12.00.

No. 16—for the bait-caster using about ½ ounce or lighter lures. Perfectly balanced. Fashioned of finest split-bamboo, genuine agate guides and top. Brown finish with 2-color silk wrapping. Positive Thread-Lock Reel Seat. 5 to 6 foot lengths at $15.00.

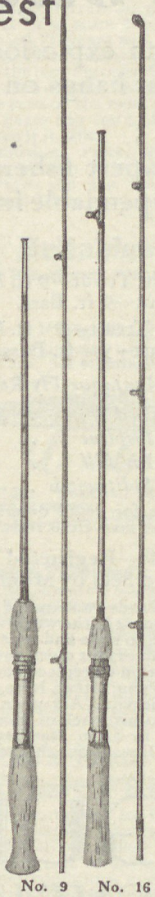
Other South Bend Rods priced from $5 to $32.50.



Positive Thread-Lock Reel Seat

Exclusive South Bend feature. Takes and holds securely all makes of reels no matter how long or hard the casting.

South Bend Bait Co.
1308 High St.
South Bend, Indiana



No. 9 No. 16

SOUTH BEND

Fishing Tackle of all kinds . . . Rods-Reels-Lines-Baits

CROSS RODS—the finest of split-bamboo hand fashioned custom-built rods—are made by South Bend. **Write for special catalog.**

Scientific Angling

Edited by *Frederick J. Lane*

OUTDOOR AMERICA is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine.

National Tournament, Buffalo for 1930

THE 1930 National Tournament will be held in Buffalo on August 21, 22, 23 and 24, under the auspices of the Buffalo Anglers' Club.

The Committee appointed by the President, Andrew A. Trimble, to investigate the application of the Toronto Club for the 1930 Tournament, after a careful inspection of the facilities at Toronto and after a long conference with the officers of the Toronto Club, is of the opinion that our good neighbors have not as yet had sufficient experience and will not, for at least another year, enjoy adequate facilities to properly conduct a National Tournament. Therefore, the Tournament will be held in Buffalo.

Preparations by the Buffalo Club are already under way. Committees are being appointed and plans are in full swing, for the most successful National Tournament ever held anywhere at any time. Through the splendid generosity of one member of the Club in subscribing $500, all the first prizes have been provided for. The prize list is simply staggering.

From time to time announcements will be made in these pages to keep the casters advised of the progress being made.

For the present, however, it is of superlative importance that every caster at this time make note of the date of the Tournament and so arrange his affairs that he may be present. TO MISS THE BUFFALO TOURNAMENT THIS YEAR WOULD BE A DIRE CALAMITY.

WALTER C. NEWCOMB, *Chairman.*
CHARLES C. LUCKE,
ANDREW A. TRIMBLE,
OTTO H. PETERS.
The Committee.

Celebrates 38th Birthday

THE Chicago Fly Casting Club, founded at Chicago in 1892, gave its first Tournament at the World's Fair, which was attended by fishermen from all over the world. There is still in the possession of the Club a Register containing the names of many noted visitors at that time. This Club, the oldest in the Association, still has on its roster as charter members such names as Fred N. Peet and Thomas Ambrose, both well known Waltonians. Over fifty members and guests dined at the Mid-West Athletic Club on Monday, February 10th, and started the work of 1930 by electing the following officers:

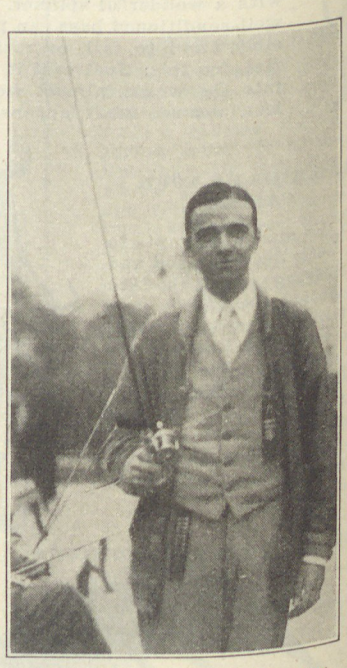
President—Frank S. Leach.
Vice-President—E. R. Burlingame.
Secretary—B. F. O'Neill.
Captain—James Lynn.

Pittsburgh Elects Officers

THE Pittsburgh Casting Club of the Izaak Walton League held its annual meeting for election of officers on January 31st.

Officers elected were: President, C. W. Ward; Vice-President, S. G. Kennedy; Secretary-Treasurer, W. B. Kerr; Directors, D. S. Leet, W. D. Perry, B. D. Erickson.

The local Chapter of the Izaak Walton League intends putting on a Sportsmen's Show in April at which a large pool will be constructed, and the Casting Club will take charge of the Casting Events each afternoon and evening. The Show dates are April 12th to 19th, inclusive, and will be held at Motor Square Garden, where the Automobile and Food Shows are held annually. Valuable casting prizes and trophies will be awarded each day and visiting casters are urged to attend.



Eddie Davis, National Accuracy Champion for 1929.

Official Changes in Rules

THE new book of rules printed by the N. A. S. A. C. will include changes as as follow, these changes having been officially adopted at Cleveland, 1929. When no change has been made, the rules stand as before.

OFFICIAL EVENTS

ADD TO LIST: Accuracy Bait—Three-eighths ounce; Distance Bait—Three-eighths ounce.

ACCURACY BAIT, HALF OUNCE. The words, "It will have a perfect center, thirty (30) inches in diameter, and be so arranged that it can be located at distances of 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet from casting point on platform to exact center of bull's eye," have been changed to read, "It will have a perfect center, thirty (30) inches in diameter, and be arranged that it can be located at distances of 65, 70, 75, 80, and 85 feet from casting point on platform to exact center of bull's eye."

The words, "The sum total of such demerits, divided by the number of casts shall be the demerit percent. The demerit percent, deducted from 100, shall constitute the percentage—" have been changed to read, "100%, a score of ten perfect casts, less the number of demerits shall constitute the score."

The words, "One cast shall be made by each contestant in turn at 60 feet and likewise consecutively at 70, 80, 90 and 100 feet, then reversing same order, from 100 feet back to 60 feet," have been changed to read, "One cast shall be made by each contestant in turn at 65 feet and likewise consecutively at 70, 75, 80, and 85 feet, then reversing same order, from 85 feet back to 65 feet."

ACCURACY BAIT (¼ ounce). Rules are not changed except the method of scoring which is the same as in ½ ounce event.

ACCURACY BAIT (⅜ ounce). Rules same as for ¼ ounce event.

FISHERMAN'S ACCURACY EVENT. Rules are not changed except the method of scoring which is the same as in the ½ ounce event.

AVERAGE DISTANCE BAIT (⅜ ounce). Conditions, methods, rules and scoring in this event shall be exactly similar to those of the ½ ounce Distance Event, except that the weight used shall be the ⅜ ounce official casting weight.

FISHERMAN'S DISTANCE (⅝ ounce plug). Conditions, methods, rules and scoring in this event shall be exactly similar to those of the ½ ounce Distance Bait Event, except that the weight used shall be the official ⅝ ounce casting weight. (Line unrestricted.)

ACCURACY FLY. The second, third and part of the fourth paragraphs of the rule governing this event have been changed to read as follows:

There shall be five thirty (30) inch rings, distant 35, 40, 45, 50 and 55 feet from the casting point at platform. There shall be made two (2) casts at each ring. If the fly falls within the ring, or on the rim of same, the cast shall be considered perfect. For each foot, or fraction of a foot, outside the ring a demerit of one (1) shall be made. 100%, a score of ten perfect casts, less the number of demerits shall constitute the final score. Contestant shall be allowed one minute to extend his line to the first (35 foot) ring. Then, when he is ready, he shall call "score," and make his first cast at this ring. When he has completed his second cast at this same ring, the Captain shall announce "next ring." Contestant must then "strip" his line and shoot for the next (forty foot) ring, and again make a second cast at the same ring. A like procedure shall be followed between the remaining rings until ten casts have been completed. In order that contestant shall "strip" his line between rings, it is forbidden to hold in either hand loose line which will be of such length that "stripping" will not be necessary.

Failure to strip a reasonable length of line between rings shall count as a demerit of five, to be announced by the Captain. The remainder of the rule remains the same.

ACCURACY DRY FLY. Rule governing this event is practically the same as before, except that the words, "three scoring casts" shall be changed to read "two scoring casts." (Ten in all in place of fifteen.) The words, "The sum total of all demerits, divided by fifteen (the number of casts), shall be the demerit percent. The demerit percent deducted from 100 shall constitute the final score," have been changed to read, "100%, a score of ten perfect casts, less the number of demerits shall constitute the final score."

SCORING

The schedule of points for ALL-ROUND CHAMPIONSHIPS, adopted in

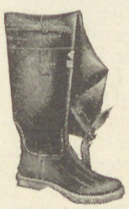
NO FLOP! FLOP... AND NO DRAGGING ON THE GROUND!

The floppy kind — dragging on the ground.

Rod and Reel rolls and snaps snugly in place.

Two snaps in the top band of ROD *and* REEL *boots prevent all flopping!*

ROD *and* REEL



Complete boot showing position of outside adjusting strap. Write for Catalog.

FLEXLITE

Stow 'em away in your hunting coat pockets or in your creel! Write for Catalog.

WADERS

Absolutely waterproof. Only 32 oz. Wader made in America. Write for Catalog.

AIR BEDS

Ground dampness can't get through them. Inequalities, bumps, stones can't disturb you when you rest on air! Write for Catalog.

Oh what relief! What comfort! To wear your Rod and Reel boot tops rolled down and snap buttoned, all trig and secure, on your hike to duck blind or trout stream! None of that nerve-racking flop! flop! none of that exasperating slap! slap! with every step! No tripping over loose tops!

Six big Rod and Reel features

[1] Outside back strap keeps bootleg in place. Won't let mud "boot jack" your boot off! [2] Cleated roll-extension sole, grips rocks better. Heavy enough to protect tender feet, light enough not to tire you. [3] Light weight uppers, not so tiring—but strong enough to stand much wear and tear. [4] Foot shaped last for solid comfort, prevents riding at heel and eliminates big cause of blisters. [5] Ribbed vamp prevents instep creases and skin chafing. Protects instep from blows and shocks. [6] Two snaps on top band prevent flopping, interfering and dragging when boots are rolled down.

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Showing our complete line of sportsmen's specialties, including boots, pacs, rain shirts, ponchos, air beds and air pillows, air rafts and many other Converse products for your comfort and protection.

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BIG "C" LINE *Sporting Goods*

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Send me your FREE Catalog. ☐ I am most interested in
☐ Rod and Reel Boots ☐ Hodgman Air Beds
☐ Hodgman Waders

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FOR FLY and BAIT FISHING

Fish this Season with a GRANGER—a Rod of unusual balance and power per ounce of weight—the result of years of experience in standardized rod construction. You'll enjoy its wonderful performance under all fishing conditions—you'll be proud of its stamina and beauty.

GRANGER Rod quality is now within the reach of almost every fisherman.

The new "Granger Special" models, retailing at $10 and $15 each, are neat brown COLORED Rods, with snappy green silk windings and CHROMIUM-plated guides and tip tops.

Ask your Dealer to show you the attractive bargains in Granger's "Colorado" and "Denver Specials" at the recently reduced prices.

Send for Catalog showing our Rods in actual colors.

GOODWIN GRANGER CO.
433 Grant Street Denver, Colorado
If your Dealer cannot supply you—WE WILL

Plan *now* to be there

Next Summer
Spend glorious days in
NORTHERN WISCONSIN

In a few short months the great North Woods will again become a paradise for sportsmen and their families. Plan now to make your coming vacation the best ever. Camp, canoe, fish, swim, play golf, hike or just loaf.

Overnight Service from Chicago
Send for illustrated folder giving full information. Address
C. A. CAIRNS, Pass'r Traffic Manager
400 W. Madison St., Chicago 881

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

1926, at Chicago, has been changed in but one minor detail to conform with the method of scoring. Following is the summary:

First: That four distinct championships be awarded in the following groups of events:

1—Accuracy Bait, ¼—½—⅝
2—Accuracy Fly, Accuracy—Dry Fly (Unknown Distances)
3—Distance Bait, ½—¼—⅝
4—Distance Fly, 4¾ oz. Rod—5¾ oz. Rod—Salmon

Second: For each of the Distance Championships the method of scoring points for the championship shall be based on an allowance of one point for each foot made by the contestant, fractions to be counted.

For each of the Accuracy Championships, a perfect score shall count one hundred (100). The number of demerits deducted from 100 shall be the contestant's number of points, as 99.2 shall count 92 points in the bait events and 99-4-15 shall be scored 89 points.

Third: The contestant having the largest number of points in each division shall be considered the winner of that particular championship and in case of a tie, the decision shall be by lot.

Fourth: A suitable award, emblematic of each championship shall be selected by the national officers and shall be furnished by the association at each annual national tournament.

Fifth: The All-Round Championship shall be continued as at present, except the award shall be made to the contestant showing the highest efficiency as determined by contestant's actual place on the score sheets in all events with reference only to those entering and completing every event. First place shall count one, second place, two, and so on. The lowest number of points shall determine the winner. In case of a tie the decision shall be by lot, but all in the tie shall have their names on the records.

Note—At least two events of each class must be cast. The Association may substitute one event for another of the same classification.

That Forty Pounder of the Umpqua

(Continued from page 13)

flecked, dancing depths, in the next hour or so!

I have for years fished the famous Canadian rivers of the Atlantic seaboard—the Restigouche, Metapedia and Cascapedia. I have cast fly on every stream from the west coast of Newfoundland, from Bay of Islands—northward. And from Blanc Sablon—just across the Straits of Belle Isle—I have wet line in every Labrador river—almost all the way to the entrance to Hudson Bay Straits, having made two sporting cruises up there on a craft of my own. So when I say that the bridge pool on the Umpqua river looked as fine a run of salmon water as I had ever seen—it is admitting a good deal!

But this was to be my first try at salmon on the western streams. I knew, of course, and alas! that for some unknown reason, salmon will not take a fly in western waters, but I must confess that, even with this pre-knowledge, it went muchly against the grain to have to make a No. 4 spoon and several heavy sinkers fast to my tapered line, and then to apologize to one of my beloved rods—an 8½ oz.'er this morning—for insulting it by using all this "hardware!"

Instead of the graceful canoes that I have ever used, "Red" Pearson—one of the best anglers of the river, who was to be my piscatorial mentor, led the way to a strange craft—a sort of cross between a Gloucester fisherman's dory and the French-Canadian "bateau." On its stern perched an outboard motor! In we climbed and shoved off into the madly whirling current! Of course, I expected to see us raced off down stream, but not a bit of it! After sundry snorts and other noises, that little motor settled down to business and not only held the heavy craft against the stream, but we slowly forged our way against it! Slowly—almost inch by inch—we crept up stream until we reached the top of the pool, then we swung out to the center. Pearson then set his engine's speed to exactly offset the strength of the river, the result being that we were stationary, almost as though anchored.

"O. K.!" yelled "Red"—and he had to yell to make me hear above the engine racket and the river roar—"Start fishin'!"

With a twinge of the real fly fisherman's conscience I dropped the spoon—plus sinkers—aggregation over side and let it slip down with the current. So as to save the little rod as much as possible I kept it pointed almost at the heavy weight, lest I strain it unmercifully.

One must be frank! There is no angling art required in this fishing—that is to say, in *hooking* the fish, as the salmon does that for himself! There is, to be sure, rather a knack in knowing when one has a strike, and when to strike back, for the Chinook has a curious way of coming up to the spoon, taking it, and then keeping perfectly still—oddly enough! The only way, nine times out of ten, to tell when one has a fish, is the fact that the spoon—whose revolving vibrations travel up the line and into the rod—suddenly stops revolving! That moment is your cue to strike—and hard! Simple, isn't it? At least it sounds so, but what with becoming fouled on the bottom, and other incidentals, the spoon often stops—when there ain't no fish—giving one quite unnecessary thrills and hopes!

Slowly we swung to and fro across the pool. The dancing waters glinted as with myriads of diamonds in the sun, and below us in the still shaded places, a heavy fog clung to the trees as a cloak of silvered gauze.

Lovely is no word for the sheer loveliness of the Umpqua river and its magnificent surroundings! Admittedly, I was far more occupied in trying to absorb the beauty all about me than I was—in fishing! But I became conscious, of a sudden, that my spoon had ceased turning, and I struck! The response was a fiercely heavy lunge—'way down there under the water frother!

"Got one!"

Instantly "Red" sheered out of the swift water into a more quiet spot near the bank.

Be it known that the Chinook rarely jumps—entirely unlike his Atlantic cousin, who is in the air so much of the time after being hooked. That I had hold of a good fish I instantly realized, by the weight of his powerful lungings. Just below us was the head of the next rapids, and ugly ones. Entirely possible and safe in such a craft as ours, but a bad spot to lose one's fish in, on account of sharp rock ledges, sunken logs and remains of old netting jetties.

"S'pose you can hold him in this pool?" queried "Red," anxiously watching the little rod.

"I'll do my best!"

For a time I managed to keep the great fish fairly well in hand, and began to look forward to gaffing time, when he made up his mind that he was going to depart—and at once! No tackle could have stopped him! Off he tore and there was nothing to do but to tear after! And down the rapids the party fairly flew—with the salmon well in the lead, our craft bobbing and

lurching gaily along, and I trying to keep a taut line! Exciting work for a few moments!

Glory be! When we reached the comparatively quiet water of the next pool my fish was still with me, and the battle was renewed. Twice he fouled me on the bottom, but clever boat handling freed my leader from the rock ledges. "Red" Pearson is as good a "white water" man—as we say in the East—as I ever saw, and does it all by fast twisting and turning of that dinky little motor—an eye-opener to me!

Little by little the dainty rod wore the salmon down and at the end of one hour and 42 minutes "Red" sank the gaff home and my first Chinook lay at my feet, a perfectly-shaped and fresh-run fish, and a thing of joy and beauty—forever!

Forty pounds, even.

Such was the taking of my first western salmon. But in twelve days' fishing I took many more ranging from 39, 30 and 25 pounds to 9 pounds. I lost fourteen and took nine steelhead of from 5 to 10 pounds, besides.

The above score will give my fellow anglers some faint idea of the sport that they have been overlooking! I could have taken many more, but I was quite content to fish o' early morns and at eventide—only.

Let me repeat that the Umpqua river is one of the very few unspoiled streams in all these United States. From the bridge at Winchester, all the way to the sea—some 90 miles—is one long succession of most beautiful fishing waters, that are rarely touched! A good road runs down to Reedsport, following the river for a large part of the way. Camping is *de rigeur* as there are no public camps, indeed there are few ranches on the river bank. It is an unbelievably pristine and virgin territory! Who objects to the slight bothers of camping out, when such sport is to be had for the slight trouble entailed? Any man who is too lazy to "be bothered" with camping out—when such fishing as I have described is his for the "bother," is undeserving of the ancient and honorable title of "angler"!

So much for the river below Winchester. Above that are some 60 miles of splendid water—notably for steelhead and rainbows, in July and August. I am putting in two or three months there this summer and soon after this article is published I shall be—thank God—flicking the up-river water with my flies!

ANGLING

By EDWIN S. WADSWORTH

A ROD, a hook,
A rippling brook,
The dappled shade of a tree;
Watching the trout
As they dart about,
And waiting hopefully.

A NIBBLE, a bite
A line drawn tight,
Then a flash of rainbow hue.
There are other sports
Of various sorts,
But I know of none better—do you?

Photo, courtesy of Outdoor America

The SONG of the REEL

STRIKE — the taut line sings through the reel. Will it hold? You know it will — it just came out of your Kennedy Kit.

Baits, spoons, hooks, sinkers, lines — you know they're safe in a Kennedy Kit. Compact and watertight, every kit is all steel, double seamed, electrically spot welded, and finished in chip-proof Kennedy Brown baked enamel. Lock and catches prevent spilling, even when unlocked.

A Kennedy Kit for every need. New 1400 series costs less than other kantilevers. At all good sporting goods and hardware stores.

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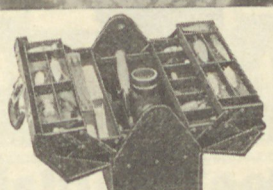
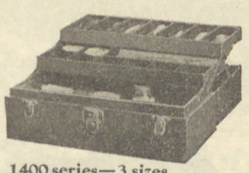
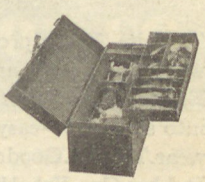
Kennedy Kits


Kit No. 1117D
17" x 8" x 10"


1400 series—3 sizes
12¼" 16½" 21½" long


Kit No. 618
6" x 6" x 18" long

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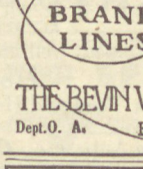

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7	14	$2.86
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5	23	3.94
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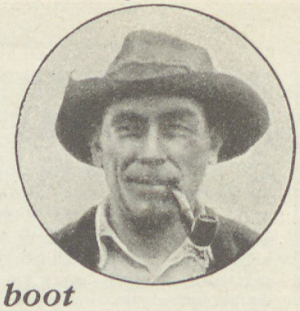


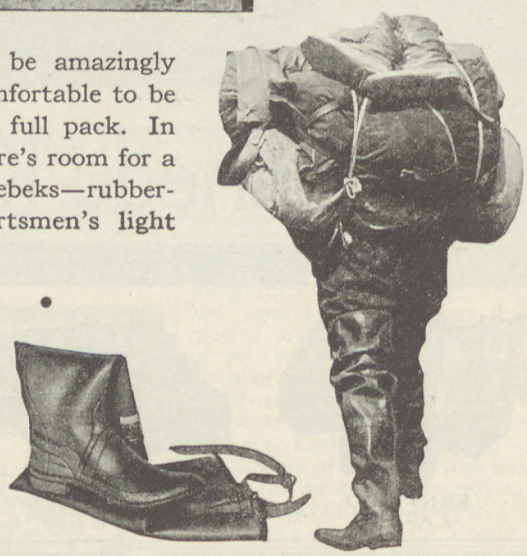
Alaska adopts famous fishing boot

ANDY SIMONS, Field Manager of Alaska Guides Association, recommends Goodrich Lite-'N-Tuf Boots. He uses them.

• •

Skinning a monster bear is hard work, and hard on boots. Only extreme flexibility and toughness qualify a boot for the rigours of an Alaskan hunting expedition.

Right—Boots must be amazingly strong as well as comfortable to be used on a hike with full pack. In spite of the load, there's room for a pair of Goodrich Sebeks—rubber-foot leather-top sportsmen's light favorite—on top!



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The Lite-'N-Tuf proves worthy of its name. Easy to carry—it rolls into shoe size—easy to wear. The B.F.Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio.

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This cloth-bound, gold-stamped, well illustrated book of 123 pages is chock-full of facts on
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A MANUAL OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS
By Robert Ridgway
464 Outline Drawings of the Generic Characters—777 Pages—Complete Scientific Description in Full Detail of North American Birds, ***$6.00.***

What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 39)

was 14,374, the highest kill up to that time, with an annual buck season over a period of twenty-one years. In 1928 the season was reversed to balance the herds, no antlered bucks were killed, but the kill of antlerless deer was 25,097.

During the 1929 season the kill of bucks, all with two or more points to a side, is reported as 22,822. Of this staggering total, 3,194 were two-point bucks, 5,721 three-point bucks, and 13,799 were four-points to a side or larger.

This will undoubtedly be the "high water" mark for that state on male deer. In addition to the deer kill there were 447 black bears, none of them cubs, twelve legal elk, 3,334 wild turkeys, and large quantities of small game of various kinds.

One of the things every state needs is authentic data on the game kill.

IMPORTATIONS LOWER

THE demand for Hungarian partridges for stocking purposes has grown very rapidly. These hardy birds have become firmly established in numerous sections of the country, and sportsmen now want them stocked in localities where they have not yet been tried.

Importations of these birds have been far below normal since the war. To make matters worse, the winter of 1928-29 was so severe over most of Europe that many of the birds left over for seed stock were killed. One exporter from Czechoslovakia reports that in some sections of his country as many as eighty percent of the partridges perished last winter; also that about thirty percent of the hares and approximately forty percent of the roe deer and stags died from the same cause.

As was to be expected, importers reported a scarcity of Hungarian partridges last fall, and the prices were somewhat higher than formerly. It is hoped that the exporters will so husband the supply that importations will soon again reach the usual level of ten to fifteen thousand birds annually.

Conservation Question Box

Eagles Confused

I see an effort is being made by Congress to protect the American Eagle. The matter was brought up before our chapter and every member was opposed. In this high mountain country the eagle kills more game than the lions, wolves and coyotes. I have seen an American Eagle soar high over a bunch of mountain sheep, knock a lamb over a high cliff, kill and devour it. A local guide brought in a report of two eagles cleaning up ten young mountain sheep lambs in a season. Why protect this bird?—F. L., Montana.

See item on page 31 of the March issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. You have evidently confused the two species. The eagle covered by the bill pending in Congress is the Bald Eagle, not the Golden Eagle. The Bald Eagle lives along the coast, large rivers and large lakes. It is not a "high mountain country bird" at all. The Bald Eagle is not a destructive bird, and is becoming very scarce in many of its native

haunts. In adult plumage anyone can easily distinguish the two species and in the immature plumage they may always be identified by keeping in mind the fact that the Golden Eagle has legs feathered to the toes, while the Bald Eagle is feathered only to the knees.

Status of Cumberland Falls

What is the status of the campaign to save the Cumberland Falls?—W. F., Tennessee.

The Federal Power Commission visited the Falls last fall. Following that inspection the Commission asked the Attorney General for an opinion as to its power in the matter, but that opinion apparently has not been rendered.

In the meantime Senator DuPont has again renewed his fine offer to spend not to exceed $200,000 in the purchase of the Falls and adjacent area for presentation to his native state for park purposes. Bills are now pending in both Houses of the Kentucky Legislature to authorize acceptance of this splendid gift.

Undoubtedly the people of Kentucky will take advantage of this opportunity to save the Falls. Nothing would be more helpful than the prompt passage of these bills by the Kentucky Legislature.

Brood Bass Per Acre

How many brood bass can we safely stock per acre of water in our rearing pond?—F. G., Nebraska.

The number that should be stocked depends upon water and food conditions. Where the young bass are to remain in the pond until fall forty adult black blass per acre of water is the maximum number that should be stocked. Of the other species of pond fishes, such as bluegills, crappies, etc., eighty adults per acre is the maximum. Promiscuous collections of fish will usually run about even to sex.

Frequently black bass and crappies or bluegills are produced successfully in the same pond. Golden shiners, the small varieties of sunfishes and gold fish stocked in the same pond will furnish natural food for the young bass.

Don't overstock your rearing ponds. Better err in the opposite direction. Results will be better.

Game on National Forests

I understand that the employes of the government take an annual census of the big game animals on our National Forests. Can you tell me anything about this?—K. J. M., New York.

Yes, the employes of the Forest Service make an annual check of the kind you have in mind. The figures are subject to some variation due to the inability of employes to count each animal, but the estimates are usually quite accurate because they are based upon year-long observations and studies.

The latest figures published were compiled as of December 31, 1928. At that time the census showed a total deer population on the National Forests of 748,000, California alone showing 245,000 recorded. The elk population was given as 78,000, with Wyoming in the lead. Black or brown bears totaled 52,200, while grizzly bears (including the Alaska brown bear) numbered 3,400. The estimated number of mountain goats was 19,300, and mountain sheep were estimated at 13,800. Antelope figures given were 8,500 and moose were reported as 6,970, a decrease of a thousand over the previous year. Beavers were estimated at 117,600.

How a Chinese Secret gives you a Better Fishing Rod

In remote China lives a family in possession of an age-old secret process for treating bamboo. This process gives the cane far greater strength, hardness, elasticity and flexibility. By good fortune, we now own the formula!

HEXI-SUPER-CANE

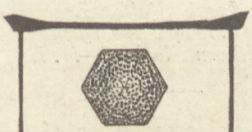
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Finest, selected bamboo, which we treat with this process, is skillfully fashioned into Hexi-Super-Cane Rods.

These Rods will stand more "horsing," and at the same time give you more thrills, more sensitive, life-like *action*, than any you have ever known!

There's *nothing* like a Hexi-Super-Cane Rod! Send for name of nearest dealer who can show you these rods.

Horrocks-Ibbotson Co., Tyler St., Utica, N. Y.



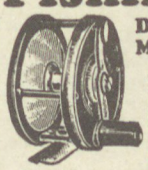
The color goes clear through. All Hexi-Super-Cane Rods are dark brown but not all dark brown rods are Hexi-Super-Cane.

BEST — HORROCKS-IBBOTSON CO. UTICA MAKERS OF FISHING TACKLE — BY TEST

HORROCKS-IBBOTSON CO.

UTICA, N. Y.

Fishing Tackle



Deal Direct with the Only Manufacturing Specialists

Hardy anglers whose very livelihood depends upon their skill will invariably tell you that to purchase fishing tackle indiscriminately, without careful consideration of the reputation and integrity of its maker is the height of folly.

For 63 years, without deviation, we have dedicated ourselves to the task of manufacturing the world's most dependable tackle. Most tackle looks alluring to the inexperienced angler, but how quickly his joy dies when tackle proves unreliable! Practical anglers ourselves, we employ only the finest grade of help; every item of merchandise we sell is strictly custom-built and accompanying it is our guarantee of lasting satisfaction.

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Use Pecks Underwater Fly Rod Minnow, the lure that will make your early season fishing a success. In twelve patterns, 50 cents each. Pecks Floating Trout Midgets another trout getter, 50 cents each. Send $1.00 for sample minnow and midget. Pecks descriptive list of lures that catch fish sent on request.

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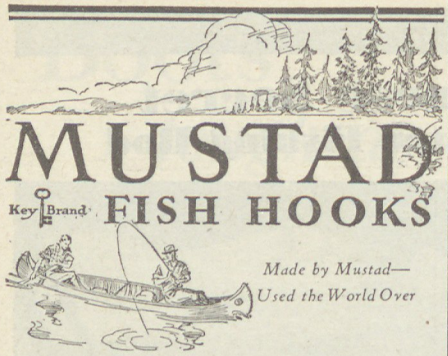

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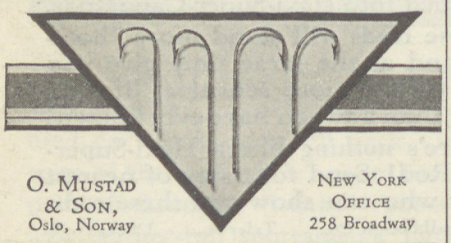
Made by Mustad—
Used the World Over

BUY genuine battle hooks made for the hardest fighting fish. Famous for best hooking and holding. Mustad Key Brand Hooks.

Trout or tarpon, black bass or bluefish—your Mustad Hooks each and all meet every requirement. Developed for you by Mustad's world prominence in fish hook making for all marine and inland fishing. The keenest, strongest, best in pattern and refinement.

"Right in shape, temper and finish"

For many years Mustad Hooks have led throughout the world for merit and popularity. Made for every kind of sport and commercial fishing. Ask your tackle dealer for them—in flies, snelled, ringed and on all baits.



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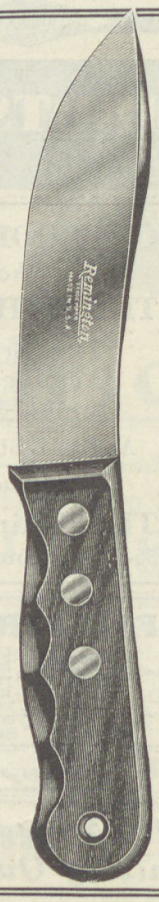


The National Forests contain more than 100 state Game Refuges and 16 federal refuges, covering all told more than 20,000,000 acres. The balance of the National Forests, aggregating over 138,800,000 acres are open to public hunting under state laws.

Bird Banding

One of my friends tells me that more than a half million migratory birds have been banded under direction of the government to study their range. From whom can I get full information on this work, as I want to aid in this interesting endeavor?—R. W., Idaho.

The information is correct. The work was started by the American Bird Banding Association, and in 1920 was taken over by the United States Biological Survey, Washington, D. C. A special bulletin, "Miscellaneous Publication No. 58," giving full instructions, traps to use, and how to bait them is for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., at thirty cents. Special permits to engage in this work are issued to responsible people by the Biological Survey.

The Inland Bird Banding Association, of which Mr. W. I. Lyon, 124 Washington Street, Waukegan, Illinois, is president has been doing splendid work in the Chicago area.

Everglades National Park

Does the Izaak Walton League endorse the proposed Tropic Everglades National Park in southern Florida?—H. L., Indiana.

The national organization of the Izaak Walton League has not endorsed this proposal, and will not reach a decision in the matter until the League has had an opportunity to study the report of the experts who went into the region during February to examine its fitness to be included in our galaxy of National Parks.

This study is being made under authority of an act of Congress of March 1, 1929, which study had the hearty approval of the League.

Photo, Courtesy Missouri Game Dept.

A Fulton, Missouri, Boy Scout "earning points" for his troop in the State bird-feeding contest, using feeder recommended in this Department in recent issue.

A Gift to the Forest

THE promotion of practical forest land management in the broadest sense of the term is the object of a gift of $200,000 made by Charles Lathrop Pack of Lakewood, New Jersey, to the University of Michigan. This fund is to be known as the George Willis Pack Forestry Foundation in memory of the donor's father, and the income from it will be used by the School of Forestry and Conservation in carrying out the purpose of the Foundation.

Charles Lathrop Pack has devoted his life to forestry and conservation. He studied forestry in Germany and spent several years of exploration in Canada, the Northwest, and the South. He was a member of the National Conservation Commission appointed by President Roosevelt, became famous during the World War as the father of the "War Gardens," aided later in the work of reforestation in Europe, has been President of the American Forestry Association, the American Nature Association, and the American Tree Association, and is an honorary member of the Society of American Foresters. He has received many honors for his work in forestry and conservation, and is the author of a number of books on the subject. Some years ago he established the Charles Lathrop Pack Forestry Trust of $1,000,000, the income from which can be used for any purpose which promotes progress in forestry.

In making his recent gift to the University of Michigan Mr. Pack helps solve forest and economic problems of outstanding importance not only to Michigan, but also to the country as a whole.

Courses in forestry have been given at the University of Michigan since 1901, although the formal organization of a department of forestry did not come until two years later. In 1927 the School of Forestry and Conservation was organized as a separate division of the University.

The School includes in its activities the entire range of problems connected with the management of forest lands and waters, and the utilization of their products. Full consideration is given to the practical and scientific problems involved in the production and handling of the plant and animal life of the forest and to the economic and social problems involved in enabling the forest and its resources to contribute most fully to human welfare. In addition to the wide scope of its professional activities in all fields of forestry, the School is unique in the attention paid to the broader phases of conservation.

Eighth Annual Convention

Izaak Walton League

April 24, 25, 26

Sportsmen's Show
Beginning April 23

Golfer, Archer and Angler

EACH kind of sport has its champions, its partisans and its loyal followers. Frequently the followers of one kind of sport, say golf just as an example—are extremely proud and jealous of this ancient and honorable pastime and inclined to feel that only in their favorite sport is human skill developed to its ultimate degree.

Again the adherents of archery are fairly well convinced that the final degree of skill is required to successfully handle the bow and feathered shaft.

Then the fisherman comes along with his delicate casting tackle and will probably be found willing to agree that bait casting requires about the highest degree of correlation between mind and muscle to accomplish successful results.

Nor is it often possible to settle these questions of comparative skill by any direct means. Such an occasion was afforded, however, at the Rutland Country Club, Rutland, Vermont, some time ago.

A skilled golfer, a practiced archer and an experienced bait caster met at this club, each armed with the favorite implements of his craft, and played five holes in direct competition, the players being driven from the course at this time by a terrific wind and rain storm.

A tournament was arranged at the Rutland Country Club, Wallingford, Vermont, August 12 to 16, and the competitors were Roof Gilson, equipped with his favorite set of gold clubs; Curly Moulton, with a bow of 42 pounds pull; and Karl Kinnear, armed with a casting rod with 4 oz. casting weight for work on the fairways and a regular Tournament Casting Rod with ⅝ oz. weight for the more delicate work on the greens.

A regulation bait casting target was provided on each green for Karl Kinnear, and a nine inch bull's-eye for Curly Moulton.

With the final details arranged the contest was started with much encouragement for each player from the large crowd that had assembled to watch this unique sporting event.

Bets were freely laid among adherents

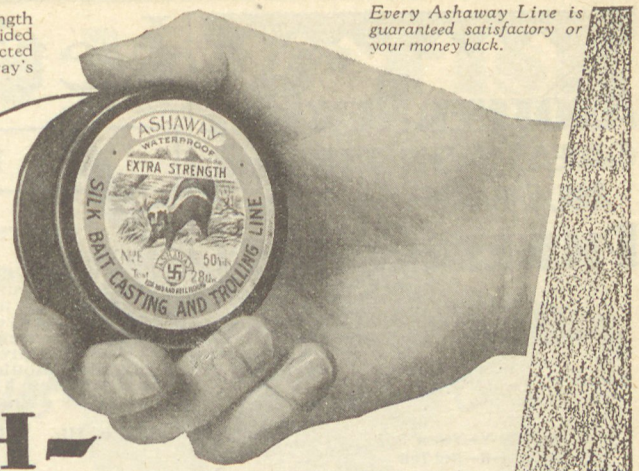
(Continued on page 56)

Golfer, Roof Gilson; archer, Curly Moulton; angler, Karl Kinnear

The Ashaway Extra Strength Bait-casting Line is hard-braided best Japan black silk. Protected from mildew and rot by Ashaway's exclusive soft waterproofing.

List prices, 50-yd. spool: Size I, $1.00; H, $1.35; G, $1.50; F, $1.75; E, $2.00; D, $2.50; C, $2.95.

Every Ashaway Line is guaranteed satisfactory or your money back.



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HE is no cake-eater—the FISH that is the constant bright hope of your bait casting. He's *bad*—a battler and he knows it. An Ashaway Extra Strength is the line for him.

Hammer away till you get him! You'll take many another good one in the process. And you'll never want for excellent casting and abundant strength in your line.

When you get him on, sock it to him! You've got a *fighting* line. Ashaway's best for all-around casting and trolling, famous for reserve strength and endurance.

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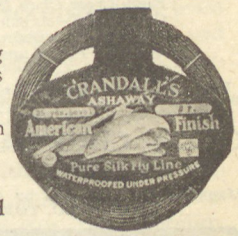

For your *fly* rod, buy the Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Line. Here again you have extraordinary durability, with the very best of casting. Best obtainable line silk, soft finished in high vacuum.

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it GETS 'em! and HOLDS 'em!

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PROVED by experience of thousands of fishermen.

For bass and all game fish. Here's a spoon bait which *has* that "something" game fish strike for. **Proved**—not just in theory—but on the ends of lines in waters from coast to coast. Among thousands of baits of all kinds and sizes, **Baspoon** has constantly increased in sportsmen's favor. Now one of the fastest, if not *the* fastest selling bait in America. Easy to cast. Cuts thru the wind. Does not kink your line. Works evenly—peculiar wobble calls the game. Enameled by *new process*, called most beautiful of spoon baits. If your dealer cannot supply you—send remittance and dealer's name for one **Baspoon** in red and white—the most popular colors.

No. 130, Midget, for trout 50c
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No. 330, Large, for pickerel and 'lunge . . 65c

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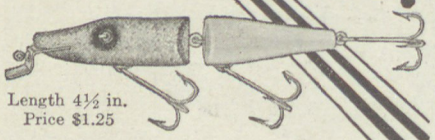
GREAT FOR PIKE and MUSKY FISHING
PICKEREL PIKIE!



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Price $1.25

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If you get some good fish pictures—send 'em in! We'll make it worth your while if we can use them!

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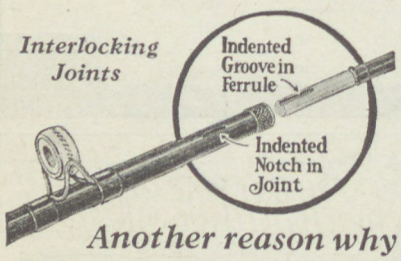
CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH



Another reason why
This is a great rod!

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Let's Talk It Over

Letters

WE THINK SO TOO

Dear Editor:

Frederic Van de Water's article "Rivers," in your March issue, is one of the finest and most eloquent pieces of writing it has ever been my good fortune to read. It is a magnificent and poignant plea for the preservation of America's rivers that should be read by every man who treasures his boyhood dreams and wanderings along a river bank.

C. D. Matlock.
Chicago, Ill.

"IT—PLUS INTELLIGENCE"

Dear Editor:

I wish to express my appreciation of Edison Marshall's serial novel now running in "Outdoor America." This is one of the most thoroughly entertaining and best written adventure stories I have ever read. It shows imagination nicely tempered with exceptional erudition. In short—the story has "it—plus intelligence."

George Pierce.
Canton, Ohio.

"WHO SHALL PAY?"

Dear Editor:

In your January issue was an article by Frank Stokes, Jr., entitled "Who Shall Pay?"

That article alone was worth the price of the magazine. May we not have more such articles dealing with the dilemma of the Indians? The public needs to be informed. Mr. Stokes did not in any measure overdraw the condition as it exists on the Navajo reservation.

Chief Standing Bear.
(Author of "My People the Sioux")
Huntington Park, Cal.

UNANIMOUS APPRECIATION

Dear Editor:

The attention of the members of the American Woman's History and Art Club of Los Angeles was directed to an article called, "Who Shall Pay?" in your January issue.

This article was read, discussed and commented upon and it was unanimously voted to express to you our appreciation. The situation on the Navajo reservation is as pictured by this writer for in our organization there are women of this tribe who verify the statements of Mr. Stokes.

Such articles as this one which brings conditions on reservations to the general reader are deeply appreciated.

Agnes French,
Secretary.
Los Angeles, Cal.

WE THANK YOU

Dear Editor:

I have been a subscriber to Outdoor America for some years. It is a thoroughly worth while magazine and fills a long felt want. Any real sportsman can ill afford to do without it.

L. W. Barton.
Smethport, Pa.

AND LIKEWISE BOW

Dear Editor:

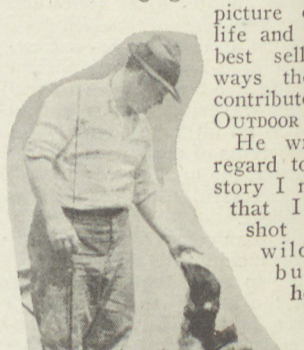
I wish to congratulate you on Outdoor America. It is a wonderful magazine.

Richard G. Boyd.
Newton, Kansas.

About Our Contributors

The cover this month is from another of the incomparable paintings by **William Schmedtgen** whose work has so often embellished the pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Ben Ames Williams, *The Centaurs,* whose books and short stories are internationally known and whose novel "Immortal Longings" was a magnificent picture of American life and deservedly a best seller (not always the case) has contributed before to OUTDOOR AMERICA.



He writes us "in regard to this turkey story I must tell you that I have since shot one or two wild turkeys—but not from horseback. I did no hunting at all last fall because I was in California writing some film stuff. But I'm about to start for Georgia where I hope to shoot a few quail between now and the first of the month, and possibly another turkey too."

To prove that Mr. Williams is as modest as he is famous he adds "my movements are no more interesting than a telephone directory or a street address; almost anything that you can say about any other normal individual you can say about me."

We can add that Ben Ames Williams is an enthusiastic fisherman, a devoted lover of dogs and possesses that greatest reason for being a conservationist—an outdoor loving boy.

Al Evans, *Sockdolager,* is a previous contributor to OUTDOOR AMERICA, he is an active Waltonian and associated with many agencies looking to the conservation of American wild life and the encouragement of good sportsmanship; creator and present editor of the "Call of the Open" department of the St. Paul Pioneer Press; first vice president and for several years secretary of the Minnesota Game Protective League; he tells us he is "content, when sometimes the 'big one' gets away, because he has kids who like to fish, too."

Trout of the Black Hills by **R. P. L.** (whose initials are familiar to all lovers of his outdoor stories) is at present in Kentucky and already planning for the early spring a trip down the Kentucky river from its very headwaters. The story of this trip should prove a real knockout for OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Major Lawrence Mott, *That Forty Pounder of the Umpqua,* has hunted big game all over Canada, Newfoundland, Borneo and in the hinterlands of China; was the first white man ever seen in certain wildernesses of Japan and Korea; author by profession, his seventh book will soon be published; from June until October he is away in the wildernesses of Oregon and Washington, fishing far from the marts of men. He holds many records for big fish on light tackle, and is an out-and-out purist when it comes to fly fish-

ing; a graduate of Harvard, '05, he asseverates that nobody is interested in his age! Served in the Intelligence during the War, and wears the Decorations of several Governments; at present resides in Hollywoodland, Cal.

Congressman **Louis C. Cramton,** of Michigan, *A National Shrine, or a National Disgrace?* is a ranking member of the House Committee on Appropriations. He is now serving his 9th term in Congress. No member in Congress knows more about our National Parks and the problems incident to their administration. He knows the natural value of scenic assets and recreational opportunities more intimately than any other member in Congress. He has for many years been an outstanding defender of National Park standards and has played an important part in the development of these natural phenomena.

Ferd Adams, *The Debut of J. Frederick,* lives in Saginaw, Michigan, and tells us he hates to talk about himself except when opportunity affords. He says: "I am 44 (but rather be taken for 34), am slightly bald (but rather it be said I have a high forehead), am decided in my opinions but not pig-headed (depending on the other fellow's size), am very religious but seldom go to church; am as placid as a stagnant pond, forgiving as a Newfoundland pup and patient as an old horse; I love the outdoors but rather row a boat for the other fellow's fishing and couldn't shoot a chickadee to save my life—still with all these admitted virtues my wings are not yet strong enough to fly."

Ozark Ripley, *The Largest Brook Trout in the World,* is familiar to OUTDOOR AMERICA's readers and his books are well known to all lovers of fishing, hunting and bird dogs. Beside hunting and fishing the seasons around from Tennessee to Canada, Ozark finds time for an extended lecture tour each year, speaking for instance in the East this week at Vassar College and at the Lambs Club in New York. Ozark's greatest pride is his seven-year-old son who accompanies him on many trips, is an expert fisherman and shoots a .410 double gun with ease and accuracy.

William P. Hubbard, *Two Black Bears,* owns a cattle ranch in California and has ridden the range since at 16 years of age, he ran away from home to be a cowboy. He writes us, "I ran away so regularly that people got so they wouldn't hire me knowing it would be but a week or so before one of Dad's riders would appear to take me home. My chief interests now are writing, drawing, conservation, cattle—and cowboys."

Cal Johnson, *Flying Waltonians of Rantoul,* is as versed in serious conservation problems as in those of fishing and hunting. He is also an ardent follower of the "sky-trails," and has done considerable flying.

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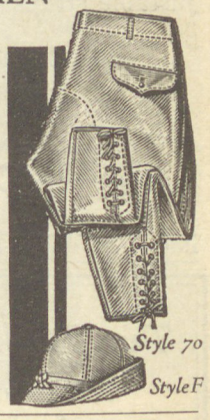

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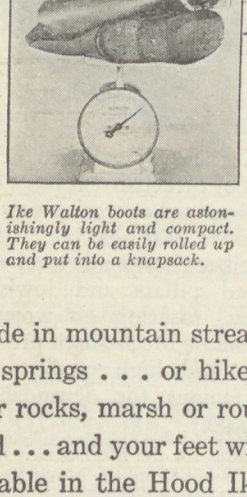

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Golfer, Archer and Angler

(Continued from page 53)

of the various sports represented that this or that contestant would "walk away" with the event.

The play was closely followed from hole to hole and it immediately became apparent that no one was going to have an easy time.

In fact the first hole was won by the caster, the second by the archer and the third by the caster. On the fourth hole, however, the contestants were tied and it was not until the fifth and last hole that the contest was settled. This hole was won by Kinnear with his casting outfit giving him a total of 25 shots for the five holes or one over his par which had been established at 24. Second place was taken by Roof Gilson, golfer with a score of 22 or two strokes over his par of 20, while Curly Moulton with his archery tackle came in third with a score of 20 or three over his par of 17.

What Bait?

By Joy Williams Harmon

THERE was a splash in the quiet waters of the creek and the girl beneath the pink sunbonnet quickly glanced in the direction of the disturbance. It was only Old Joker the grandfather of them all rising to nab a befuddled bug. Her small firm brown hands steadied the big cane pole and she straightened her youthful shoulders and applied herself assiduously to the business of fishing.

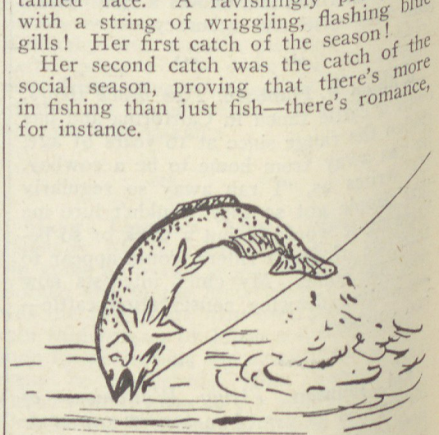
A thousand yellow bees threaded the air with ceaseless humming. The sun wove a mosaic of light and shadow on the ground. A gentle breeze ruffled the surface of the water and died away.

It was vacation time. Happy children in the next field were making daisy chains amid silver laughter. Pretty maids in summery dresses were telling their fortunes by daisy petals, their thoughts on the catch of the season. For he was wont to walk that way on bright days!

And then down the lane he came, not at all like a social lion, but just a boy tired of the town. Idly he smiled at the lassies with their flower chains. Through the swaying trees a pink sunbonnet caught his eye. His step quickened and he was in the presence of the girl of the bamboo fishing pole.

The rare tint of wild roses was in her tanned face. A ravishingly pretty girl with a string of wriggling, flashing blue gills! Her first catch of the season!

Her second catch was the catch of the social season, proving that there's more in fishing than just fish—there's romance, for instance.



Sketch by El Comancho

Thin Hills

By Jay G. Sigmund

Mr. Sigmund's story, Balm, *in the November, 1929, issue of* OUTDOOR AMERICA *was published in Edward J. O'Brien's Best Short Stories of 1929.* —EDITOR.

THE auctioneer had just ceased his jargon. Abner Rhote was selling out. For twenty-five years he had lived on the little hill farm along the Mississippi, and for ten or fifteen years prior to that he had been a clam fisher.

And Abner Rhote had met with more luck and shown more sense than many of the other rivermen, for Abner had found many "slugs," several good pearls and the money he got he "salted," to use the term of his more improvident neighbors.

At last he had bought old Cap Rook's farm. It was not one of the best farms around Le Cloide, but it exactly suited Abner for its hills, though called "thin" by the farmers who lived back on the ridge road, were so situated that one could stand on their rutted slopes and see a longer span of the Mississippi than from any other farm along the interurban railroad.

Never did Abner entirely relinquish fishing and "clamming." He still owned his boat and it was moored from April to October at the little dock down from the white cottage, beneath the high banks.

But Senator Raymond Leims had taken a fancy to the "old Cap Rook farm" a year or so after Abner had found himself "with no help" after his son George went to Alltsport to work in the washing machine factory, and one day he drove out along the paved road, past the great onion fields and stopped at Abner's place. It was not that day, but several months after that he made Abner an offer to trade him a larger farm, ten miles from the river, for the hill farm, and give him some cash besides.

Abner had considered the offer a long time and he had made many a trip to Le Cloide to talk with the banker there, before he had finally accepted Senator Leims' offer. Mr. Weisbrough, the banker, had advised him to make the trade and Abner's daughter, Grace, had pled with him to take the larger farm, which was near Eldround, where a school chum of hers lived.

"I'm sick of living among these river rats," Grace had declared with a toss of her pretty head. "I'd like to live near a bigger town than Le Cloide and I think you should get a bigger farm, Dad. What can you ever expect to make on these thin hills?"

And so Abner had made the deal and this was his "clean up" auction. Now he stood a little apart from the crowd, a motley one made up of farmers, fishermen, button-cutters and loafers, and watched the men as they gorged themselves with food and wiped their mouths with the backs of hairy hands.

By and by a grizzled old man in a shaggy and worn black "Galloway" fur coat came up to Abner. His sparse, matted beard was stained with tobacco juice and his old eyes were watery, but they twinkled under his bushy brows. His thin nose was like a hawk's beak and his greasy Scotch cap was set at a rather rakish angle which gave him the appearance of a Bacchanalian faun, but there was a sort of wistful look about his thin blue lips with all this. Abner nodded to him: "Howdy, Cap," Abner said. "Snappy today."

"Yes," replied the old man, "saw a flock of teal this mornin'."

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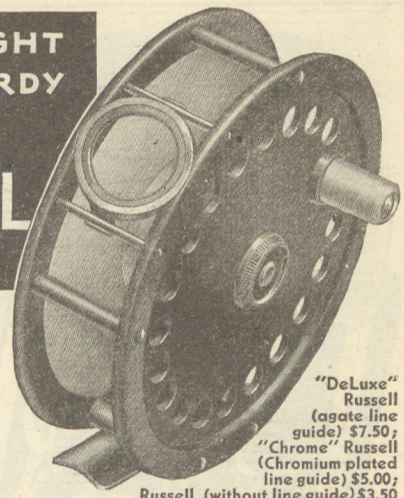

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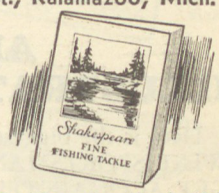

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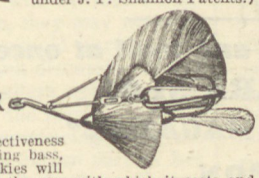

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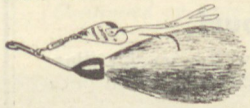

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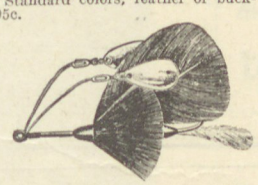

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The old man was "Cap" Dodd, an old pilot who had quit the river and now kept a little apiary on a sterile patch of river front which adjoined Abner's place.

"How's things sellin'?" asked Cap.

"Fair," replied Abner.

"Thought I'd come over and bid on your clammin' outfit and your boat, but why don't you keep 'em? You might be back sometime."

"No, Cap, I'll never be back. The woman folks want to move inland and I don't blame 'em. This is a pretty dull neighborhood and these hills are pretty thin. I ought to get to farmin' on better land." Abner's voice went high as he talked to the old riverman, as though he were trying to convert both his listener and himself.

Lunch over, the auctioneer called the men together. All of Abner's fishing things were bundled together and, after a few scattered bids, were knocked down to Cap Dodd. Then the boat was offered. The bidding was more spirited on this, and the price for which it sold was really more than Cap Dodd could afford to pay, but this, too, went to him.

That night in the back room of the auctioneer's little dimly lit office, Old Cap Dodd and the auctioneer sat and smoked.

"I see you bought all Abner's clammin' trumpery, Cap," said the jovial, fat auctioneer.

"Yes, you've sold me a lot of such stuff, Al," said Cap.

"And you never kept it long either, did you?" said Al.

"Hardly ever more'n one year," answered Cap. "One year away from the river and then they're back again. Of course they hardly ever admit it's the river. They always have some good excuse like drought or the woman kickin' and gettin' homesick or somethin' like that, but the minute they get back here they want a boat, an outfit of crowfeet or a bunch of trammels. Then I just sell the stuff back to 'em again and they generally give me a dollar or two extra, though I never ask it. That's why I don't fish as much as I used to. These fellers that's been away and come back, they give me more fish than I can eat. Seems like they're kind of thankful to me." Cap worked his jaws on his quid and chuckled.

A year and two months after, to a day, Cap Dodd went to the postoffice and found a letter there. He did not open it, but on his way home he stopped at the auctioneer's office.

"Here, Al," said Cap. "Read this for me. It's postmarked Eldround, so I know it's from Abner Rhote."

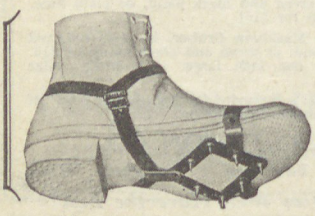
The fat auctioneer tore open the envelope and read:

"Cap:—

The bank here has busted and I've had to sell out. The women don't like it here either. I've done good, but it looks like I'd have to get out of here. I guess I'll move into Le Cloide and live a few months till I can get a place up along the river. Senator Leims is goin' to move to Washington, so maybe he'll trade me my old place back. If you've still got my stuff and want to sell it, give me first chance.

Abner."

"He knows darned well I still got it," chuckled Cap. "I just tarred the trammels and calked the boat yesterday."



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J. E. OSTRANDER, STAATSBURG, N. Y.

Convention Dates

April 24, 25, 26

Sportsmen's Show

April 23, 24, 25, 26

WOMEN—*Out of Doors*

Edited by *Betty Benton Patterson*

SPRING with its blossoming fields and trees calls insistently, "Come out of doors." The universal response to this invitation has mobilized an army of clubs and individuals to protect this natural loveliness from mutilation if not immediate destruction.

Dogwood, Redbud and the other wild blooming trees are vanishing, and we, who declare our devotion to the out-of-doors, are to blame. Much of the mutilation is thoughtless. Groups of outdoor lovers storm the woods with the first rumor that the dogwood is blooming. Perhaps they find the wealth of blooms just out of reach. Be they ruthless or thoughtless, the effect is much the same. Climbing, reaching and tugging, a large branch is brought within reach and torn from the tree. Of course only the twigs from this branch are taken away. The torn branch lies stripped, dying—a stark symbol of the fate that awaits the wounded tree.

The carpet of wildflowers, lessening with each spring, offers another challenge to these nature lovers. With avid hands they tug and take the flower, root and all, for the stems of most wild flowers are tough and resist breaking. Of course the roots are torn away and discarded! Yet how simple it is to take scissors along to clip a bouquet that would in no way injure the plants! Thoughtless destruction.

Spring has also brought to us numerous inquiries for specific information on the fishing laws of various states. These laws vary as to time and limit. Some states restrict with an open season between certain dates, with no catch-limit, but with all fish under a certain length, illegal at any time. In other states you will find certain days each week set aside for rest days—for the fish.

We suggest that you write to the fish and game warden, or commissioner in the state you plan to visit and get first-hand, official information that will safeguard you from any possibility of law infringement.

Though somewhat beyond the usual grade-school age we wish to announce that we are entering upon an intensive course in geography. We wish to share with our readers the reason for this belated thirst for knowledge.

Joe Wharton, fisherman extraordinary, of Grants Pass, Oregon, after kindly praise of this department, chides us gently concerning a geographical error we committed in the February issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Through ignorance, plus a natural generosity, perhaps, we allowed the Rogue River to flow into Idaho. We quote Mr. Wharton: "You should know that in this great world of ours, there is only one Rogue River, that dashes and tumbles its entire length of nearly 300 miles through three counties, Jackson, Josephine and Curry in Southern Oregon. We are very proud of our Rogue River. It has been made famous by such noted sportsmen, fishermen and writers as Jack London, Zane Grey and Emerson Hough. I cannot sit by and have you tell the world that it is in Idaho."

We cheerfully give Oregon entire credit for Rogue River and tell the world that not even one drop of this river trickles into Idaho!

MRS. MARIE CRISS of Hastings, Nebraska, with her husband and three small daughters camp, hunt and fish in season. Mrs. Criss gives the result of a casual survey among her women friends who do not go out of doors for sports.

"Nine out of ten women who appear at least indifferent to outdoor sports will give the same reason. My husband neither invites nor wants me along, when he goes camping, hunting or fishing. He seems to feel that such sports are for men only." We believe that this angle to the women-out-of-doors question will be interesting.

In justice to the men, they may not suspect that the women would care to go. In most instances a frank discussion of the subject would clear matters and leave the burden of proof up to the man.

Mrs. Criss writes entrancingly of the spring-fed lakes of that barren part of her state called the "sand-hills." According to Mrs. Criss these lakes of clear, cold water

(Continued on page 61)

Mrs. Marie Criss of Hastings, Neb., and her children.

32-POUND PIKE IS CAUGHT AT CRANDON

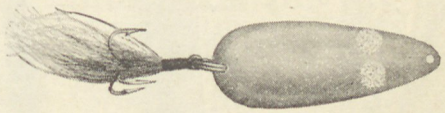
Crandon, Wis., June 24—A fishing party consisting of H. B. Schneider A. Retzlaff, J. Madden and C. Cavanagh, all of Adams, Wis., caught 18 northern pike in Bishop lake Monday forenoon. The largest one weighed 31 lbs. 15 ounces and measured 43½ inches in length. The large fish was landed only after a big struggle. H. B. Schneider caught it on a daredevil mouse bait.

Fish Shown to Home Folks.

Conclusive evidence of the truth of the foregoing dispatch, came to Adams when the party reached home at about noon Tuesday. They brought the big fish with them and enough of the others to demonstrate that the account of their exploit was a veracious one. The few missing fish were accounted for by the fact that the party had to eat and there is nothing they like better than fish.

"Mousidevle," a Killing New Lure $1.00

"Mousidevle"—



—Takes 32-lb. Pike!

Enclosed find pictures of fish caught, and local newspaper clipping. I thought you would be interested, as these were caught on your "Mousidevle." Especially when I tell you that I had tried every other lure in my tackle box, and then tried the Mousidevle, which surely did the trick.

Have ordered another shipment of them and have customers waiting for them.

H. B. SCHNEIDER,
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MR. SCHNEIDER takes no one's word as to the fish-getting qualities of the lures he stocks—he goes out and tries 'em himself! And when he sticks a newspaper clipping like this in his window the local anglers march in and clean him out of "Mousidevles."

Don't get away this year without adding Mousidevle to your battery of lures. See it at your dealer's, and also the older Dardevle lures—they're proven fish-getters of many years standing. If your dealer can't supply, sent direct. Send for complete catalog of lures and Osprey lines.

Send for FREE BOOK, 24 pages—a great fishing story

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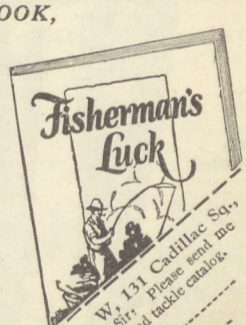

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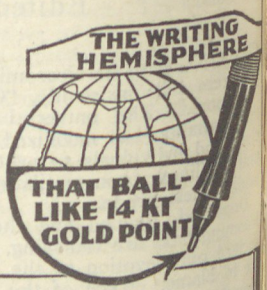

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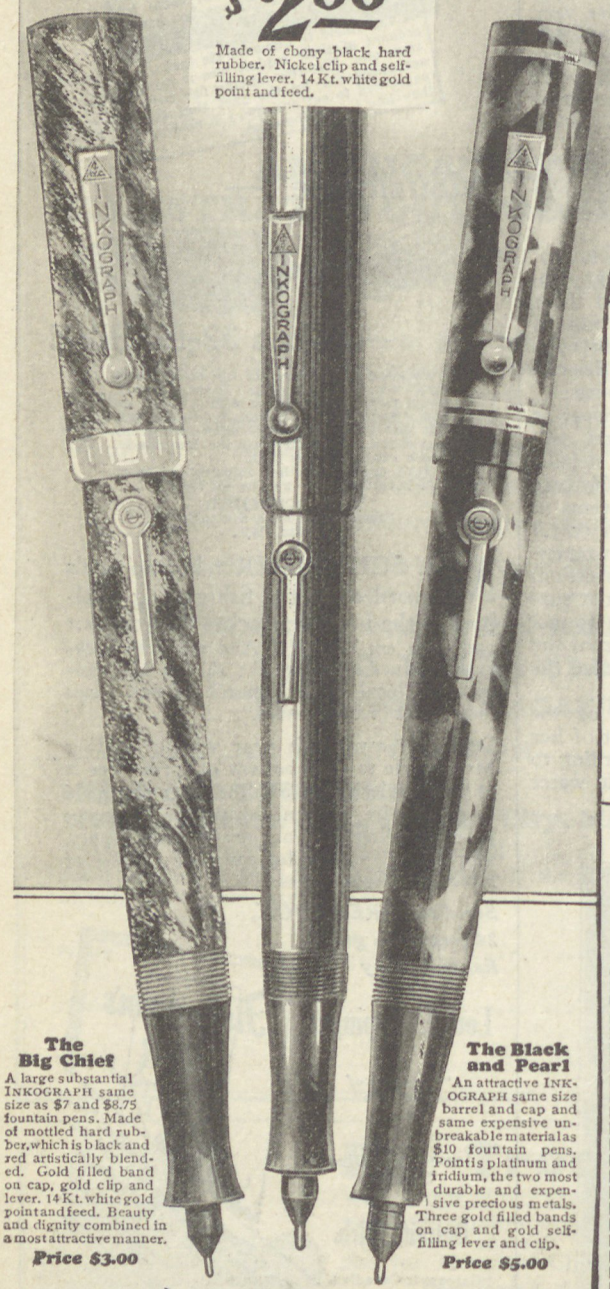

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Illustrations Actual Size

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT!

I have been Money Order Clerk in the P. O. for twenty years and this is the best pen I have ever used.—*John O. Fulenwider, Monroe, North Carolina.*

Your Inkograph is a delightful surprise. The touch is velvety, the flow smooth and its performance altogether satisfactory—*Sidney Adams, Rock Hill, South Carolina.*

You have one of the best writing instruments I ever used regardless of price. I use the lowest grade stationery and there is never a blotch or scratch because of its round smooth point. It is a wonderful invention.—*H. L. Orley, Albano, Va.*

Am a bank teller. Can pick up Inkograph any time in any position it writes immediately all words and numbers the same. Try and do it with any other pen. Can honestly say I never found a pen so easy and tireless to write with.—*C. R. Morely, Allentown, Pa.*

Am tickled skinny. It's a darling, can make carbon copies of orders and send original in ink to factory instead of pencilled sheet.—*A. Watson, Elgin, Ill.*

I am determined to use no other pen in my work. If they only knew the comfort of writing with this pen, every author in the world would, I am sure, get one. "Cheerio."—*Count Louis Hamon, London, England.*

Eight years or more ago, I purchased an Inkograph, which has been in almost constant use during that time. This is rather remarkable, inasmuch as I had many fountain pens from cheap to expensive, but none compares with the Inkograph which is as good and ready to serve as when I purchased it.—*Harrie Baxter, Great Neck, L. I.*

Writes smoothly, like point was greased. Makes no difference what kind of paper. Fine for shipping tags.—*E. A. Simms, Jersey City, N. J.*

I must write and express my appreciation to thank you for giving the public the opportunity to use so wonderful writing instrument. In my ... work, inventing, I must ... down my thoughts and ... very quick and I find my Inkograph my first aid, which never fails.—*B. L. Henry (Like Edison), New York.*

Have improved 50% in my handwriting since using your Inkograph.—*J. R. Reed, Louisville, Ky.*

You can see the point in it for insurance men—for you can spread this news but not the point.—*George E. Miller, Philadelphia, Pa.*

In my opinion there isn't a better pen on the market regardless of price.—*D. J. Bergeron, Lafayette, La.*

We intend to use the Inkograph generally in the office. It makes a splendid carbon on 20 lb. paper.—*Bernard Gloekler Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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abound in black bass, crappies, ring perch and bullheads. The Criss family owns a cabin at Lake Ericson near the town of that name, which is "the jumping off place for the railroad."

"The entire family fishes," says Mrs. Criss. "We fish in water from ankle depth to shoulder depth. One of our friends is 65 years of age, and keeps several jumps ahead of the rest of us on every trip both in activity and results."

Mrs. Criss believes that if every sportsman would insist on taking his wife along, initiate her into the mysteries of decoying ducks into a blind, how to camp and how to play a fish, there would come about a closer companionship and understanding which is even more important than sharing the sports mentioned.

Mrs. Criss, who describes herself as "a proud exponent of Izaak Walton, short, fat and happy," sends the following message to other women: "Get the fishing fever this year. Stick to it. If you do not like it at first, don't give up, for soon you will lead in the sport. Observe the laws of good sportsmanship wherever you are. We women should be true conservationists for we are born that way. Go fishing with your husband. And good fishing and good luck to you."

"Mother," Mrs. L. K. Brown of Rochester, Minn., caught this one—

NUMEROUS mothers ask us questions about family camping trips. The burden of these inquiries are expressed in the composite query, "What can any mother do with small children in a camp? The stories sound alluring but the days are long. How can we amuse our children on lakes or in the woods?"

From Mrs. L. K. Brown, Rochester, Minnesota, comes the convincing evidence of joyous days with small boys in camp. Mrs. Brown has told her story in almost diary-style, so even the most skeptical mother will be hard put to find dull, idle hours in the day's routine.

Mrs. Brown calls her story "My Fishermen," and has sent along attractive snapshots of these "men." Though the boys are shown with a goodly fish which "Mother" caught, we are denied a snapshot of the only woman in the party.

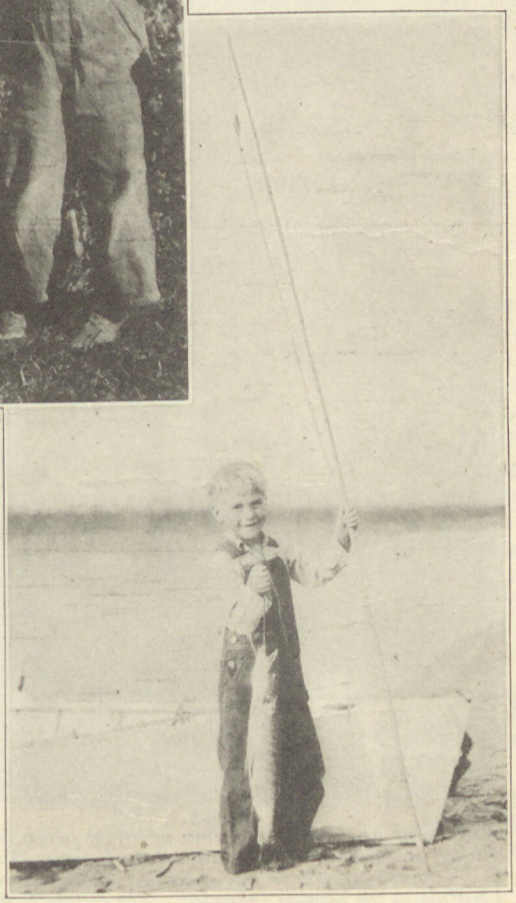
"I am just a fisherman's wife and the mother of two small fishermen. Sometimes my fishermen take me with them on their trips. To be quite accurate, I always annex myself to the party when the two little ones go, as Bobby, the older, is only six and Donald four.

"Every year we try to take a trip up north and spend many happy hours in anticipation. We have learned what to take and how to pack. Last summer I made my two little fishermen duck overalls and jackets, which were very practical as well as very cute. They were quite rain-proof, wind-proof and mosquito-proof.

Bobby can tell when he has a nibble and when he has a real bite and can handle his pole like a man. Donald is apt to become sleepy and bored if the fish refuse to bite. Our big tackle box padded with a coat served as a place to stretch out on with his head in my lap. He sometimes slept for an hour at a time in this position, and although I was somewhat handicapped, some way I managed to fish.

"One afternoon we were anchored in a lovely, shady

(Continued on page 73)



but Bobby got this one.

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Gun Rack and Game Fields

By Alec Mermod — *Gun Editor Outdoor America*

Wing Shooting

THIS is a subject on which much has been written, and there are several books treating the matter at great length, so that very little can be said that has not already been hashed over, but I have been prompted to write this article on account of the many letters I have received, asking certain questions pertaining to the "knack" of shooting "on the wing," and I trust that what I have to say may be of some help to the beginner, though as I have said before, no one can learn to shoot by simply reading about it, for to become proficient requires a great deal of practice, and even then, there are many who seem to be unable to get out of the mediocre class.

The most important thing to be considered is the will to become expert, and the liking for the game.

One should really rather shoot than do anything else, and in this generation there are so many other sports which appeal to the boy and young man that it is rather difficult to stick to one thing, especially as game is getting scarce and disappointments are many, so that the young shooter is apt to become disgusted before he gets started, and falls back on golf or tennis for his diversion.

During the past twenty years I have seen a great many youngsters who have thought they wanted to learn to shoot, but 80 per cent of these boys soon gave it up entirely, and only about 5 per cent developed into fair shots.

Since the beginning of time, the majority of boys have shown a desire to follow the chase, and this desire has followed down through the ages as a natural heritage.

In the early days of the shotgun, or as it was styled then, the fowling piece, very little was known about wing shooting, except at water fowl when flying in flocks, when all the shooter needed to do was to point his gun at the center of the flock, and pull the trigger.

As these early guns were of the flintlock type, the hitting of any single bird in flight was more or less of an accident, for the time after the trigger was pulled till the powder in the barrel was ignited was long enough for the bird to move anywhere from 25 to 50 feet; besides this, game was so plentiful and so easy to approach there was no necessity of wasting shots by any attempt to bag a flying bird.

However, after the invention of the percussion cap, wing shooting became popular as shooting was indulged in as a sport instead of a means to procure food.

The question often comes up as to whether or not the gunner of fifty years ago was a better shot than the sportsman of today. Only a few days ago I was asked that question by a young enthusiast whose uncle had been commenting on what a wonderful shot such and such a one was in the early days.

This question is not easy to answer, for conditions today are so entirely different from those of fifty or sixty years ago.

To begin with, the old time sportsman was a better hunter than any Nimrod of today, in that he made a more careful study of the habits of the many birds and animals.

Owing to the fact that reloading one of the old muzzle loaders was a nuisance and consumed some time, the hunter was more careful about taking any chance of a miss, consequently his shots were made in the open.

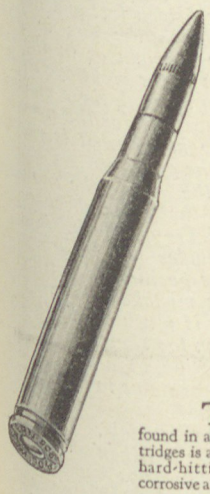
Game was so plentiful that there was no necessity of taking a chance where underbrush and timber was thick, and again in those good old days, when every man trained his own dog, which as a rule was very slow (about as much difference compared to the present day bird dog as there is between a horse driven vehicle and a speeedy motor car) a hunter very seldom shot as the covey was flushed, for the birds would only fly a short distance before dropping in the stubble or corn. And it was then that the slow dog came into his own. The hunter would sit down and smoke his pipe before going after the scattered birds, which his slow dog would pick up one at a time giving the hunter an easy straightaway shot which he seldom missed.

I believe I am not stretching the truth when I say that these real hunters with

Close-up of the hardy Hungarian partridge which is taking the place of the native prairie chicken and the bob-white in a number of states. Photo courtesy U. S. Biological Survey.

[*Through an error in this space last month was run a picture of a cattalo instead of a buffalo as the caption indicated. The cattalo is the result of crossing the buffalo with domestic cattle.*] Editor.

YOUR SHOT *MUST* STOP HIM!!



In such moments as this, face to face with the terror of the jungle, your shot must count! . . . Courage, quickness, skill, experience—all play their parts—but above all, life and trophy hinge upon the way your bullet does its work!

No man who faces dangerous big game will knowingly risk the success of his venture on ammunition that doesn't assure the highest degree of deadliness and accuracy. That is why famous sportsmen and important scientific and big-game expeditions use WESTERN *Lubaloy* cartridges. WESTERN'S exclusive bullet design and construction assure you of fast, accurate flight, the stopping power of terrific impact, and the deadly effectiveness of maximum penetration and expansion. The patented non-fouling *Lubaloy* bullet jacket metal protects the rifle bore from metal-fouling and corrosion. It lengthens the life of your gun. . . . For big game or small, there is a *Lubaloy* cartridge that will improve your shooting. WESTERN, the World's Champion Ammunition, makes every shot count.

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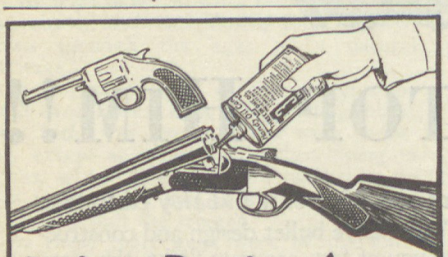

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their slow dogs, muzzle loading guns and ideal conditions would score as good as 80 per cent the season through, while the best shots of today do well if they score 60 per cent and there are very few who will do this well if they take every shot.

However, I am confident that if the present day sportsman will pick his shots he can do as well as the old timer, whose every shot was just to his liking.

Today when a covey of quail is flushed the birds take to the timber and instead of waiting long enough to smoke a pipe, we rush in after them with our fast dogs, and the consequence is that the birds flush wild if the timber is open or else they light in a briar patch where it is next to impossible to get a shot. The result is that we either fail to shoot or that we cut down our average to an alarming extent.

I have always figured that I was as good a quail shot as the majority of hunters, but my season's average won't be better than 50 per cent.

I take every chance offered, and often miss a fair shot in the open, much to my disgust, but in a short time I'll forget about it after I have made a difficult shot in thick timber.

There is another reason why the hunter of today is seemingly not as good as the sportsman of long ago, and that is that very few of us get out into the field often enough to be steady, especially when birds are scarce, as we are quite apt to become a little excited when the dog locates a covey.

In the trap-shooting game, scores are much higher today than those made twenty five years ago, but this does not mean that we are better shots than our fathers or grandfathers were, for conditions have changed very materially.

First, considerable improvement has been made in ammunition; again, the targets today are not thrown nearly so far as they were twenty-five years ago. When I shot at my first clay pigeon in 1895, 60 yards was the distance, and our load was 3 drams of powder 1 and ⅛ oz. shot. "Nowadays" 50 yards is the extreme limit.

Taking everything into consideration, I consider that Captain Bogardus was the greatest shot of all times, and his records will probably stand for some time to come.

I received a letter, some time ago, from a man who, evidently, has the making of a sportsman, asking me to give him a few hints on wing shooting which might help him.

He was very frank in admitting that he was a "rotten" shot on all kinds of game, notwithstanding the fact that he had plenty of practice, as he lived in a country where prairie chicken and ducks were abundant.

He further stated that at first he blamed his poor shooting on his gun, then he attached the blame on the ammunition, so he made several changes, but the results were the same, or worse, so he concluded that it was "the man behind the gun."

Following the advice of a friend, his first choice of a gun was a repeater of popular make, but as he was not getting any game, another friend advised his trying an automatic, but as he obtained no better results another well-meaning friend told him the stock of his gun was too straight, so he had another stock made; still no improvement.

Using his own words he said, "I am determined to learn to shoot, for I know that I have just as much sense as the next one, and if others can shoot well, I can, so please help me out with some sound advice."

In recounting his many troubles he mentioned that when using a magazine gun he was inclined to see how many shots he could fire before the birds got out of sight.

The letter terminated with a string of questions, which I answered to the best of my ability, and, as I know from my own personal experience that others are bothered in a like manner, I am setting down the questions and answers just as they appear in my reply to his appeal.

1. (Q.) *Will trap shooting help me to any extent?*

(A.) *Yes: shooting at the trap will help, but I suggest that unless you expect to follow up trap shooting as a pastime, that instead of holding the gun to the shoulder, as is the custom among trap shooters, you hold it in field position until the trap is sprung. This will give you some real field practice.*

2. (Q.) *Which style of gun do you advise, a double barrel, "pump" or automatic?*

(A.) *Personally, for several reasons, I prefer the double gun, for it is better balanced, and by having one barrel either cylinder or modified choke, and the other full choke it is possible to have one gun answer all purposes. Again the beginner is apt to see how many shots he can fire before the game is out of sight.*

3. (Q.) *What length of barrel is best adapted to field shooting?*

(A.) *In a double barrel, 12 ga., I consider 30 inch the most desirable length. In a "pump" or automatic, 28 inch gives a better balance.*

4. (Q.) *If I decide on a pump or automatic how should the barrel be bored for general shooting?*

(A.) *Unless one has an extra barrel, cylinder bored for quail, I consider a full choke is what you will find satisfactory.*

5. (Q.) *Will a 32 inch barrel shoot harder and farther than a 28 inch? If not, what is the advantage of the longer barrel?*

(A.) *No. The advantage is in the alignment, just as the longer distance between rifle sights, the more accurate one may shoot. The long shotgun barrel (34 inch) was popular several years ago among trap shooters, but these men have dropped back to the shorter lengths.*

6. (Q.) *How may I determine whether or not a gun fits me?*

(A.) *If it is possible to obtain the use of a "try gun" a perfect fit may be had, but if this is not available, the gun salesman, if he knows his business, should be able to give his customer a fair fit by standing off about ten or fifteen feet and having the shooter stand with the gun in field position, then raise the gun as in the act of shooting and aim at the right eye of the salesman. By going through these motions several times it is possible for the man behind the counter to know what is needed by the man behind the gun.*

When throwing the gun to the shoulder drop your head so that your cheek meets firmly the comb of the gunstock. This is essential, for it enables one to bring the gun up to the same position each time.

Do not make the mistake of having too short a stock, as it is much better to have a stock too long than too short.

7. (Q.) *In shooting at a cross flying bird, is there any set rule as to the distance one must hold ahead?*

(A.) *There is no set rule. One must learn this by practice. When shooting at a cross flying bird always remember to keep your gun in motion holding ahead. Do not shove your gun forward till you think you are about right and then stop moving it as you pull the trigger. KEEP YOUR GUN MOVING.*

8. (Q.) *Do you advocate a stock with the same drop at heel and comb?*

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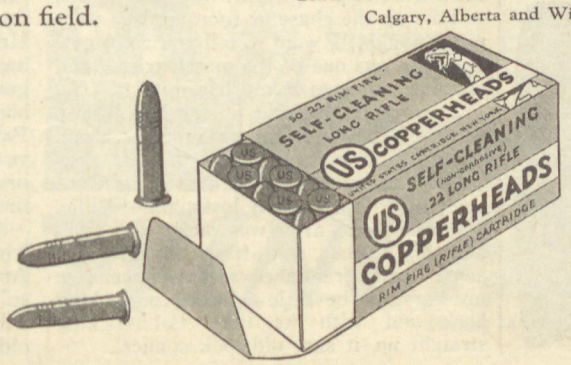

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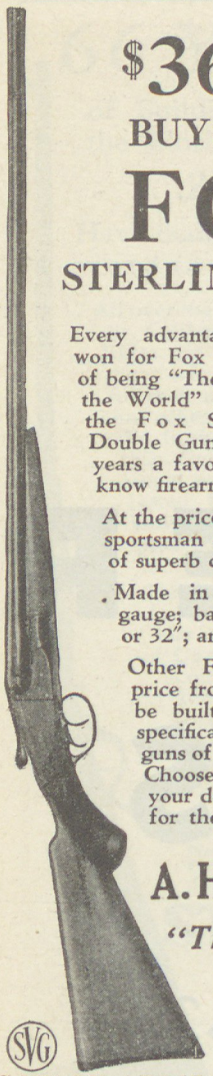

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(A.) *No: Many trap shooters have adopted this, but in each case they have been obliged to fit themselves to the gun.*

9. (Q.) *I measure 5 feet 8 inches, and weigh 164 pounds, what weight gun do you advise?*

(A.) *You should be able to handle a gun of standard weight, 7-3/4 to 8 pounds. There is very little variation in the weight of guns of American manufacture.*

10. (Q.) *When shooting rabbits I invariably shoot over them, WHY?*

(A.) *Either your gun is too straight or you are not pressing your cheek firmly on the comb. Most likely it is the latter.*

11. (Q.) *Is there any advantage in the two sights on the barrel of a shotgun?*

(A.) *The two sights help considerably when shooting at the traps, especially when one has a tendency to cross fire, but when field shooting it is not often that one sees either sight. However, I suggest that you have your gun fitted with the two sights.*

12. (Q.) *Is there any way I can get any practice without actually shooting?*

(A.) *Yes: Very good home practice may be had by pinning a piece of dark colored paper, about the size of a silver dollar, on the wall, then stand off about ten or fifteen feet with gun below elbow in field position, throw gun to shoulder, slapping cheek down firmly on comb, so that your line of sight strikes the barrel just a few inches forward of the breech. Keep this up till you can cover the mark each time. This is all right for straightaway birds, but to get a little practice on cross flyers, stand, first with the mark on your left, and as you raise your gun in the act of firing turn quickly to your left and attempt to cover the spot. After you have become fairly proficient, try turning and swinging to the right. Five minutes every day devoted to this practice will be of great help in your field shooting, and it is good exercise.*

Do not allow yourself to become discouraged, just because you don't catch on to the game in a short time, for if you really love the outdoors and the shooting you'll make the grade.

When I was a youngster I had no one to give me any advice that helped, and it was three years before I was able to hit a flying bird or running animal.

I am not a world beater, but I've shot well enough at the traps to be noticed, and am a fair field shot.

I trust that the answers to this man's questions will help him to become proficient, for he certainly has been stung with the "shooting bug" and wants to make good.

I also hope that this article may be read by men who have had the same troubles that are being met with by this new shooter, and that they may derive some benefit from these remarks on wing shooting.

The Buffalo I Roped in '85

By Joe Hudson

BACK in June, 1885, our outfit was camped on the headwaters of the Frenchman river at Big Springs, Nebraska. Four of us were detailed to ride for some cattle off south. We had gone about ten miles and pulled up on the top of a sand hill that overlooked the country when in the distance we saw two small bunches of stock. The one on the left we took to be cattle, while the one off to the right looked more like buffalo or horses.

"Sam and I will go after that bunch of stock," said Lew Armecost, who was captain of our squad, pointing at the bunch on the right. "And you two can get them," pointing out the other bunch for Billie Koontz and me to gather in.

Lew and Sam rode off at a gallop while Billie and I sat there waiting to see what that bunch of stock proved to be. We thought they were either wild horses or buffalo, and we were not disappointed in our reckoning, for when the two riders got near enough so that the buffalo could see them, the animals struck out at a high lope toward the southwest.

Armecost, however, had a good mount and soon turned them, so they were coming straight across the basin at us, there on the hill waiting for them with fresh horses, to take up the chase as soon as they were near enough. I want to tell you right now that this was one of the most exciting and anxious moments in my life.

They came charging up the hill just in front of us. As we cut in after them, Billie on the right and I on the left, they ran like the wind and the dust hung about us so thick that I nearly lost sight of Billie. The calf I was after was racing along beside his mother, and from the way she acted I was afraid she was going to charge my horse. The little fellow kept looking back and with its little tail sticking straight up, it sure did look comical.

I had dropped out a loop and was swinging it about my head waiting for a chance which came presently. The loop caught the little fellow by one foreleg and his neck. It took me only a minute to take my dallies and throw the calf and hog tie it. It was puffing like a little steam engine, and so was I when the job was done, for I don't know of anything that beats a good husky buffalo bull calf for its size.

Billie roped a calf too and gave it to me as he went on to the Platte with the roundup outfit the next day. I hired a granger with a team of mules to take me out to the calves and then on to my ranch. When we came to the first calf it was dead, the poor little fellow had been run too hard I guess, but the other one was as frisky as a young mule, and we had quite a time loading him into the wagon.

When we came to a water hole I gave him a drink in my hat, and he drank as though he had been watered from a hat all his life. At the ranch I fed him on cow's milk and raised him to a fine big buffalo bull. I kept him until he was four years old and raised three half-breeds (cattalo), two heifers and a bull, from him. Then I sold the entire outfit to my brother Noah Hudson, and he raised two three-quarter bloods, a heifer and a bull. He then sold the herd at Denver, two being killed and barbecued there, and one going to Omaha. The old bull, the one I had roped as a calf, was put into the City Park at Denver, where he lived until a few years ago. His hide was sent to the Natural History Museum in the City Park there.

As I write this story I am wondering whatever became of Billie Koontz or Lew Armecost, and I am hoping that they are still alive, and that perhaps one of them will see this, and be reminded of the good old days we lived and roped together.

The Debut of J. Frederick

(Continued from page 23)

time to lose, as he could see the faint lightening of the eastern sky close to the horizon. However, Bill's thoughts could not help but turn to wondering what was next due to happen. Before he had drawn his boat up onto land and had hidden it with cat-tails, rushes and wild rice, Bill heard a suspicious but familiar sound come from across the water but he did not turn back to J. Frederick's assistance, merely remarking, to himself, "I'm a sinner if he hasn't got his live decoy lines all tangled up. Well, he can untangle them the best way he can, even if a couple of them get away and start swimming out across the lake."

Bill's diagnosis of the splashing, flapping and squawking that came to him from across the water—was absolutely correct; J. Frederick was, indeed, having his troubles with the live decoys. The fact that his hands were numb with the wet and the cold was excuse enough for getting the anchor strings all messed up to the extent that a Philadelphia lawyer could not have untangled them, let alone J. Frederick, who always had had an aversion to squirming things. However, he had succeeded in getting two untangled and set out in the water while the others he allowed to repose in the burlap bag.

Ready and waiting—before the sun peeped from the water and cast a golden pathway to his very feet, J. Frederick stood like a sentinel, making not a noise; with watery eyes and a red nose, he stood silently shivering. Standing, first on one foot, like a crane, and then on the other—until both had gone to sleep, he thought, J. Frederick, like an Indian scout, peered through the mist that hung close to the surface of the marsh—looking, first, in the direction of one suspicious sound and then in the direction of another. A gentle splashing, a distant squawk, an ominous crackling followed by a peculiar whistling sound behind him—kept him ever on the alert and brought some comfort and a thrill to his soul.

Presently, just before sun-up, a flash of fire came from the left—to keep him conscious, followed by another from the right—and a heavy clattering, ripping boom that died away across the water. At last J. Frederick was a seasoned hunter in spite of the fact that he continued to stand, first, on one foot and then on the other, kneeling—now and then—when he imagined that something was approaching; however, strain as he might—J. Frederick saw nothing.

Even after sun-up, when the tall grass and cat-tails dripped moisture in the rising sun, J. Frederick got but a few fleeting glimpses of ducks passing far to the right or far to the left—but, still, he shifted feet, quickly squatted out of sight, arose again, shivered and groaned for five hours.

"What luck, old top?" came Bill's voice from behind him as the boat glided into the grass near the blind.

"Honest, Bill, I haven't pulled the trigger. Did you get anything?"

"Sure, I got four just before sunrise—but nothing since."

"Jiminy, Bill, but I'm just about done for. I don't think I can stand this any longer. If one had a stove and hot water in these blinds—then it might be better, hey?"

"Say, I tell you what we'll do, old top.

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We'll punt into shore, go back to the shack and get thawed out, take a snooze while Jean cleans these ducks and then get ready for better luck this afternoon. What do you say?" inquired Bill, adding, "I'll punt her in while you keep ready for a possible stray shot."

Bill, standing in the stern, pushed off while J. Frederick, with eyes alert and gun ready across his knees, sat in the bow. Bill was determined that J. Frederick was going to have one more chance at some stray duck during the morning's shooting and just as they rounded a point—there was the familiar sound of a duck raising from the water. J. Frederick caught a glimpse of the duck and cautiously rose to his feet as it cleared the top of the rice just ahead of the boat, coming towards him—head on against the wind.

"Now let him have it, old top," shouted Bill.

"I'm dead on."

"Spread your feet," admonished Bill. And J. Frederick obeyed—but spread his feet frontways instead of sideways to hold his balance. Bill sized the situation and, anticipating the result, dropped forward and grasped the gunwales with either hand, hoping to avoid the result, but — it was not enough.

B-a-n-G!!!!!, the automatic belched and roared forth. Bill instinctively closed his eyes and held his breath—awaiting the splash which he knew would occur the following second—and it did. Bill opened his eyes in time to see an upside down pair of boots follow J. Frederick and disappear beneath the water. It seemed an age before the water—a deep brownish black—seethed, rippled, g u r g l e d and again splashed—as a capless and rather damp form catapulted itself to the surface, spluttering, gasping and blindly clutching the side of the boat.

"Did I hit him, Bill?"

"You certainly did, old top. The prettiest shot I ever saw," lied Bill, like a true sportsman, as he pulled J. Frederick into the boat.

Two men, in a foreboding silence, awaited the arrival of the two hunters on shore. Both Bill and J. Frederick, especially, sensed trouble in the air and in the way the two men lounged stiffly against the cart on shore.

"Now we're in for it, all right. Jean Jeaneau's gone and got a big bruiser to help him collect for the damage you did to his leaky old tub of a boat when you blew a hole through her bow. If they get nasty, understand, I'll tackle the big boy—but you get in some dirty work by cracking him on the shins with the edge of that paddle," said Bill, and J. Frederick nodded accord, although he had never been in a fight in his whole life, and his consternation was obvious as he and Bill landed on shore.

"How you fellow make him?" inquired Jean Jeaneau in a voice that was a distinct surprise—for it held no anger but was accompanied by a meaning wink.

"Not so good, Jean—but maybe better this afternoon," said J. Frederick, eyeing the stranger and getting a glance in return from the big fellow which did not evidence any willingness to be friendly.

"Let's have a look at your license, friends," demanded the stranger in a gruff voice as he turned back the lapel of his coat and exhibited the badge of a game warden.

"I just imagined that you were one of those guys—here is the document, right handy," returned Bill in confident manner.

"How about yours, little fellow?" asked the warden as he peered suspiciously at J. Frederick from under scowling brows. However, as J. Frederick approached him, shiveringly, his pinched face showing abject acquiescence, the warden's attitude took a decided change—for, though one may be permitted a suppressed snicker, still, who has not a feeling of sympathy and kinship for a fellow man who has just fallen overboard.

"I've got it right here, some place," excitedly vouched the solicitous J. Frederick as he rummaged through a multitude of large pockets—but to no avail.

"Well, I guess that's one thing you forgot to get, isn't it?" inquired the warden meaningly, as he again eyed J. Frederick threateningly.

"What am I going to do, Bill?" asked J. Frederick, pitifully appealing.

"Warden, I know he has one, for I was with him when he bought it. Let's go back to the house and let him get off his wet duds while he hunts for it," solicited Bill.

"Dat's one good idee," interjected Jean Jeaneau, "maybe she die 'fore we git her to de shack, right now."

The four climbed into the warden's car—a rattle trap of an affair—and bounced over the ruts to the shack where J. Frederick was thawed out while he nervously searched for the missing license.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to let you tell your story to the judge, little fellow," was the final and authoritative answer of the warden, after J. Frederick's efforts to locate the required document were fruitless, it dawning upon his mind that he might have forgotten it and left it at home.

* * *

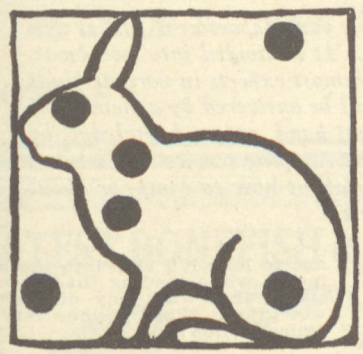
ON the evening of September 18th, two days after the official opening of the hunting season, the Murrays, the Thornes and the Eddys were joyfully gathered around the dining table of the J. Frederick Hendersons. J. Frederick sat at the head of the table with almost regal poise and beamed a great satisfaction when the maid entered, bearing a large silver platter whereon reposed three ducks that were done to a turn and attractively garnished—the one he had shot so beautifully donated with another one by Bill out of sympathy, and the one presented by Jean Jeaneau when J. Frederick had settled for the damage done to the boat.

"It certainly must have been a wonderful hunting trip that you enjoyed," gushed Mrs. Thorne as she admiringly clasped her hands over her buxom bosom.

"It certainly was that, Mrs. Thorne—a pleasure I shall always remember. I had not hunted in many years—not since I was a reckless young boy—but the minute I got onto the marsh it all came back to me. I didn't miss a single shot that was possible; however, I have no sympathy with hunters who kill without restraint even though that killing instinct is very strong in myself," said J. Frederick as he carved the ducks and as Mrs. J. Frederick directed an admiring gaze at her hero in whose inner soul she now knew—but had never suspected—there lingered the lust for blood and who actually possessed the "he man" ability to translate that primitive caveman instinct into supplies for the family larder.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
in the May Issue

How Much Do You Know About Woodcraft?



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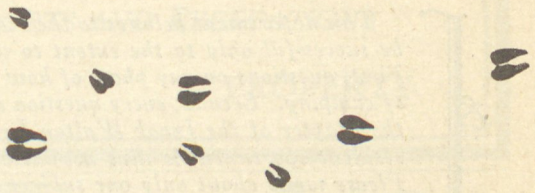
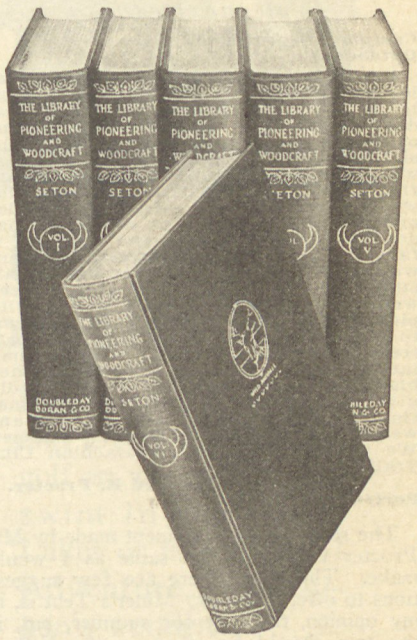


Deer tracks!—another sketch from THE LIBRARY OF PIONEERING AND WOODCRAFT, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Do you know the thrill of coming upon these marks in the wilds? Of recognizing them? Of following them with gun or camera? Let this master woodsman tell you how to read the marks beasts leave behind them for you to trail.



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HOW good a woodsman are YOU? Are you at home in big timber, in the mountains, in a frail canoe on lakes or streams? Can you light a fire without matches? Can you tie all kinds of knots? Can you make a sun dial—quickly, with materials at hand? Can you lay a good cooking fire? Identify the birds? Tell the difference between edible mushrooms and toadstools? Recognize poison ivy? Erect a tepee?

This marvelous set of books tells you how to do all of these things—and countless others. *Hiking and Canoeing* covers every phase of those two sports, from equipment and directions for achieving the utmost comfort on the trail or stream to the handling of small craft over rapids, etc., etc. *Animals and Birds* tells its own story. Tracking, taxidermy, hunting with both gun and camera. *Indiancraft* is full of the lore of the first and best of all woodsmen. Sign language, ceremonials, blazing trails, etc. *Woodcraft,* stories of adventure, instructions for erecting waterproof shelters, living on the land, *seeing* with both eyes everything that is before you. *Earth and Sky,* weather forecasting, romance of the flowers and shrubs and trees. How to find your way by natural signs, "compass-golden-rod," moss on trees, the stars at night. Contains maps of the heavens, etc., etc. *Wild Animals!*

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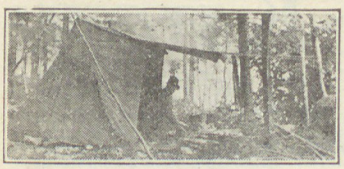
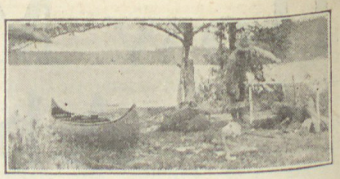


Camping

Where When How



This department belongs to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. *It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about* how *to camp, or about* when and where. *If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.*

Camp Questions

Tent and Bedding

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

I would appreciate your advice in selecting the principal items of equipment to be taken on hiking trips of several days' duration in the White Mountains of N. H. The party concerned is to consist of only two people, a man and a woman, and all equipment must be carried in packs. I am quite confident that we can arrange and select the smaller and personal things, but am somewhat doubtful about the tent and bedding. I favor a 7x7 Tanalite "Miner's" tent weighing 5 pounds. Do you think this suitable? I have never been able to sleep well on the bare ground, even with plenty of blankets. This fact leads me to consider the light and short air mattresses, 48"x26"x4 pounds with a small lambs' wool comforter over them, then blankets as required. Will you kindly give me your opinion of that combination and indicate a suitable number and weight of blankets. Season—summer. We intend to follow Appalachian Club Trails.

Howard E. Procter.
Portsmouth, N. H.

The selection of equipment made by Mr. Procter is exactly the same as I would make. Therefore, there are few suggestions to offer. The 7x7 Miner's Tent is, in my opinion, the best for summer, but, if the trip should be taken in the Fall, I would favor an open front shelter tent of approximately the same size. As to sleeping on the bare ground, nobody has ever done it comfortably, the difference being that Mr. Procter admits it and most sufferers try to appear extraordinarily hard boiled and suffer in silence. The short air mattress is perfectly suitable. Be sure to avoid pumping it up too hard. The small comforter is just the thing to put over the mattress and I believe I would prefer the small comforter and one double blanket over me than to depend entirely on blankets. However, this may be too bulky for a hiking trip and possibly the additional weight of the blanket is necessary. I should think two blankets of medium weight would be sufficient. I suggest, however, that Mr. Procter get in touch with the Appalachian Club with a view to finding out just what temperatures are reached in the mountains during the particular time of the summer he plans on visiting them.

MURDO GIBSON.

Food—Light but Nourishing

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

I intend to go camping in the mountains of West Virginia next summer and would appreciate some information.

How much food must I take for a two weeks' trip and what kind of food should it be? My appetite is average and I would like to go as light as possible for I will have to carry all my equipment.

Edward Reagan.
Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

It is no easy matter to carry two weeks' food supply on your back. I would suggest bacon, salami sausage and chipped beef for meat, flour, and a small quantity of baking powder for biscuits, although if it is at all possible to obtain fresh supplies en route, don't bother with this. I should think about 4 pounds of dried soup stock similar to that known as Erbswurst. About two pounds of desiccated vegetables such as corn, carrots and other varieties which do not require too long a time to prepare. A pound of desiccated egg should be taken by all means. About four pounds of dried prunes and apricots would not be any too much. Take plenty of sugar and, if you can squeeze it in, a can of maple syrup.

Use dehydrated milk—I should say about two pounds. Three pounds of corn meal or similar cereal should be taken. Your food supplies are going to weigh about 25 pounds, no matter how careful you are. Eliminate everything that you can buy any place on the trip, and I suggest that if possible you take along only such things as can be purchased in metropolis centers and depend on the more staple items for purchase during the trip even if you have to make a special side trip during the day to do it.

FRANK STICK.

A Light Tent

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

What kind of a tent do you recommend for a packsack trip on foot? All I need is a tent large enough for one person, but I want a good one.

George Bellows.
Nashville, Tennessee.

The tent I consider best for this purpose is of balloon silk, weighs less than four pounds and will easily accommodate two men. What I especially like about this tent is the ease with which it can be pitched in any kind of country. The floor is sewed in and all precaution taken to make it insect proof. The single peak rope can be thrown over a limb of a tree or over a rude tripod and the squatty construction of the tent makes it easily pitched and a splendid protection against storms.

SIG OLSON.

Waterproof—Not Cast Iron

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

As spring and summer approach, I look forward to once more trying to find footwear for outdoor use that is really, honestly, waterproof. I have been trying now for five years to find a waterproof boot—one that is waterproof and still fairly comfortable—not a cast iron affair. I have tried soaking boots in oil, rubbing whale oil and bear oil and every other kind of oil into them, but they still manage to leak if I step into the lake a few inches while landing the canoe or, especially, if I walk any distance through wet grass. What is your very best recommendation?

M. L. R.
St. Louis, Mo.

The best recommendation this department makes, after considerable questioning of authorities on the subject, is that the only really waterproof boot is a rubber boot, and we recommend that a rubber boot be worn when absolute waterproof footwear is essential, and that light shoes be worn when getting the feet wet doesn't matter so much. In our search for the proper answer we found the following remarks on waterproof shoes, by Emerson Hough, the most interesting and most sensible by far:

A walking man needs shoe enough and not too much shoe. Obviously Uncle Sam has arrived upon the great truth that the best boot for a soldier or a sportsman need not be, and ought not to be, waterproof. Major Munson specifically states that the leather should be porous enough to allow perspiration to escape even though that means the lack of waterproof quality. If from continued wetting the shoe seems hard, when dried, it is softened with neat's-foot oil, or just with water applied inside and out. Uncle Sam knows another great truth—it does not hurt a man to have his feet wet when walking. It is better to dampen a light shoe and let it set to your foot than it is to try to pack around a heavy raw-hide, grain-leather, oil-soaked affair which never by any means in the world can adjust itself to the shape of your foot. . . .

A little neat's-foot oil used to soften the leather, and not to water-proof it, is about the limit. The soldier is encouraged to stand in water for about five minutes when he first puts on new shoes, and then to start off on a brisk walk of some miles over level ground. This sets the shoe to the foot. Once set, it should be kept of that shape. If the sergeant finds a rookie putting his wet boots under his head for a pillow, or letting the boxing get smashed down by something during the night, he will chide the novice and show him that his shoes should be left all the time foot-shape, as nearly as possible. If they pinch a little when put on in the morning, wet them, and then start to walking in them. At night never dry the shoes close to the fire. Many a sportsman will recall a pair of wet boots ruined in this way, especially if he soaked them with oil. The private soldier is taught to take his medicine of damp feet during the day, and then to get his feet warm at night by means of the cold bath and the rub and the dry pair of stockings. The sportsman may take lessons from the soldier. . . .

It makes no difference how wet your feet are in the daytime, if they are dry at night. . . .

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Murdo Gibson's Letter from the Wilderness

In camp, Lake of the Woods,
April, 1930.

DEAR Waltonians:

At the end of my March "Letter From The Wilderness," was an implied promise to tell you something more about the flying squirrels and other pets, that contribute so much to the delightfulness of my solitary camping.

Seldom, during daylight, is my door-yard unoccupied by food-seeking visitors. Singly, in pairs, in trios and ensemble, nuthatches, chickadees, Canada jays, blue jays, and red squirrels frisk and flutter in brisk competition for the various edibles I toss, or hold out, to them.

All but the blue jays are fearlessly tame and will take from my hands anything they particularly like and, when the weather permits me to keep the tent flap open, they come inside and boldly help themselves to any desirable provender they find accessible.

Boss, the larger of the two male red squirrels, is having an increasingly strenuous existence. He still tries—but with gradually lessening success—to dominate the premises. Quite soon, I expect Cheeky, his detested rival, to wrest from him the lightweight championship of Gibson's winter camp.

But it is unsafe to prophesy their future status. Life, for these creatures of the wild, is fraught with many dangers. At any moment, and without an instant's warning, death, sudden and violent, may end their earthly careers and leave me no clue to explain their unwonted absence.

For several months, Cheeky has tried, valiantly, to dethrone Boss. Until recently, however, all his attempts proved that Boss was his superior in everything, except the spirited foot race that followed immediately after each assault. Even then, it was fear that gave the added stimulus necessary to maintain the one-jump interval that generally separated pursuer and pursued.

But the plucky contender shows astonishing persistence and admirable courage in his continuous assaults upon the incumbent Boss. Not a day passes without one or more real—though indecisive—combats and several lively skirmishes.

These fights are whirlwind affairs, during which they flail each other, savagely, with widespread paws and wickedly extended claws. But, strangely enough, I never see them trying for disabling tooth holds. How they continue to escape serious injury, I don't know, but so far, I have never seen blood issuing from any of the numerous scratches plainly visible on their coats. As yet, Boss has never been driven from the field of battle, but he cannot now force Cheeky to precipitate retreat nor silence his slanderous chatterings.

And such language: In mountain regions I have heard some sulphurous defamations of character, expressed rather forcibly by exasperated muleteers. On congested streets I have listened, appalled, while infuriated truck drivers broadcasted their poor opinions of the ancestry, intelligence, vision and skill of other chauffeurs; and in logging camps I have sat, horrified, half expecting a supernatural hand to smite into instant and eternal silence, a sacrilegious blasphemer whose foul curses shocked even my well-calloused sensibilities. But for unrestrained and long continued utterances of unqualified disapproval, truculent resentment and bitter, undying hatred, the venomous tirades of these two tongue lashing nut crackers surpass any other denunciations that ever assailed my ears.

Even when both belligerents have as large pieces of delicious pancake as they can hold in their hand-like paws, they will sit up on nearby perches and "chirk" spasmodically at each other, without pausing for breath or reducing the tempo of their high-speed jaws. Really, they are ill-tempered rowdies, with but little that is lovable—that I have discovered—in their spiteful, churlish dispositions.

Before they are six months old, they sometimes play, like kittens, with pendant strings or strips of bark, but, unless it was accompanied by a sportive member of the opposite sex, I have never seen an adult red squirrel show any signs of frivolity. My considered opinion of them is: they are quarrelsome, vicious, selfish thieves; comparatively stupid, near sighted and rather dull of scent. As for general intelligence, they are completely outclassed by both the Canada jays and the flying squirrels.

Flying squirrels—if truly represented by my two pets—are happy, fun-loving creatures, willing to live in peace with kin and neighbor and not averse to sharing their food with a friend. Instead of bristling, snarling and clawing when they meet, these nightly visitors frequently *kiss* each other, and more than once, I have seen one of them take—without a sign of opposition—a generous portion of the tid-bit the other was busily reducing to swallowing fineness.

Often they eat, cheek to cheek, from a fragment of food held in my hand. On one such occasion they were joined in the feast by the single mouse (short-tailed) that cold weather and a well-banked tent has not prevented from entering my domicile and getting its regular rations from the accustomed dish.

That flying squirrels are more intelligent than the reds is indicated in many easily observed ways. For instance: The snug fitting twelve-inch overlap that forms the tent door is fastened during cold weather to the ground log and held taut against the fixed wall by a braced pole which exerts a constant, closing pressure and shuts off all cold draughts. This arrangement never prevented the flying squirrels from entering and leaving the tent at will but it took the red squirrels more than three months to learn the "combination." All they had to do was to force their heads between the two sections and scramble through but they missed by their stupidity many comfortable hours during the present winter.

Another example of the flyers' superior sagacity is their directness in coming to me and asking for what they want. Like the Canada jays, when convinced that I intended them no harm, they acted accordingly and substituted confidence for suspicion.

Not so with the reds. After a year of close association and hand feeding they

have not fully overcome their natural penchant for indirect and if possible, unobserved approach. By this lack of understanding they lose to the birds practically every bit of food I, for the benefit of the "first comer," hand through the door.

Even when I drop a piece of pancake on a red squirrel's back—as I often do—the chances are about ten to one that a jay will get it. This happens nearly every day yet the chatterers have learned nothing from those experiences. They are not at all alarmed when I hit them with bits of food but they cannot find them without considerable nosing around and acting as if they were stone blind. Frankly, I don't understand their inability to recognize objects that lie within an inch or two of their feet. The same squirrel that cannot identify a bit of greasy pancake until his nose touches it will perform spectacular stunts of aerial acrobatics that must require extremely keen, rapid and accurate vision.

Women—Out of Doors

(Continued from page 61)

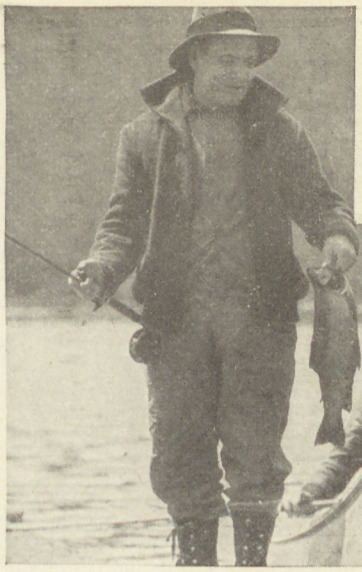
quiet corner, still fishing. Due to the hot sun and no strikes, we were half asleep, when suddenly Bobby cried, 'Daddy, I've got one!' Indeed he had and the little fellow held onto his pole for dear life while the fish bent and pulled it till the tip was in the water. Daddy had to help him land it, but not once did Bobby let go until the fish was in the boat. That fish was his own catch—one of the big moments of his life. We hurried home to our cabin to take a picture of the boy and his fish, a three-pound pike, which of course was not a large one but a very respectable catch for a six-year-old boy. 'I caught the biggest fish today,' were our small fisherman's last words as he snuggled down in bed that night.

"Another day Uncle Clive took Bobby and Donald fishing for perch and they came back with quite a string, all of which they had pulled in themselves. They were posed for a picture, two proud little boys!

"We thought for the trip to be complete, Donald should catch a pickerel, so one day when he insisted on trolling with the rest of us with his little bamboo pole, the men slipped a very small pickerel they had caught onto his hook. He pulled in quite excitedly and the little fish was all he could handle. Finally he got it into the boat, but, in disgust, he said: 'It's just a little one. Throw it back.'

"Several times the men went off for the day leaving the children and me to our own devices. We spent those days on the beach and in the woods, near our cottage. What a delight the beach was! Wading and splashing in the water, playing in the sand, hunting shells and stones—all great fun! Chipmunks and squirrels in the woods were an endless delight to the boys. They would sit quietly with me on a log for fifteen minutes at a time, scarcely moving, watching a chipmunk or squirrel, listening for a bird or watching to catch sight of it. Bobby knows many species of birds by sight and note.

"The view of the lake from our cottage was very beautiful and in the evening at sunset when the men were fishing we often sat in the swing on the porch watching the sunset on the water. The children loved it, and as I sat there, one dear little fisherman on each side of me, I felt thankful for the opportunity of bringing my boys close to nature and all its beauties. I felt grateful for this intimate, quiet companionship, a companionship which I hope will grow in the years to come. I hope I can always meet their expectations and that they will always say, 'Won't you go too, mother?'"



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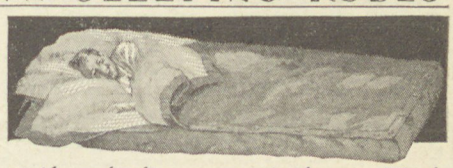

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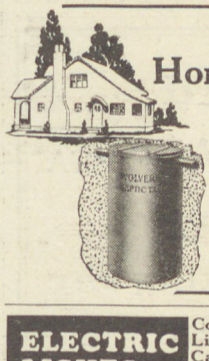

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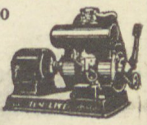

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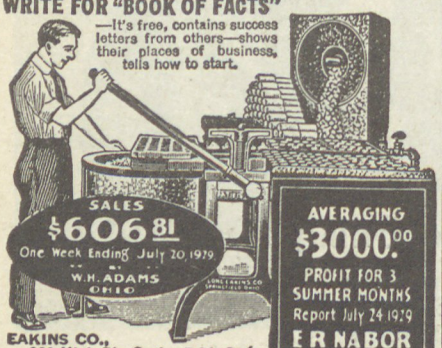

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TRIPS Afield with Boys

Conducted by Judge George W. Wood

About the Birds

IN wandering through our city library, my eye caught the title of a new book which looked interesting and I brought it home, thinking that the author of "Backyard Explorations" might give me some pointers as to how to better enjoy my own. Upon reading it, I found that he had taken the state of Connecticut for his backyard—a considerable territory, when here in my own small domain there is so much to see and enjoy even in the winter time when one is more confined to one's immediate neighborhood.

The author's field was not so restricted as that of the eighteenth century naturalist Gilbert White, who observed nature so exactly in his tiny parish of Selbourne that very few of his observations need correction more than a hundred years after his death. "The parish I live in," says White, "is a very abrupt, uneven country, full of hills and woods, and therefore full of birds"—a very heaven for boy or man in which to pursue any occupation. The Connecticut author records countless bits of information about such things as the familiar grub, the offspring of the June beetle and no friend to gardens; about the angleworm, which if severed, has the power to grow a new head or tail as the case may be; the cowherds of the ants, etc.

Early in the season I put out a bit of suet on my trees for the birds to peck at during the winter weather. I use a wire suet box bought at the ten cent store. These contrivances are not always to be found, however. An excellent makeshift is to be had in the wire soapdishes of various sorts to be found at this popular store. These can be attached to a board or not as desired and fastened to a tree to hold the suet.

This fall I made a feeding place by cutting an opening in the side of a cocoanut. I hung this up in a tree and filled it with seeds. At first I tried a mixture of cracked corn, wheat and oats that the dealer sells for chicken feed, but it seemed to attract only English sparrows. I then filled these little shells with sunflower seeds and very soon they were discovered by the little chickadees. They did not seem to sense my connection with this feast, for when I would appear in the door of the garage nearby I would come in for a scolding. Soon nuthatches came to snatch a seed or a bit of suet and fly to the shelter of the evergreens to eat it. I wondered whether they had been carefully taught their manners for they seemed to do their feeding upside down. I have looked for a nuthatch with better deportment, but so far he has not appeared.

Early last spring I was in Des Moines where my sister had always fed the birds. She was in the hospital, and when I went out to her vacant house, a cardinal came to the window where he was accustomed to being fed. Disappointed at finding nothing but an empty larder, when he discovered some one in the house, he flew to the window and pecked upon the window pane.

Years ago I had read of the Kentucky cardinal in the delightful little book of that title by James Lane Allen, and ever after was on the lookout for this brilliant little bird. In my walks and drives through our woods I was unable to find one. I was called to southeastern Kansas late one fall. When I left home it was crisp, cold weather with ice covering the ponds. When I reached my destination it was warm and clear. In the early morning I heard the call of a bird with which I was not familiar. The gentleman with whom I was said that it must have been a cardinal, and when I expressed a hope that I might see one, he invited me to his

"A feeding place made by cutting an opening in the side of a cocoanut."

"The little chickadees and nuthatches are so well groomed one imagines their making careful toilettes"—

This fastener on togs and tackle *adds new fun to spring sports*

WHEN you're breaking through underbrush to a new trout stream . . . when you're stretching a single into a two-bagger on a slide . . . when you're ready to drop into a tent cot for a sound sleep with no flying visitors . . . that's when you thank the gods for the snug-locking, flat-lying sturdiness of Talon Slide Fasteners. Talons leave no gaps for pesky twigs, dirt, or mosquitoes. They won't rust or jam . . . they work easier every time they're laundered.

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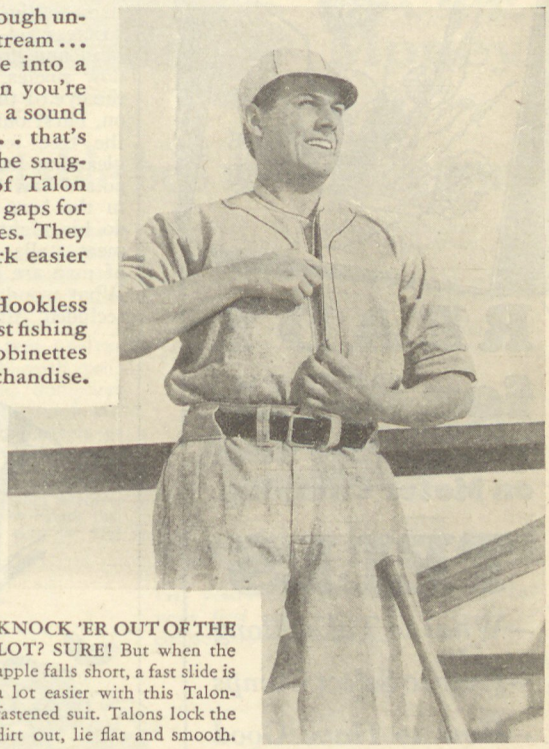

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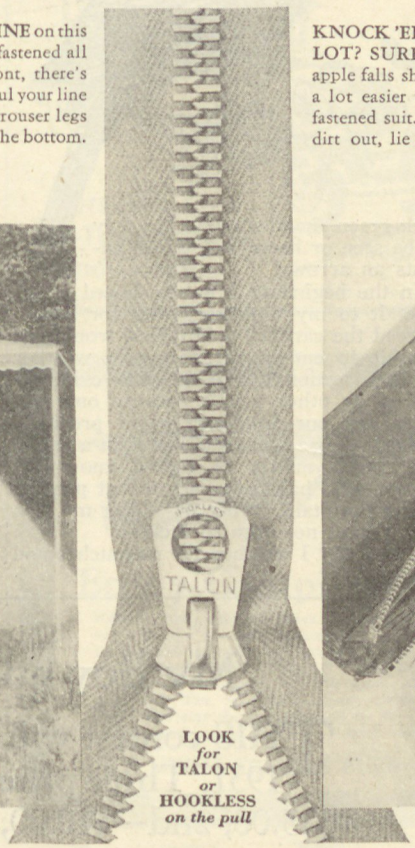

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house, and in the garden several cardinals were flying among the bushes. They did not seem at all shy, which was not what I had been led to expect from the reading of this passage in the little book, "It is then amid black clouds and drifting snows that the gorgeous cardinal stands forth in the ideal picture of his destiny. For it is then that his beauty is most conspicuous, and that Death, lover of the peerless, strikes at him from afar. So that he retires to the twilight solitude of his wild fortress. Let him even show his noble head and breast at a slit in its green window shades, and a ray flashes from it to the eye of the cat; let him, as spring comes on, burst out in desperation, and mount to the tree tops which he loves, and his gleaming red coat betrays him to the poised hawk, as to a distant sharpshooter; in the barn nearby an owl is waiting to do his night marketing at various tender meat stalls; above all, the eye and heart of man are his diurnal and nocturnal foe. What wonder if he is so shy, so rare and secluded, this flame-colored prisoner in

"A Kentucky cardinal—I am always on the lookout for this brilliant little bird."

dark green chambers who has only to be seen or heard and Death adjusts an arrow."

In the beginning I hardly hoped to attract it to my feeding station for I considered the cardinal a bird that would not be able to endure the very cold weather of this section. This idea is evidently shared by other people because only the other day our local newspaper predicted spring because some one had seen a cardinal. As a matter of fact I know one woman who has six or seven that partake of her hospitality every day. For my own part I have not been so lucky.

Every day I watched the nuthatches and chickadees coming after their daily ration of sunflower seeds. One morning I heard a strange note in an apple tree just outside my hedge. I looked and there among the branches was a cardinal. He sat there very quietly for a long time with a flock of English sparrows about him, and I held my breath for fear he would not be attracted by my offerings. Suddenly like a bit of flame he darted to the ground where I had put some seeds. Every day he came back very early. Then it turned very cold and the ground was hidden with a wind driven covering of snow. I swept a spot clear with little hope that the cardinal would stay in so boisterous and cold a climate. For a day or so I did not see him. Then I observed him again in the apple tree where he perched again, surrounded by a group of English sparrows. Most of the birds that come to my yard seem so clean and neat. The little chickadees and nuthatches are so well groomed one imagines their making careful toilettes. They are so clean and wholesome looking that I wonder why it is that the little sparrows seem to gather all the dirt and soot that come from the winter chimneys. They certainly do not know how much they suffer in comparison with the cardinal, whom they seem to feel should have a complete bodyguard. They have all the appearance of a group of chimney sweeps.

This morning while the cardinal was feeding in the snow my first bluejay appeared. The cardinal paid no attention to him, but the English sparrows scattered on his coming. Ordinarily I do not care for the bluejay. He is such a bold, heartless robber, about whom Mark Twain said that he will lie and cheat and steal, and has no more honor than a congressman.

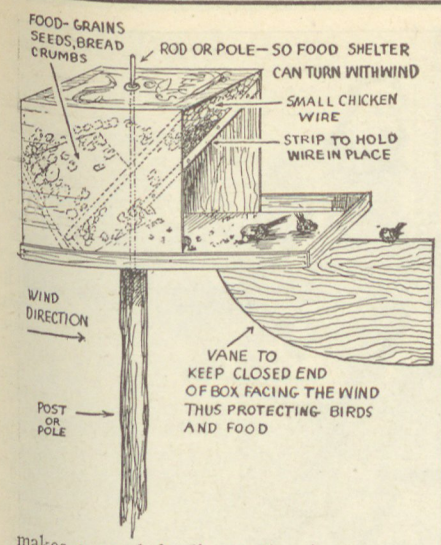
Last spring at the national convention I heard Dr. Pearson of the Audubon Society say that when he was a boy he believed the story that on Fridays the jays would all be away, for on that day they were supposed to be carrying the water to the devil. With all of his bad reputation, I welcomed him when he dispersed the flock of dirty sparrows, who seem to think the food I put out is for them, when as a matter of fact, I have no desire or intention to make provision for them, for I have never known weather conditions to be so severe that the English sparrow does not seem to be able to look out for himself.

The wind driven snow covers up the food unless placed in some sheltered position. Feeding tables may be made that swing with the wind so that the opening is always protected. A wide board fastened to a window sill with a little railing about the edge to protect the seeds

My Boy and I Contest

THIS contest will run until January 1, 1931. Three prizes will be given, 1st—$15.00, 2nd—$10.00, 3rd—$5.00.

Entrants must send outdoor photographs of themselves with their sons or daughters, accompanied by letters, not over 200 words in length recounting their experiences together in the outdoors.


FOOD-GRAINS SEEDS, BREAD CRUMBS
ROD OR POLE—SO FOOD SHELTER CAN TURN WITH WIND
SMALL CHICKEN WIRE
STRIP TO HOLD WIRE IN PLACE
WIND DIRECTION
VANE TO KEEP CLOSED END OF BOX FACING THE WIND THUS PROTECTING BIRDS AND FOOD
POST OR POLE

makes a good feeding table, since one can readily watch the birds from inside and also put out the food through the window. The birds are more easily attracted if they have some handy place on which to light. A small evergreen tree or bough on the board makes an ideal place for them to rest. A feeding table may be made by taking the circular cover of a cheese box and nailing this on an upright. If this is a branch with a few stout twigs upon which the birds may perch, so much the better. Fasten heavy wires on the sides of the cover and bend them so that they arch and cross in the center. Along these train evergreen branches.

We usually hear of the first robins coming long before the angleworms are ready to come out of the ground. Often they arrive during a bit of nice weather that is followed by a severe snow storm, and then you will see them feeding on whatever may be found. Usually the robin prefers a meat diet and seems to hear when an angleworm is about to come out of the ground, for you will see him stand with his head cocked on one side watching the ground. Suddenly he darts forward, and tugs at a fat worm. When I go out to dig in the garden, the robins follow me about for they know a good meal is forthcoming.

I often turn up some of the white grubs that as a boy I used to seek with so little success. We considered them the very last word in effectiveness for fishing. Now I am under strict injunction to destroy all of them, for they do such terrible things to the plants. I cannot bring myself to ignominiously scrunch them, so I compromise by putting them on the cement walk and trust to my good ally the robin to pick them up. For this assistance I am going to be on the lookout for the first robin this spring, and have ready a nice diet of suet cubes with perhaps a bit of liver cut fine. If he finds my garden an inviting place he may stay and tend to all the grubs and worms that threaten my flowers, so that I can go fishing without the thought of havoc being wrought behind me.

Judge Wood will conduct two thirty-day camping and packhorse trips in Idaho next summer, each with a group of ten boys. One trip will be in July and one in August. It is impossible to imagine a more healthful, enjoyable, or instructive experience for any outdoor loving boy.

Information on the trips may be obtained from Judge George W. Wood, Waterloo, Iowa, or care of Outdoor America.

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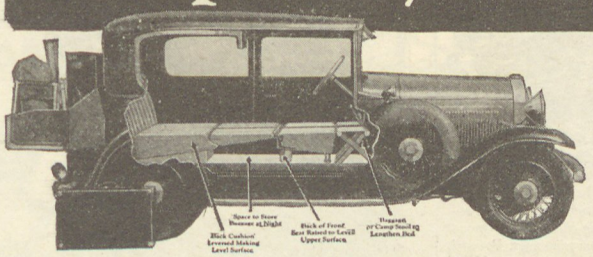

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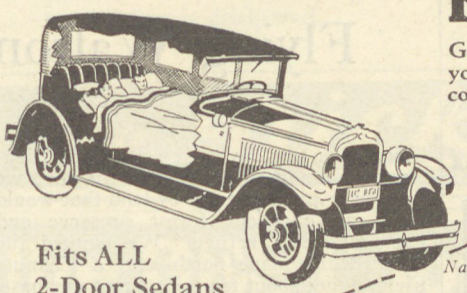

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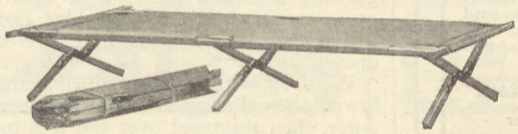

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Frame is of selected, Northern Rock Elm. Steel plates are riveted at joints for strength. Cover is specially woven, 12 oz. double-filled brown duck. Folds compactly for storage.

Enjoy Camping More—Be Comfortable

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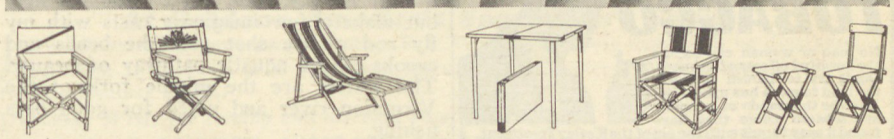

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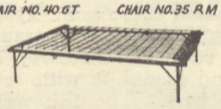

STEEL BED NO. 80

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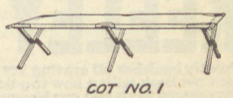

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Filling the canvas bag with grain-filled paper sacks before taking off for the quail grounds. Sergeant Paul Jackson, U. S. Army flyer, and Cal Johnson, Director of Public Information of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Flying Waltonians of Rantoul

(Continued from page 37)

"bombs" on our day of sky activities, Lieutenant Laughinghouse suggested that we fly over a 428-acre tract of land that would make an excellent forest preserve and game and fish refuge. We pointed the nose of the plane north-east of Chanute Field, flying about ten miles from our base, until we were directly over the tract in question.

Looking down from an altitude of 1,600 feet, I could see a beautiful winding river, which looked more like a twisted piece of ribbon than anything else from such a height. Blocks of timber could be distinguished here and there, with squares of open country that looked like excellent ground for game birds that live in the open.

We dropped to a lower altitude and followed the winding river for quite a distance, then skimmed over the tree tops of the beautiful hardwoods below. I was witnessing the possibilities of a fish and game preserve of over 400 acres in less time than it would have taken to motor half way there from Rantoul. While the ground, trees and water could not be analyzed closely from my seat in the plane, I certainly could visualize the merits possessed by the tract below me and was very well pleased with its general contour and location.

The river impressed me particularly, as a river usually does, and I could not help but make a few imaginary casts with my fly rod as we shot past the bends and crooks of the aquatic pathway of beauty. The waters are the middle fork of the Virmilion river and noted for good bass fishing.

Earlier in the season these same flying sportsmen had flown a tri-motored transport plane to the state fish hatchery at Matoon, Illinois, and loaded it with several cans of black bass. The fish were transplanted in the Virmilion river, all bass being of mature size and well equipped to care for themselves after liberation. This method of transporting game fish should prove successful during warm weather, as the time is lessened considerably for which the fish must be kept in captivity and a longer distance can be covered in much less time than any other form of transportation.

There is no question but that the airplane can, and will, be called upon to perform many important duties in the program of conservation in the future. The success of the ventures sponsored by the flying Waltonians of Rantoul portrays clearly that the modern method of air transportation can be utilized to great advantage.

Game surveys, mapping proposed forest preserves, transporting fish and game and feeding the game birds during the winter are only a few of the things that can be accomplished by airplane. Sportsmen have already found the plane to be extremely welcome in carrying them to far-off fish and game lands when time was limited. Each year will see more conservation organizations enlisting the services of the airplane to enlarge their scope of activities. Forest fire patrols via plane have helped to lessen the havoc of bad fires. Miles and miles of country can be viewed from the sky, and it is but a matter of minutes to notify the fire fighters and forest rangers of the geographical location and seriousness of the fire, which enables them to arrive upon the scene very rapidly and check the work of the red demon before much timber has been destroyed.

While the forest service has used the airplane for a number of years in their work of keeping a watchful eye on America's forest lands, it took the Rantoul flyers to discover that transporting game fish and feeding the birds from the air was also possible. Sergeant Jackson has made many feeding expeditions the past winter and no doubt the quail of northern Illinois benefited greatly by this co-operation from their mechanical brothers of the sky.

Two Black Bears

(Continued from page 29)

water as it raced over the rocks, and still having the wind in my favor I worked a little closer. When I peered from the top of the cut bank a good 75 feet from them, they were still there watching.

Then all of a sudden the old bear made a rush into the creek. Water splashed in all directions as she came out a second later with a good sized salmon in her mouth. When she dropped it on the bank the little fellow jumped on it. The salmon made a couple of flops and the cub jumped back. The cub was having the time of his life. His mammy had gone into the creek and was standing there chasing salmon. Sometimes she'd wallop the water with her fore paw in an attempt to scoop out a big one.

I picked up a rock about the size of a prune and threw it at the old bear. The rock hit her just above the root of the tail. Directly behind her, and caught in an old log jam at the edge of the creek, was a projecting snag. With a couple of startled and surprised grunts she whirled around, and with her right fore paw walloped the stump, evidently thinking she had backed into it.

But from then on she began to scent the air and occasionally looked behind her. A few seconds later I threw another rock, and this time it lit in front of her. Both she and the cub saw it splash. Stopping, motionless, they watched. I threw another. The old bear half turned and spotted me on the bank above her. There was a series of startled grunts as both bears dashed out of the creek and disappeared in some willows growing along the bank. As long as I could see them the old bear stayed behind keeping the little fellow moving, as he insisted on stopping every few feet to look back.

I returned to my horse and rode down on the clearing where I went into camp for the night. Beside my camp fire that evening I wondered how many had ever witnessed what I'd just seen. And then I wondered how many realize what a lot of fun can be had with the black bear and other wild animals of the forest and field without the aid of a rifle.

The Vanished People

(Continued from page 17)

hour. She seemed somehow ripened, less a child and more a woman. She was waking—stretching her arms—calling.

She did not now look so frankly into Adam's eyes. Embarrassed by his straight gaze, she began to talk hurriedly. "Do you think Blut-Bal will live?"

"There's no reason he shouldn't."

"It is a miracle. You must be one of the greatest men in the world."

He did not laugh at this extravagance—it was not amusing, on Dian's lips—but he did shake his head. "Not by any means. You must believe that, Dian—I don't want to go under false colors. There are thousands and thousands of greater men in our world, and at least a thousand greater doctors. Blut-Bal himself surpasses me in many ways. I couldn't do what he did to-day."

She was silent a long time. "I'll wait and see, and judge for myself. I think

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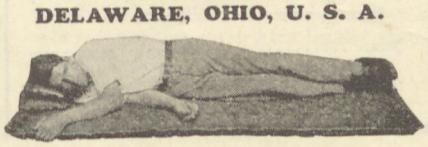

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you are worthy to lead our people, and they will think so too, when they know you well. But I am proud of Blut-Bal, too. Do you know now whether my cousin—the picture-maker who stands next to Dian—can bear pain?"

"He's wonderful, Dian. All your people are wonderful. And that's not the only thing I know."

He spoke so solemnly, with such deep feeling, that she whirled to gaze into his face. "What is it?"

"I know that I'm going to try to preserve them against trouble. Whatever happens, I'm going to stand by them to the end."

VII

When the words were out of his mouth, Adam felt secret fear. A hard knot, this he had tied—virtually pledging his life to the Cro-Magnon people. The consequences of that pledge he could not yet foresee, but coming events cast ominous shadows before. Indeed he did not dare attempt to look into the future and contemplate the trouble he had invited.

If the affair could be settled in one desperate adventure, he could go through with it bravely enough. Like most men of his race, he could reach occasional peaks of sacrifice and even heroism, especially under the stimulus of great excitement. He was a choleric, two-fisted man, for all his cool scientific brain; and as thousands of his race had done before him, he could fight like a bull-dog, literally to the death, for causes he did not wholly understand. But this might not be the price he must pay. The heroism required of him might be of a cold-blooded kind foreign to his temperament, and the sacrifice might not be met and quickly given, but life-long.

"I'm going to stand by your people to the end," he had said. Dian turned quickly toward him, searching his face, but he dared not explain to her what he meant. Perhaps he was not ready to admit, even to himself, what he did mean. For the same reason he could not bear to consider ways and means—any plans he could make to achieve his purposes and save the tribe, ended in the same brick wall of despair for himself.

When she asked if he would like to go with some of the tribesmen on a hunting trip, his face showed immense relief. It was an opportunity to postpone the dreaded

taller than you. The old men tell stories about him on winter nights, of how he killed Yore with his naked hands, and other great deeds. It is his bow that hangs in the Guest-House, waiting for a hunter strong enough to shoot it."

The bliss and enthusiasm of youth swept over Adam. His skin tingled, and he forgot the inner strife and trouble which weighed so heavily upon him. "Why do you keep it there, instead of in the temple?"

"What is now the Guest-House was Tal-Eika's dwelling, before he mated with Dian Lilth and became chief. His bow hangs there partly to mark the spot—as if we could ever forget!—and partly as a taunt to the hunters from nearby villages who rest in that house when they come to say prayers to Dian. *Their* villages—there are several, in the Moss Country—have never yet sent a man who can shoot his bow."

"And you mean to say that of all the strong men in all your villages, there is not one that can handle it?"

"Not one. I am glad, because if a man did arise who could shoot the bow, the hunters might think he was another Tal-Eika, and ask Dian to make him her husband. It would be good to have such a man, with arms so strong, but Dian would rather choose her own mate, perhaps one not so strong but with greater wisdom and more laughter."

"So you don't think there is any use of my trying to shoot the bow?"

"It would make the hunters smile to see you try and fail. You are my Tall One, but you are not Tal-Eika."

Adam was dumfounded by this development. He knew perfectly well that he was not Tal-Eika, or any of his ilk, yet he could shoot Tal-Eika's bow. Moreover, he knew that there were countless thousands of men in his own country who with a few months' practice could do the same. One archer of his acquaintance never used a lighter bow; there was another, well known in the sport, who regularly shot a bow drawing twenty pounds more.

True, Adam had a powerful, well-conditioned body. But there were many men in the villages with bigger muscles, many who were his equal if not superior in general athletic prowess. He was far from a superman, and could not even pretend that he could kill a bear with his naked hands. Yet the fact remained that he was able to shoot, with comparative ease, a weapon that over-bowed all of Dian's hunters, and which had not been shot since the death of its owner, several decades before.

It was not a matter of practice. The Cro-Magnon men lived with their bows in their hands; he was only an amateur. He put his keen mind on the mystery, and soon evolved an answer.

The Cro-Magnons were a race apart, with their own peculiarities of bone and muscle. Their upper arms were somewhat short, compared to Americans of the same height. Thus their inability to shoot extremely powerful bows was probably due not to muscular deficiency, but to simple mechanical limitations. They could not supply sufficient leverage to draw eighty pounds.

Adam resolved to make the most of his advantage. The more he could impress the tribesmen, the greater his influence over them, in times of stress to come. "I'm going to try the big bow, anyway," he told Dian.

She was incredulous, but obviously thrilled. "Perhaps Tal-Eika has come back," she whispered, her lips close to his ear. "But you shall be careful, my Tall One. The feet of Zwei-Tag are death."

"Who is Zwei-Tag?"

"The game you will hunt to-day. The scouts have found him, in a valley back of the hills. When you see him, your heart will leap up, and you will forget fear, and even forget Dian, and think only of the battle, the yells, the running blood. But it is great danger."

"There is always danger. Danger is hanging over the tribe right now. You have warned me, and now I'll warn you. When Belgrade, the Dark One, attempts to repair the flying boat, tell him he must wait. Tell some of your men to stand guard over it, and don't let him even touch it. Will you do this, Dian?"

The girl smiled secretly. "I will do it, for you, but I am not afraid of the Dark One."

"Believe me, it is vital. Where is he now?"

"He has asked to go with Jim-Hull and others of Ug Paddrin, to hunt and take pictures of the wild folk." Her tone became scornful. "He carried his gun."

Dian had never seen a gun until now. Both Morrison and Hull had shot away all their ammunition and had discarded their pieces before they were rescued. Morrison had described the weapons to her, but she discredited their lethal powers, and put her trust in the ancient bows and spears. Adam knew she was due for a rude wakening. Ten such bows as Tal-Eika's were no match for one steel tube set in walnut. That Belgrade would return from his hunt with the fame of a miracle-worker was practically a certainty; and Adam would need all the strength he could muster to combat him.

Although guns were lacking, bows and spears would not be the only means employed to conquer Zwei-Tag. Every one of the forty or more men who would accompany Adam unpicketed his dogs and led them, well in order on the leash, to the rendezvous in front of the temple. They made a formidable array: at least two hundred gaunt killers, their fur white as their fangs.

Narrow-eyed, treacherous-looking brutes, no more or less than domesticated wolves, they had been marvelously trained and disciplined. This fact was apparent already, at the start of the hunt, and the wonder of it grew as the day advanced. They crouched down, ears pricked for their masters' lightest commands, and the howls and clamor that Adam expected did not once break out. Indeed, they were silent as shadows, a fact that made them seem far more sinister and deadly than the baying, barking hunting-dogs of the North.

Tall, deep-bosomed girls had followed their mates to the rendezvous, their eyes bright with pride. Adam could understand this feeling: it would be hard to imagine a more stalwart, war-like, fine-looking group of men than these yellow-haired savages, their white wolf dogs on leash, and their primitive weapons on their backs. The scene called back the dead centuries—Adam's blue-eyed ancestors, in the forests of Ancient Germany, marshaling to hunt the eurochs and the wild horse. There was never a man of their men who was not tall, lithe, and hard—superbly muscular—light of step as their own tame wolves.

They were the last of the Cro-Magnons, one of the noblest races of all time. If they should be wiped out, the world would lose a romance, a living legend, an ancient glory that it could never regain. Adam shuddered to think of the doom that hung over them—disease, degeneracy and death, and at last a few tainted half-breeds begging for sugar at the trading store where once the First Fire leaped from the tripod lamp.

But what price their preservation?

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)

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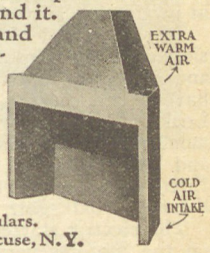

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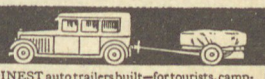

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By Paul Burress

Outboards for 1930

MANY 1930 models which achieve new standards of outboard motor perfection and mark the introduction of radical new developments were shown at the New York motor boat show. Electric starters are the feature of this year's line. New standards of quiet, powerful performance have been reached which will, no doubt, create new records in production as well as speed.

The Outboard Motors Corporation, consisting of the consolidated Evinrude, Elto and Lockwood outboard motor companies, have introduced the electric starter on the Lockwood Chief which should prove a most popular auxiliary unit for sailboats and light cruisers. The Chief is also offered with cord starter, as are the Ace and the new FoldLight.

The electric starter has been constructed on the motor-generator principle consisting of a combined starting and generating unit, working automatically, directly mounted on the crank shaft and when the storage battery current is connected, spins the motor over compression for quick starting. After the motor has started the unit becomes a generator for charging the six-volt storage battery which supplies current for the ignition and lighting. Another feature of the motor is that all moving parts except the propeller are under cover.

The Senior Elto Speedster, a motor which has been under development for two years, makes its debut with a self starter and many added improvements over previous models in its class. This motor has 24.5 cubic inch displacement with a 2½-inch stroke by 2½-inch bore. It is well adapted for speedy family runabouts and fishing boats as well as auxiliary power for larger boats.

Similar to the Quad and the Lockwood Chief, the Elto Senior Speedster may be obtained with a centralized control board, giving finger tip control of starting, stopping, acceleration, choke and spark. This is additional equipment.

The Elto Lightweight is a hinged motor which permits the motor to be folded to the compact dimensions of 22 inches long by 11 inches square. Atwater Kent ignition assures quarter-turn starting on this light 32-pound motor.

The Evinrude Speeditwin, besides having an electric starter, has been further improved by a new lower unit, giving greater power and speed and even more quiet performance. All Evinrude models carry the full roller and ball bearing construction which with the automatic tilt-up feature will further popularize this line of motors in 1930. The Fleetwin, weighing but 58 pounds including the added improvements, will remain a favorite with sportsmen who demand light portable motors.

The Johnson Motor Company have announced many new improvements, some of which are more revolutionary than those which characterized the 1929 line of Sea Horses, and in addition, two new motors, the Sea Horse 4 and the Sea Horse 12. The most startling improvement is a successful twin cylinder motor in which the cylinders fire alternately, one after the other, instead of simultaneously. Two impulses are produced per revolution instead of one, as heretofore. This alternate firing system insures a smooth power flow which practically eliminates vibration. This feature is incorporated in both the new Sea Horses and permits them to throttle down to an unusually slow speed. The Johnson under-water exhaust is enclosed in the driveshaft casing allowing the full pivot steering mechanism in the new Sea Horse models.

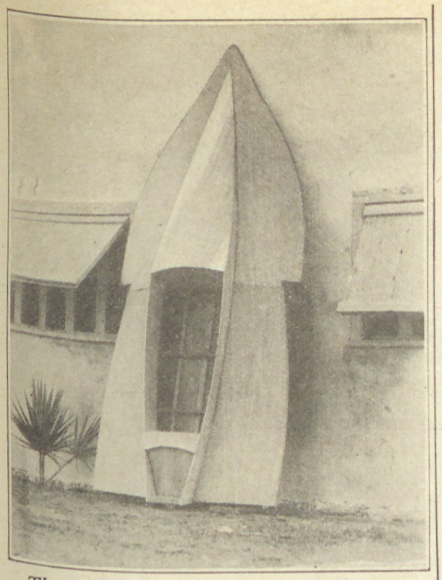
In addition to this, Johnson has also designed an automatic back pressure relief valve which opens and closes the cutout valve to relieve back pressure from the underwater exhaust. In the 4 and 12 this automatic valve is operated by the water pressure from the cooling system, and on the 16 and 32 by spark control. Both operate to permit the valve to close at high speeds and open at low speeds. The Sea Horse line for 1930 consists of seven models, one for every use and purpose from the single to the 32. The single weighs 27 pounds, is a three-port type and has full pivot steering.

The Caille Red Heads, as the 1930 line will be known, have for the first time in outboard history announced a complete control which incorporates a change of speeds including reverse and electric starting. The new line will consist of one Class A light sport motor, two Class B and two Class C motors. There is one racing and one utility in each division.

The Caille speed control is accomplished by a device which changes the pitch of the wheel by a simple up and down movement of the control handle, giving a neutral speed for starting, a slow reverse for backing, and two speeds forward. The speeds are selective to the extent that the motor may be thrown from high speed to reverse for quick stops. Cooling is accomplished by centrifugal pump, ignition by Bosch flywheel magneto, which in combination with Tillotson carburetor insures increased fuel economy. The Caille racing motors have a two-inch lower center of gravity for increased speed and safety. The propellers are mounted ahead of the gear housing to insure a good bite into solid water.

The Johnson Motor Company announce a line of boats to match their Sea Horses which should assure the maximum efficiency in operation and economy. The line consists of matched units in several color combinations; the 20-ft. Aquaflyer Runabout, designed for the Sea Horse 16, 24 or 32, a cross between the bilge type boat and the hydroplane; the De Luxe Aquaflyer Runabout; an 18-ft. V-bottom craft with a 60-inch beam with hatch enclosed motor, speed with 16 motor is about 19 m.p.h., and with the 32, over 25 m.p.h. Another model, the Service Runabout, has the same beam, length and bottom as the De Luxe Runabout, but the interior finish and design are different. This craft will make a speed of 22 m.p.h. with the Sea Horse 16 and is well adapted for the 32. The Utility A Boat is of the round bilge type, 14 feet long and adapted to the Sea Horse Single, 3, 4, 10 or 12, installed in transom. Three cross seats give a carrying capacity of eight persons.

Dick Upsall, W. M. Pate and J. K. Milliken, nationally known outboard race drivers and one of their latest creations in outboard speed hulls.



The very latest in pontoon construction built for their personal use by Milliken, Upsall and Pate, champion drivers.

The Indian Motorcycle Company have placed a new outboard motor on the market known as the Silver Arrow. The motor is of the Class B type and is a two-stroke, three-port design. A 2½-inch bore and a two-inch stroke gives it a displacement of 19.36 cubic inches. The motor is a high speed type with a normal speed of 4,600 revolutions per minute. With 27 years in building small gasoline engines to develop the utmost horsepower in the smallest space, it is not surprising to note the high efficiency feature of the design of the cylinders. They consist of a cylinder packet of aluminum alloy, with a high grade cast iron cylinder barrel inserted.

Outboard Racing Hulls

By DICK UPSALL

National Class B Champion, at Peoria, Illinois

THE growing popularity of outboard motors is shown by the ever increasing demand for more and various types of motors. Outboard manufacturers are now busy the year around, whereas just a few years back, the outboard factory was a deserted old machine shop where production was confined to a few months in the spring of the year.

Factories were quick to realize the tremendous demand and started manufacturing eight or ten different models to fit any size of the smaller type boats. The smallest weighing less than 30 pounds and the largest well over 100 pounds, gave the public a large variety of sizes to choose from.

Naturally with the output of outboard motors increasing year after year, the outboard fan had to have something to run his motor on and this was reflected in the boat business to a point where boat factories can hardly keep up with the demand, especially during the spring of the year. One of the largest outboard manufacturers has taken advantage of the demand for boats and has gone into the boat business. Their plan is to sell matched units, in other words they sell you a motor and a boat that are especially adapted to one another.

The outboard motor and boat business is becoming highly specialized to the extent that any manufacturer in the field had better know whereof he enters before starting in.

The racing boat used in connection with

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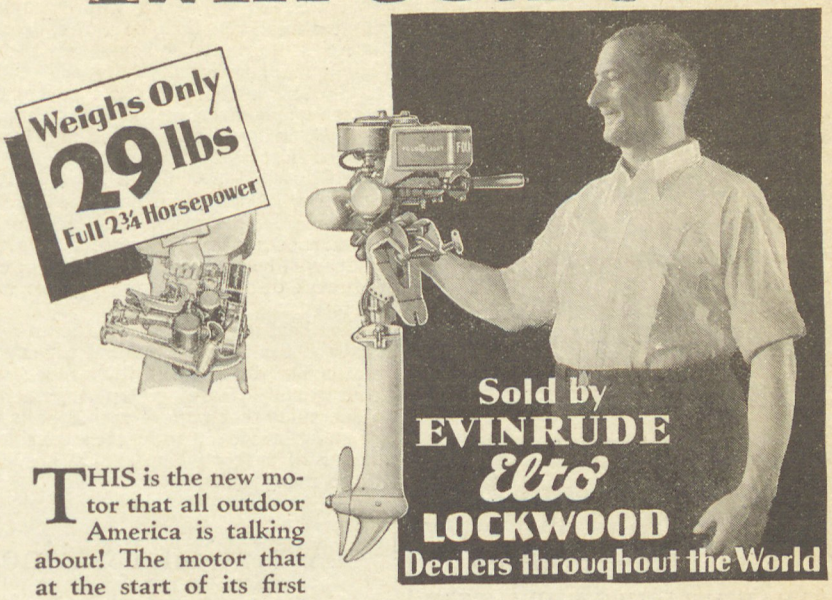

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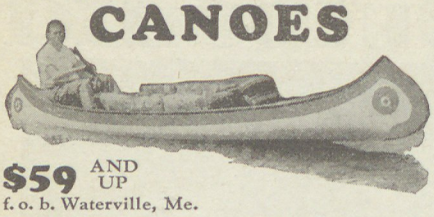

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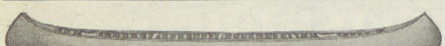

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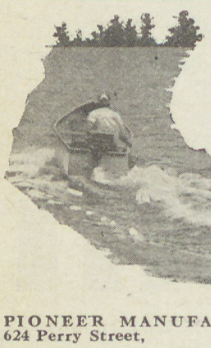

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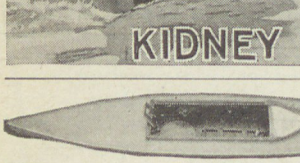

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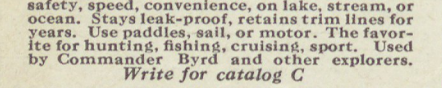

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Station B CINCINNATI, OHIO

the racing type of outboard motor has caused the manufacturers more bother than any other type of craft. This is also true of motors, but especially so in boats. The factories are always striving to win races as it makes good material for advertising purposes. It is a well known fact that everybody likes a winner, and it is human nature to imagine that if so-and-so makes a good racing boat, then their fish boat should be equally as good.

One bugbear to the racing game has been turning over just about the time you are out in front going good and ready to collect first prize in the groceries. If it were possible to build a good light fast speed hull that would not upset, it would ruin the Hell Diver's Club, but most of its members would be more than satisfied as it must be remembered that about eighty per cent of the turnovers require rebuilt motors.

The boat and motor manufacturers have realized for a long time that turning over was a bad feature for their business and consequently have gotten together and made rules that require racing hulls to be of sufficient weight to insure a considerable factor of safety which should put an end to so many spills.

The most modern racing hulls are being built with relieved chimes or pontoons which tend to keep the boat from digging or tipping. This idea originated with Harrison Frazier of Auburndale, Florida, who several years ago appeared at a race with anti-trippers on the sides of his boat and which did the work required of them very well at the speed they were traveling in those days. Within a few months several well known boat manufacturers appeared with anti-trippers as standard equipment. The relieved chime or pontoon idea is being worked out now by most boat manufacturers and if we ever secure a fast light boat that will not upset through their use, I think we should all feel indebted to Mr. Frazier for his original idea.

Rules requiring the use of lighter racing hulls has caused considerable complaint from the race drivers which would require them to buy new racing hulls. It is a well known fact that a heavy boat can not beat a light boat, everything else being equal. Of course, any feature to a boat that tends to slow it up is against a boat racer's principle. Some of the boys have gone to extremes and are riding on nothing more than shingles, figuring that a victory every now and then is worth two or three spills.

A National Shrine or A National Disgrace?

(Continued from page 20)

Creek in time will disappear and the glory of Rock Creek Park will be greatly dimmed.

But I am sure that readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA will be particularly interested in that part of H. R. 26 which provides for the establishment of the George Washington Memorial Parkway.

The Commission has formulated a splendid program which includes the acquisition and preservation of the banks of the Potomac. Congress told them to plan and to buy, but until H. R. 26 is enacted it cannot proceed.

In the meantime the precious scenic beauties and recreation spots are being taken by industrial and residential development. The same motor age that finds greatly increased need for regional parks finds increased competition for their acquisition by the increased demands for private use. One continuous strip of three miles of these beautiful Virginia palisades are now owned by a quarry company which may become active in its operations at any time. An oil company is pressing for permit for the erection of wharf and oil tanks in the very region we wish to acquire. Large numbers of trees along the old Chesapeake and Ohio have recently been felled. Every day carries its own emergency in the life of this great scenic area. The Izaak Walton League, the American Society of Landscape Architects, the American Institute of Architects, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Civic Association, the Garden Club of America, and many other organizations and individuals throughout the Nation urge enactment of this legislation.

Who then is against this legislation that means so much for the rounded-out beautiful city that is to be our National Capital? The answer is briefly and definitely —power interests. For many years power interests have seriously urged replacement of the unique and outstanding natural beauties of Great Falls and the Gorge of the Potomac with man-made reservoirs of much more commonplace artificial beauties. In particular, the Byllesby power group, operating under the name of the Potomac River Corporation, has for a considerable time had an application pending before the Power Commission for extensive use of Great Falls in power development. That power interest has been lobbying for several weeks at the Capital for defeat or delay of this important park legislation on the ground that passage of H. R. 26 will forever prevent any navigation or power development at Great Falls and the Gorge of the Potomac.

The mere fact that H. R. 26, while establishing, in effect, a priority for park purposes, leaves the future question of power and navigation development entirely in the hands of Congress, does not deter these gentlemen in their opposition. This is because what they really desire is not power development consistent with essential park control, but a priority for a power development that would be destructive of this rare scenery at the door of the Capital.

H. R. 26 does not seek to tie the hands of Congress in the future as to power or navigation development in the Potomac. One Congress cannot tie the hands of the subsequent Congress. We are seeking to protect and preserve these great scenic beauties. As to power and navigation, the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, December 15, 1928, before this discussion became at all acute, adopted a resolution urging the immediate acquisition of the lands about the Gorge and Great Falls of the Potomac:

"Leaving it open for Congress at any future time to authorize the development of the navigation, flood control, and power potentialities of the area should such development become of greater importance and be justified in the public interest."

There is at present no occasion for any power or navigation development in the Potomac. What may be the situation ten years from now or twenty-five or fifty years cannot be so definitely stated. How rapidly conditions change was emphasized to me in the statute of the State of Maryland enacted in 1906, less than a quarter of a century ago, fixing the speed limit for motor vehicles in that State at six miles an hour in towns and at road intersections and twelve miles an hour elsewhere. We cannot with any more certainty determine the navigation and power requirements of the future than could the Legislature of

Maryland in 1906 guess our traffic requirements of today.

But so great are the beauties of that area and so sincere are the people of this Nation in their desire that this Capital City be the most beautiful city in the world, and so important a part in that dream city are these scenic beauties that I am sure that once this great parkway is established and hundreds daily enjoy its charms for each one that now visits it, no Congress will ever permit any commercial development to take place in the Gorge of the Potomac that will materially obliterate its present natural beauties.

Recently Major Brehon Somervell, District Engineer, Corps of Engineers, of the War Department, in charge of the Washington District, wrote:

"The Cramton bill will not interfere with the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal as it now exists. It will, however, prevent the provision of modern facilities and will involve a waste of $100,000,000 of the country's resources in eliminating navigation and power development on the river. There is no reason to sacrifice these two highly important interests, as an equally beautiful and far more useful park can be provided in the vicinity of Great Falls in combination with power and navigation than can one with the river in its present state."

Major Somervell is as enthusiastic for power development at Great Falls as are Colonel Tyler, of the power commission, and Colonel Keller, formerly of the Corps of Engineers and now chief engineer for the Byllesby Company. The War Department's general survey of the Potomac is not complete and final report upon it cannot come to Congress for two years or more. But Major Somervell already has his mind made up and does not hesitate to condemn H. R. 26, and endorse a general program of navigation and power development in the Potomac.

When we want an opinion on power or navigation development we might be justified in going to Major Somervell but when we want an opinion on scenic assets of the National Capital, we will naturally go to a landscape architect, a student of scenery. Mr. Arthur A. Shurtleff, President of the American Society of Landscape Architects, who recently made a personal inspection of this area, urges that we "preserve this notable scenery for the Nation in the Nation's Capital, where it can be enjoyed by every visitor to our memorials and monuments," rather than exchange this beauty for kilowatts which can be had nowadays as a commodity from the wires of any long-distance power line.

The House of Representatives by a vote of eight to one declared for preservation of these invaluable scenic assets when it passed H. R. 26. That bill is now pending before the Senate of the United States. Senator Capper, who introduced an identical bill some time ago has charge of the destinies of H. R. 26 in that Body and is hopeful of favorable action upon it. The effort of the power interests will be to secure delay since defeat always lurks in delay. H. R. 26 if it becomes law at this session of Congress will insure preservation of all those areas most important in the District of Columbia or adjacent to it for the realization of the dream we all cherish that the American Capital shall be the most beautiful city in the world.

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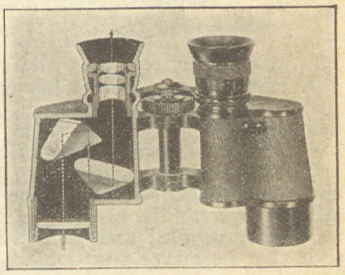

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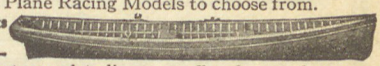

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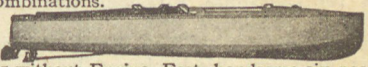

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed By
Thomas Ambrose

Assistant Reviewer
Ralph Cheyney

MY GUN DOGS, *by Ray P. Holland, Editor, "Field and Stream"—With six full-page illustrations by A. L. Ripley—Cloth, gold stamped, 5¾"x8½"—182 pages—Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York—$3.50.*

A WIT once remarked that a certain man was not yet in his dotage but just in his anecdotage. Though Ray Holland is a long way from either stage, he has rummaged through his memory and brought to light a rich store of anecdotes about dogs which will warm the hearts of all dog-lovers. He knows his dogs—and so genial, detailed and persuasive is his style that he makes you, too, know them. You feel as if you had shot over them or stroked their silky heads while they looked up at you with that depth of devotion which above all other places in the world you find most often in a dog's eyes.

Pointers, setters and retrievers are the heroes—or heroines—of most of these true tales. But one anecdote tells of something unique in canine chronicles: a boy's hunting pug! This breed seems almost extinct, supplanted by what the author calls "other breeds of fur-bearing cockroaches." Plenty of evidence that dogs can and do reason is offered here, and much to amuse and delight. The shadowed side of these accounts as of all other life histories is that death comes so soon. Many a man will breathe a fervent "amen" to the author's ejaculation, "May there be a hot corner in hell for the miserable creature who sets poison for his neighbor's dog!"

The artist's contribution to this book deserves special mention. Ripley is a master of the quietly effective line that without ostentation (no massing of blacks, for instance, or merely decorative lines) summons reality itself.

R. C.

ALL ABOUT PETS, *by Margery Bianco—Two dozen photographs and also numerous sketches by Grace Gilkison—134 pages—The Macmillan Company, New York—1929—$2.00.*

IF you know a child who was given a pet for Christmas, give him this book, so that he will know how to take care of it. If you know a child who was not given a pet, give him this book and he'll see to it that he gets a pet! Moreover, remember that 'most everybody is a child where pets are concerned.

How to cure a mouse of a cold, how to bathe a dog, how to pick up a guinea pig, how to de-flea a cat, how to clean an aquarium, how to build a rabbit-hutch—these are just a few of the very helpful and clear *how-to's* covered in this charming book by Margery Bianco, most amusingly decorated by Grace Gilkison. The photographs, too, will endear the book to the pet-lovers of any age.

The *how-to's* are accompanied by equally valuable *what-NOT-to's*—not to pick up a puppy by his front legs, for instance, or a rabbit by its ears. (But there's nothing on how to discourage the philoprogenitiveness of mice and rats, a pair of which sad experience has taught us will soon result in your treading on bevies of them, square yards of them, all over the house.) The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should distribute this book by the thousand. With animals it is a fact not a figure of speech that too many are loved to death, killed with kindness. (How many Easter ducklings grow up to duckhood?)

Speaking of ducks, we regret that Mrs. Bianco didn't! In fact, Mrs. Bianco, if you'll permit me to presume on our acquaintanceship and on your knowledge of my admiration for you and your greatly gifted daughter, Pamela, you really should widen your circle of friends in the pet world. This reviewer would gladly have introduced you at one time or another to a pet goat and donkey which would have made great additions to any football team, a couple of pet snakes, assorted poultry, especially one goose who was the most self-important dignitary he ever knew, and two bats—still, those bats never did become exactly chummy; and some people did think the snakes were a little too friendly, especially when they would unexpectedly crawl out of his pocket.

R. C.

SHOOTING BY MOOR, FIELD AND SHORE—*A Practical Guide to Modern Methods, by Eric Parker with contributions by Leslie Sprake, Major Portal, Major Pollard, J. C. M. Nichols, Richard Clapham, Lt.-Col. Badcock, Dugald Macintyre, Francis Cautley, Iain Ramsay, P. D. Williams, A. Hipgrave, Alban F. L. Bacon, Barrister-at-Law, and James Andrews, M. B.—with seventy-five photographs and forty-one sketches—Buckram, thick 8VO., 380 pp.—J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1929—$7.00.*

WITH substantially the same tackle, procedure and lack of success the hands that are now playing a solo on this typewriter have wielded a fishing rod above the waters of Lake Como almost in the shadow of the Alps, of the upper Thames and of the Seine—and, without much change except for better luck, in the White Mountains, the Rockies and between. Differences there are, especially for the true M. A., Master of Angling; but for the piscatorial amateur they are minor. Fishing rods are a symbol of world unity as well as individual peace, and swords should be beaten not into ploughshares, but fish hooks. He who brandishes a fishing rod however humble holds a scepter of dominion everywhere undisputed except by fish. Hunting is another story, as those who read this handsome third volume in the impressive Lonsdale Library of Sports soon realize.

"Thar's gold in them thar hills"—and there is much information of interest and value to American hunters in this tome by the Mrs. Emily Posts of British hunting etiquette. But both have to be dug for! Chapters on the natural history and preservation of game such as pheasants, woodcock, partridge, etc., on the diseases of game birds, on the training of bird dogs, on first aid for shooting accidents and recipes for cooking game that set your mouth watering, these and much else make this a book which belongs in any extensive sports library. But chapters on legal aspects of shooting, the modern gamekeeper and his duties, the management of a syndicate, methods of shooting, etc., make the reader realize how far away in miles and manners we are from Great Britain.

Punt-gunning, to which a chapter is devoted, strikes us as mighty poor sportsmanship—especially when we note such a sentence as, "Perhaps the surest target is a bunch of fowl sitting on the ice." Nor does the entire system of beaters kindle enthusiasm. But in sportsmanship charity should *not* start at home. There is one beast in whose conservation nobody should believe and not until it is extinct should we cast aspersions over the seas: *Game-Hog Americanus.*

R. C.

THE FUR ANIMALS OF LOUISIANA, *by Stanley C. Arthur—Paper, 6"x 9"—433 pages—More than 200 illustrations, chiefly photographs—Bulletin No. 18—State of Louisiana Department of Conservation, New Orleans—For distribution only to residents of Louisiana, 25c in stamps to cover cost of mailing.*

THIS fascinating, big book contains a vast store of valuable information which should be made accessible for trappers, fur-farmers, conservationists and nature students everywhere. In the meanwhile, we can only envy Louisianans—and borrow, if we can, their copies. The illustrations in themselves are remarkable. Here is the model for other states to follow, even though few other states can include 'gators among its bearers of valuable hides.

R. C.

OUTING LORE, *A Guide for the Modern Angler, by Edwin Thomas Whiffen—Cloth, stamped in gold, 5½"x 8"—185 pages—Walter Neale, New York City—$2.00.*

HALF the fun of fishing for many anglers is telling others about it afterward. The audience of half of them would like to have been in at the death of the fish, of the other half at the death of the narrator. Whiffen belongs to the first half. His book would make a helpful addition to the library of any ruler of the rod and reel and lover of the well-filled creel. What he has to say on rod handles, rod winding and rod repairing, his studies in trout psychology and his chapter on the Adirondack frostfish are especially interesting. Here is one of his many tips and hints, "Rub milkweed juice on your leader to take off the shine. You will catch more trout when the water is low and the weather bright."

R. C.

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY *Dog Editor Outdoor America*

Care of the Mother

YOU can pretty well tell by the condition of the young offspring how much attention the owner has given the mother. The truth of this can be well verified by every breeder of sporting dogs, though his interest be in beagles, foxhounds, spaniels, pointers, setters, or even those hounds that now go under the name of coonhounds. The genesis of all great dogs obtains in breeding. As that wonderful creature, the mother, has practically to take care of the matter from the time she accepts service of the sire until the puppies are weaned, we ought to do everything possible to make things safe and comfortable for her, so that her travails, as well as chances of danger, are less. Breeding is regarded as an art, but caring for the mother and her young is a greater one in some respects. The best investment you can make is in care, and if your future dog, be he for shooting or field trials, demands anything, it is care.

Stud fees are expensive. Keeping a dog runs into an outlay of money and effort. Is it sensible to waste your money and time, and that of the mother? Not alone does this apply to the suffering she must undergo by your failure to make everything comfortable and guarding against all possible occasions for accident, but also the likelihood of the coming youngsters being affected by them.

Physical condition is about everything in a matron's life, especially in her schedule of reproduction. If she is in shape, with Nature's assistance, things will pretty well progress as Nature intended. But that thing of physical condition must continually be in the mind of young or inexperienced breeders; for if they neglect it, rest assured that failure will be their sole reward.

There is always a beginning, and it ought to start before breeding a bitch to a stud dog of value. It is folly to breed a bitch in poor physical condition. Disastrous reactions usually occur from it. A bitch should be wormed just before she is bred to the male, or immediately afterward. Don't wait until later, when it is too late. More pups die at an early age from worm infestations of the mother than from any other known cause. Not even the dreaded disease, distemper, approaches it in producing fatalities. A mother bearing parasites quickly transmits them to the young. The young become infested long before the average man considers it possible. While all puppies do not die while harboring them, they greatly tax their health, and they do not develop as rapidly, or as vigorously as they should. Again, I refer to the necessity of worming the matron, whether you think she requires it or not. Do this either just before breeding or afterward. If you wait until pregnancy increases, the hazard of miscarriage is continually before you.

All during pregnancy, the matron should have plenty of good food of the kind that goes into the forming of the young as they should be, and what keeps her in the best of physical shape is plenty of well-cooked, fresh meat with cereal and vegetables to balance the ration properly. Don't forget a large bone for her to gnaw on occasionally to derive the amount of lime which the gradually developing progeny needs. In these days of realization of the value of vitamins, we can see why it is better to feed her the vegetables which possess them, and phosphate of lime is an essential which never should be disregarded.

Bitches should have plenty of exercise, but of the sort where likelihood of injury does not become imminent. Over-exercise will produce miscarriage. Over-heating and physical strain produce it. And, though exercise is absolutely necessary, particularly during the early stages of pregnancy, during the last days it should be reduced to a minimum. When the bitch is given a run in the yard or afield, see that she does not climb over fences. These are dangerous affairs. Annually they produce many disasters which could be avoided by the diligent application of common sense and selecting the right sort of territory for the dam.

Years ago, while a firm believer in the theory that the hunting instinct would be greater in the youngsters if I hunted the mother, while she was in whelp, or let her self-hunt as she pleased if she was of that persuasion, I lost many valuable litters by going to extremes in the matter. To this day I can not say that I got better youngsters out of a bitch that was hunted in any manner during pregnancy than from one that was kept meticulously from it. If the hunting instinct was well impregnated in the blood lines, it reproduced itself in the offspring just as strongly if the mother was not hunted while in whelp. But this is solely the report of my personal experience so I would not wish the public to accept it as conclusive.

The next thing to consider are fleas and lice. They are special sources of discomfort to the dam and youngsters. Get rid of them by dipping or other means before they are troublesome. Destroy all old bedding or quarters that might harbor them so that you will be assured against their reappearance at the hallowed moment of deliverance or right afterward when dipping is out of the question. You can keep the dam's quarters fresh and without insects by sprinkling over it every day or so a turpentine or kerosene emulsion, something which will assist a lot in keeping away disease germs.

Unless her range is restricted the dam will not always take kindly to accepting for delivery the place you assign to her. In this she is only following Nature's dictation. She would a whole lot rather attend to the matter in her own way but most times she can not do it nor should she be permitted to, since modern environments are not such as Nature designed for her, and she must necessarily accept her master's arrangements for the purpose.

In the old days of liberty for people and liberty for dogs, plenty of room for roaming and favorable shelters, matrons were permitted to do just as they pleased in the matter and generally did it mighty well. They wanted to whelp away from everyone, avoiding the presence of humans, and even other dogs. It was nothing out of the ordinary then for the capable little lady to deliver under an abandoned house or old barn, or some secret place to which she suddenly disappeared. Usually you were not aware of her whereabouts until you traced her and discovered her lair by the significant whiney grunts of the newly-arrived. She had concealed them beyond easy access of man. You let her remain there with them, certain that she knew how to conduct affairs, speculating on their markings, waiting for the time for them to open their eyes and ultimately to appear with her some day, healthy and happy. What was in the old days, but, in lieu

The great field trial setter, Arbu Betty, owned by Robert Herndon, Detroit, Mich.

of such conditions and opportunities, we have to alter things and effect arrangements compatible with the comfort of the bitch and her prized young ones. Make her a bed in some far off corner of the kennel where she will not be bothered by other dogs, or the presence of humans—where she can go when she wants long before actual whelping occurs, and feel that she is somewhat isolated, for, before whelping, there will be many moments when she will prize her own company above all others. If such a place is allotted to her, you can feel certain she will bring forth her young there, though once in a while a bitch will dodge your best-arranged plans. Besides privacy she likes quarters, at the time, where the light is not strong and there is little, if any. Such quarters, too, will ensure against the mother trying to carry her pups elsewhere.

For whelping quarters of my own, the bitch is given a dim-lighted room all to herself, to which she alone has access. When I see the signs, or shortly before, I arrange her whelping bed, four feet square, with sides six inches high above the floor. At the bottom I spread two thicknesses of tarred roofing paper, and upon this I pack down soft, rye straw, picking out all rough pieces, sticks of wood, weeds or briar vines that are generally in it, for they are dangerous to the eyes of the young. Daily I pack down all it can possibly contain, then give it over to the mother for her own way of completing the job. You can gamble that she will be an artist at it, whether it is her first, or fifth, attempt.

See that the mother always has fresh water in her quarters. Change it twice daily so that you will know it is fresh. Leave no feed around that she will not eat clean, not even when she has just whelped and your heart goes out to her in extreme sympathy of the moment. There will be no food needed at the sacred moment, nor immediately after. She will tell you when food is her heart's desire and then you can provide generously.

When the youngsters arrive, keep strangers away, no matter how proud you are of the event, or how much you wish everyone to behold your future cracks. The mother will appreciate being alone, and will clean up for the time all afterbirth and other matters, as Nature dictates, without the harassments of your and other intrusions. Furthermore, handling the youngsters, either by yourself or visitors, adds none to their welfare, however much you wish to see their markings. They are hers, the dam argues, and no one has a right to attend to them but herself. Man only threatens danger to her young, and she will be without mental distress if you keep your hands off them. Later she will not be distracted by handling of the puppies, especially by the master in whom she has utmost confidence.

She must have free access to go in and out of her quarters, though no other animals are to be permitted to be around. Occasionally she will want rest from them. This will be noticeable more after the puppies' eyes open and they become very stressful in their nursing and other attentions. The more the puppies grow, the more they add to the mother's troubles, and it is up to man to relieve her of as much of it as possible. Nursing will not be such painful drudgery if man at an early period begins to help by giving food to the little fellows as soon as they will accept it. The man that pays attention to this adds to the youngsters' welfare, as well as to that of the mother. Letting puppies depend entirely upon the mother for nourishment until Nature forces her to wean them is nothing short of being monstrously cruel to her. It is not long before teeth arrive, very sharp little affairs that will certainly inflict pain on the mother. Hungry youngsters have no end to their desire for nursing except the limits of full bellies.

Start early getting them to feed on lukewarm, pasteurized milk in which bread or well cooked cereals have been soaked. Dilute it first with water, but gradually supplant with the unadulterated milk. At any time a little fresh buttermilk will be relished by them, as well as keeping their tiny "innards" from worm infestations. The buttermilk such as comes from modern creameries is of little value. Get old-fashioned country buttermilk made by the hand churn, which has still a large butter fat content. I know of no food for keeping young and old dogs in good shape, when supplemented with something else, as the old time buttermilk.

At an early age a little meat cooked with rice helps the youngsters. Watch them show at this early period one of their canine characteristics, love of meat as a food. Let all food cool off before feeding, and give only what they will clean up. Don't leave any food around to sour or cause indigestion through over-eating just because it has been left and the pups decide they ought to devour it all.

When the mother is relieved of some of the nursing business, see how happy she is and proud of her little family. If she does not start weaning as soon as the sharp teeth begin to cut, it is up to a humane master to do it for her. Then he must assist in drying up the milk providers of the mother.

So many thoughtless owners pay no attention to caring for the mother's teats. They let the old lady dry up any way she can with no thought for the present or the future. That's why you see bitches afield with large, unsightly teats hanging long after weaning, and those teats are continually being cut by briars and such tormentors.

When you take the youngsters away, milk the bitch, if there is any tendency to bagginess or caking, not completely, however, as actual stripping will prolong the flow. Then rub the breasts well, two or three times daily, with an ointment composed of olive oil to which one-fourth part oil of camphor has been added. If this is practiced religiously, seldom will any teat troubles ensue, or will your bitch look as some do, with appendages like a Holstein cow, instead of the clean body lines a working female bird dog should have.

While the attention has been specifically directed to the mother, don't forget the youngsters. The best of care will give profits in strong, healthy pups. Worm them as soon as they are weaned, then six months later, and half of your puppy troubles will be surmounted.

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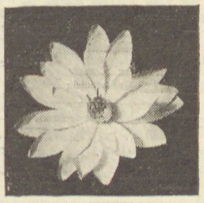

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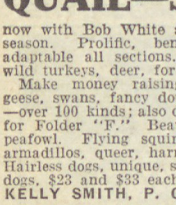

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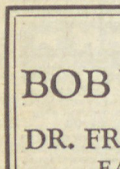

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Dear Mr. Harper:
Dew-claws come on all breeds of dogs, pure bred or mongrels, and are no indication whatever of inferior breeding. They should be removed for the working comfort of the dog. They are not often seen on pure breds, for the reason these dogs usually have more care than others and the dew-claws are removed immediately after the dogs are born.
OZARK RIPLEY.

CYST IN MOUTH

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a pointer dog eighteen months old which has a blister in his mouth between the tongue and the teeth. I have opened it twice myself and have had a doctor open it once. We got out a stringy substance about eighteen inches long and of a light amber color. This has been in his mouth since he was ten months old. Would like to know what it is and what to do for it.
EARL COLBERT,
Apache, Okla.

Dear Mr. Colbert:
I rather think that your dog, while young, got some foreign substance in his mouth such as a tiny splinter of a bone, and forthwith the cyst developed through nature's method of trying to cover it.
Suggest you have your M. D. or veterinary examine it more thoroughly for something of the sort, as I do not think it will disappear entirely until the matter causing it has been removed.
OZARK RIPLEY.

HOW TO POSE

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have an English Springer Spaniel sixteen months old that I wish to enter in the Louisville, Kentucky, dog show to be held some time in March. Should I train him to pose with tail in the air and head up? What position should his feet be in when posing? Should he lean forward just a little?
You can see from these questions that I am very ignorant concerning these matters so your help will be greatly appreciated.
LEON W. PATTERSON,
Charlestown, Ind.

Dear Mr. Patterson:
The best model for posing your dog will be to get pictures of some of the champions on the bench and model accordingly.
Head fairly well up so muzzle will show at its best. Legs straight, and see that the elbows don't turn too far in or out, correct carriage of tail, slightly up. Look and observe with what methods other winners have attracted the judges, and see how closely you can teach your dog to pose in the same way.
OZARK RIPLEY.

WORTH TRYING

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a fool-proof woodcock and grouse dog, hunting him all day or a week, or two weeks and he always goes at the same pace, never have seen him slow down, in fact he is as near perfect a grouse and woodcock dog as has been my experience to hunt with.
I bought a bitch of a well known hunting family, also good blood line and I mated these two dogs. I have a male and a female puppy, now I would like to mate my old dog with his daughter. What do you think of this?
H. C. PLAISTED.
Concord, N. H.

Dear Mr. Plaisted:
The mating you propose may result satisfactorily. The chances are it will. It is worth trying.
OZARK RIPLEY.

WARTS AND CANKER

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have an Irish Setter dog, 10 months old, and discovered he has at least one hundred warts on the inside of his mouth and a few on his tongue. I have taken him to the vet twice and he cut them off, but they return.
The dog also has canker on his ear. Perhaps you can give me a remedy.
W. J. THRASH.
Cushing, Okla.

Dear Mr. Thrash:
Touch the warts daily with half strength pure acetic acid. Wash ear with a 15% solution of phenol and boracic acid daily. Every third day insert powdered boracic acid until cured.
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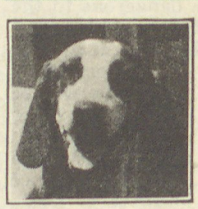

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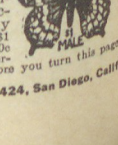

Mr. Sinclair, Dealer in Insects, Dept. 75, Box 1424, San Diego, Calif.

SHEEP KILLING CURES

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pointer bitch three years old. She is wide, fast, a real body scenter and a first class dog all around. I keep her in splendid condition, and she can go all day and every day with no signs of fatigue. Yesterday, much to my surprise and consternation, she seized a sheep by the hind leg, threw it down and grabbed it by the throat. When I reached her the sheep was dead, and having caught her in the act, I administered a severe whipping. I then patted her a little and sent her on. In ten minutes she had another sheep, which she killed in the same manner, and I repeated the treatment as in the first instance, having again caught her in the act. She then found a covey and handled them splendidly and worked the singles beautifully. After this she apparently quit hunting birds and chased several hogs, took a pass at a cow, and caught a third sheep, which I reached in time to save. Needless to say, the hunt ended, as it was evident to me that the country would soon be strewn with dead sheep.

This is her third year on game, and she has never killed sheep before, although I have hunted her with them all around. It was like a bolt out of the clear sky to me. The whippings were administered at the right time, but apparently did not disturb her in the least.

I have thought of the following possible cure (taking the cue from your well known chicken killing cure). To provide myself with a gallon can of kerosene. Take her out and let her kill her sheep, then tie her securely and close to the sheep, saturate it with the oil and leave her there all day and possibly well after dark.

Your views on the matter will be greatly appreciated.

RICHARD W. LECHE,
New Orleans, La.

Dear Mr. Leche:

If you do not succeed in curing with the oil treatment and keeping the dog tied to the kill, find a farmer who has a butting ram or yew. Nearly all sheep raisers have them, resulting usually from their being raised as pets. I don't think you will have trouble in finding one. When you do, see that the killer is put two or three times a day for at least three days with the butter, and it will get a lesson it will not fail to remember.

OZARK RIPLEY.

MALNUTRITION

Dear Ozark Ripley:

We have a setter bitch by Junedale Prince. She was bred to a son of Ch. Phil Speed Ben, and whelped nine pups on the first day of the new year. These pups have a few marks on their bodies and legs like the bites of some insect. What is your opinion of cause, and a cure for this? Would also like a list of nourishing foods that would be suitable to feed the bitch, as the pups do not look very well nourished.

E. G. SMITH,
Sykesville, Pa.

Dear Mr. Smith:

I am inclined to think that your pups are suffering from malnutrition on the part of the bitch. I would feed her plenty of fresh meat, well cooked rice and fresh milk with the chill taken off of it, adding to daily diet a tablespoonful of cod liver oil three times a day.

Evidently you did not worm your bitch before conception occurred. You should do this, as well as the puppies, as soon as the proper time arrives.

Look carefully for lice. That may be possibly the trouble, though I do not think so.

OZARK RIPLEY.

KILLS CHICKENS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a police dog pup about four months old that catches and kills chickens. Is there any way of curing him, outside of killing him?

E. C. WALTER,
Healdton, Okla.

Dear Mr. Walter:

The next chicken your dog kills, tie it to his collar, after putting some coal oil on it, and make him carry it for several days.

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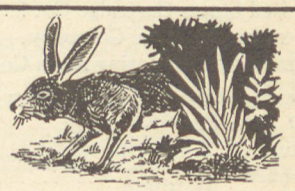

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COCKER Spaniel puppies, real beauties priced reasonable, also one A-1 Black brood bitch. Ben Wiemeyer, 916 East Chestnut, Louisville, Ky. (3-4)

SPRINGER Spaniel Pups and Brood Bitches reasonably priced. Champion Sires. (It pays to pay for the pedigree.) Southwic Springer Kennels, Breckenridge, Texas. (3-6)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Beautiful pedigreed Springer puppies. Winning blood, Omaha, St. Louis, etc. Age four months. $20.00. Australorp Yards, Bennington, Nebr.

COCKER Spaniel Pups for Sale. All colors, sired by An Int. Ch. J. T. Snelson, Pendleton, Ore. (3-6)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Year old females, nice ones. Price reasonable. Grant Nichols, Ellensburg, Wash. (3-6)

ELIGIBLE Springer puppies also older females and matrons. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

St. Bernards

ST. BERNARD Pups $25 to $50 with American Kennel papers. R. B. Colby, Loyal, Wis. (3-6)

Terriers

IRISH Terriers. Real Aristocrats, Grit, Intelligence, Pedigreed, Pals, Hunters or Guards. A. W. Elkins, Route 3, Kokomo, Indiana. (4-5)

Dog Collars and Equipment

SHOW dog collars and leads—red or green, ⅜ inch wide. Collars $2.00 per dozen. Leads $2.75. Orders sent on approval. Everything in dog furnishings. Send us your inquiries. Republic Leather Products Company, 5153 No. Clark St., Chicago. (9x29)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

REVILO Tetrachlorethylene, the safest and most effective anthelmintic known, for the removal of hook and roundworms in dogs and pups. Safe for puppies three weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo. Used and praised throughout the world by many of the largest kennels, noted trainers and breeders. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies $1.00 postpaid. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 10, Quincy, Ill. (4x30)

WORMS in dogs and puppies are the cause of much distress, fits and many deaths. Tetrachlorethylene, the modern worm expeller, a safe treatment for pups and an effective one for grown dogs. Will positively stop fits when due to the heavy infestation of hook and round worms (Ascarids). In capsules of assorted sizes, easy to give, $1.00 postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 3-F, Quincy, Ill. (9x29)

RUNNING Fits remedy guaranteed, treatment enough three dogs $1.00. Has never failed. Sold 500 treatments one month. The best Canker, Black Tongue, Distemper, Mange, Worm Expeller remedies. Each $1.00. Results guaranteed or money back. Adams Supply Co., Ramsey, Ill.

MANGE: Our No. 23 cures the worst cases, $1.35. Testimonials free. Fit capsules, $1.25. Canker Solution, 80c. B. H. K. Laboratories, Leechburg, Pa. (2-5)

Firearms, Ammunition and Supplies

WE buy, sell, trade guns, rifles, revolvers, cameras, binoculars, fishing tackle, musical instruments, outboard motors, boats, canoes, moving picture machines, etc. Winchester hammerless 12-30, raised matted rib extension foreend fine $45.00. Baker Black Beauty D. B. hammerless ejector 12-28-30" fine $80.00. Motor ⅛ h. p. good $10.00. Colts S.A. 7½" extra cylinder and barrel 5½" 38 special like new $35.00. Elgin 12 size 7 jewel open face white gold filled octagon new $7.50. Colts Automatic 45 Commercial ivory grip like new $25.00. Ross rifle cal. 303 $6.50, S & W Revolver Cal. 45, $13.50. Wanger's, 522 Market St., Phila., Pa.

SELL: New guns Mod. 12, Winchester 12 or 20, Full. $40.00, Marlin 16 ga. Full. Hammer $25.00. Riverside Double 12 ga. 32 in. $18.00. Riverside Double 16 ga. 28 in. $18.00. Stevens No. 330 16 ga. 30 in. $20.00. Winchester 22, Mod. 06 or 90 used. New BBL., $10.00. U. Peasley, Fairfield, Iowa.

GUNS of highest quality, made to order. Single, Double-Barrel and genuine Over and Under type field and trapguns. Magazine Rifles with Zeiss Telescope. Three-Barrel brush guns. Individual offer gladly. Catalogue free. Abesser & Merkel, Master Gun Makers, Suhl 15. (Germany) (6-6)

FOR Sale: Antique, obsolete and modern firearms. From the matchlock to cartridge. Many scarce and unusual arms listed. Send 10c in stamps for list 6. The Spencers, 111 East Patterson Ave., Columbus, Ohio. (2-5)

ANTIQUE Firearms: The Dexter Antique Weapon Trade Journal illustrates over eighty Arms, and prices over 300. Send fifty cents in coin or stamps for your copy. F. Theodore Dexter, 910 Jefferson, Topeka, Kansas. (3-5)

SELL—100 new and used rifles, shotguns, revolvers. List 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minnesota.

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Celery Always Attracts Ducks and Fish. 300 sure-growing tubers—plants ¼ acre—$10; 600—$18.50; 1200—$35. Postpaid with instructions. For fresh or slightly salty waters containing shells. Catalog of 85 natural fish and game foods, free. Terrell's, 109 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (5-7)

MAMMOTH wild rice seed and hulled, from Land 'O Lakes. Aquatic plants and seeds. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota. (3-6)

MINNESOTA Wild Rice Seed. Write for special prices. Prompt delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly, Aitkin, Minnesota. (12-4)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

FISHING Tackle—Knotless leaders. Light, medium or heavy, 6 foot trout $1.20, 3 foot bass 75c per dozen. Fine trout, bass, sea and surf rods. List and sample leader, 10 cents. Hoag Tackle, 5310 Templeton St., Los Angeles, Calif.

FISHING Lines. Casting and trolling. Direct to consumer, at reduced prices. Send for sample cards. See what we got. Silkline Co., Department K, Pekin, Ill. (4-6)

Fishing Tackle and Bait — Cont'd

SOUR Clams, Best Catfish Bait, 2 pounds postpaid $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for Carp, 2 pounds postpaid $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-5)

FREE Fly with Fli-Dri. Guaranteed. Write C. A. Levan, Lehighton, Penna.

Food Products

PURE Vermont Maple Sugar, twelve cakes about 1½ pounds prepaid $1.00. April shipment. Carl Gray, Fairfax, Vermont.

Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

NORTHERN Grown Red Cedar Trees and Seedlings. Hardy varieties. Also pine and spruce, low prices. 10c each and up. Guaranteed to grow. Fred Lewis, Creighton, So. Dak. (3-6)

Fur Farming

Beaver

A FEW choice live beaver at $30.00 a piece, with instructions regarding their propagation. Black Beaver Propagation Co., Virginia, Minn. (3-6)

Foxes

LAST Chance before breeding season to secure ten pairs of silver fox, registered, four pairs proven breeders, six pairs puppies. $7,000.00. Investigate. M. E. Jenkins, Rural Route No. 1, Plymouth, Wisconsin.

BLUE Foxes: Tame, prolific, acclimated. Dawson Fox & Fur Farm, Paxton, Montana. (3-6)

Mink

MINNESOTA mink for sale, Mississippi valley strain. $60.00 per pair. Females bred to Alaskan males $50.00. Blue Diamond Fur Farm, Chandler, Minn.

MINK, early raised. Very profitable, dark color, pen raised. Super-Alaskan strain. Also high quality bred females, Mink. Booklet free. Herculean Fur Farms, Forest Lake, Minn. (2x30)

FOR Sale: Choice Minnesota Dark Mink at $75.00 per pair. Will ship all on inspection, C.O.D. Frank Glesener, Warroad, Minn. (3-4)

MINK low price. Satisfaction or your money back. Union Fur Farm & Associates, Wadena, Minnesota. (6-5)

MINK of quality. Priced right. Bred Females, $100.00. Greenacres Fur Farm, Sioux Falls, So. Dak. (9x29)

500 BRED females, dark quality. Clear Lake Farms, Waseca, Minnesota. (3-5)

MINK. Do not buy any mink until you write the Island Park Farms, Mound, Minn.

Miscellaneous Fur Farming

BEST Chinchilla Breeding Stock Raised in America. Standard does, registered, bred to prizewinning bucks or giants or open, $12.00. Registered bucks $10.00. Eight to twelve months old. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check with order. Progressive Occupations Co., Northfield, Minn. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Jet Black Raccoons. Also Dark Northern. Having one of the largest ranches of its kind in the United States. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also Dark Northern Ranch raised mink. Silver, Cross and Red Foxes. Silver Tip Fox Ranch, Box 252, New Ulm, Minn. (3-4)

WRITE for free literature on Reliance quality Muskrats, Raccoon, Silver Badger, Black Opossum, etc. Reliance Fur Farms, Box 2345A, Denver, Colorado. (6-7)

FOR Sale: Mink, Raccoon, Skunk, Beaver, Red Fox, Silver Fox and Silver Badger. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minn. (3-5)

CHINCHILLAS, White New Zealands, Silver Marten Fur Rabbits, Muskrats, Minks, Silver Fox. Tell us how you are situated and we will show you how to make big profits. 721 Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colorado. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-5)

2,000 ANIMALS, Rabbits, Cavies, Pigeons, Pheasants. Booklet 4c. Summit Rabbitry, Bernharts, Pa. (3-6)

Muskrats

MUSKRATS: Before buying, write for our proposition on pen raised stock. Large discount on orders booked now for marsh raised muskrats, spring delivery. Write for literature and trial offer on our live catch trap. Lawrence Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minn. (3-5)

LIVE Muskrats—Black or Brown. Prompt delivery. Order now to avoid being disappointed. We are experienced and reliable. Write for terms and prices. Large contracts and foreign orders solicited. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. J-4, Chester, Pa.

Fur Farming

Muskrats—Continued

WISCONSIN Muskrats, Good Breeders, Excellent Animals. All our customers satisfied. $10.00 per pair. Ready for shipment March 1, 1930. The Maples, Rib Lake Muskrat Farm, Rib Lake, Wis. E. A. Holden, Prop. (3-4)

BOOKING orders, spring delivery. Literature for stamp. LaBar Muskrat Farm, Austin, Minnesota. (3-5)

DARK Northern Muskrats for sale. $5.00 per pair for Spring delivery. German Lake Fur Farm, Waterville, Minnesota. (3-6)

MUSKRATS — large, dark. Spring delivery. Prices reasonable. Cedar Valley Fur Farms, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-5)

Rabbits

OLD established breeders of high-grade rabbits, New Zealand Whites and Reds, Silver Black Fox, Chinchillas. Send for literature. You will like our stock and our reasonable prices. Hawkeye Fur Farm, Dept. 60, 921 North 34th St., Council Bluffs, Iowa. (2-4)

FINE income from Rabbits under our contract. Build your own big business. Free particulars. Aulabaugh Fur Farms, Box 3, Waterloo, Nebr. (2-5)

RAISE high-grade Chinchilla Rabbits for us. We supply the stock and give you a Buy Back Contract. Write for full information. McKeon Fur Farm, Pipestone, Minn.

UNUSUAL proposition on finest registered prize winning strain chinchillas will interest you. Get facts. Imperial Crest Fur Farms, Warren, Arkansas.

CHINCHILLAS, heavyweights, standards. Guaranteed; good; pedigreed, cheap. Frank Joswick, Montello, Wis. (3-5)

PRIZE winning silver fox fur rabbits. Edward Toll, Ripon, Wisconsin. (3-4)

Game, Birds and Animals

PRAIRIE Chicken, Chukor Partridge, Grouse, Quail. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-5)

DEER, Antelope, Elk, Buffalo, Game Birds, Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-5)

WILD Ducks, Peafowl, Cranes, Swans, Geese, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-5)

GAME Birds, Ornamental Birds, Cage Birds. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-5)

RARE Pheasants, Beautiful Birds, All Varieties, Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-5)

BOB Whites, Mountain, Blue, Gambles Quail. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-5)

WILD Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Swans, Pheasants. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-5)

SILVER Foxes, Mink, Muskrats, Beaver, Otter. Horne's Zoo, Kansas City, Mo. (3-5)

PARTRIDGES, Quail, Grouse, Pheasants, Wild Turkeys. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-5)

CAGE Birds, Paroquettes, Parrots, Macaws, Songsters. Altadena Aviaries, Altadena, California. (3-5)

FOR Sale—Live Cougar Kitten. A splendid gift from your chapter to your city zoo. Also several choice cougar and bob cat pelts. M. J. High, Port Angeles, Wash.

PHEASANTS, Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Reeves, Mongolian, Amherst, Versicolor, Melanotus, Swinhoe Manchurian. Eggs, chix, stock. America's finest bred production stock. Large fertile eggs from strong non-related birds. Price list free or send 10c for instructive, descriptive catalog containing much valuable information. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Ia. (1x30)

20,000 PHEASANT eggs all varieties. Mammoth Bronze Turkey, Yokohoma, Phoenix Fowl, Turken, Araucanas the wonder blue egg fowl. Sewickley Valley Pheasant Farm, Herminie, Pa. (3-5)

FLYING Squirrels — Pets Supreme; money makers. Mated pair $5.00, two pairs $7.50, prepaid, safe delivery guaranteed. Booklet. Woodwoods Fur Farm, Woodville, Texas. (3-4)

FERRETS, Ratters, Hunters, Breeders $6.00. Bred females $7.00. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-6)

HATCHING Eggs: All varieties Pheasants. Call Ducks, Quail, Silkies. Ed Voller, Brown's Mills, New Jersey. (3-6)

PARROTS, Ferrets, Monkeys, Dogs, Mice, pigeons, poultry, hares, etc. Description 60 page book, 20 cents. J. A. Bergey, Telford, Pa. (3-4)

SHETLAND Ponies. Brood Mares, good using ponies, attractive prices. Dells Stock Farm, Deer Creek, Illinois. (3-5)

FOR Sale: Quail, Doves and Rare Pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, Cal. (6-8)

GENUINE wild turkeys, also eggs. Marie Heiser, Frederick, S. Dak.

Help Wanted, Instructions

WANTED Immediately, men—women, 18-55, qualify at once for permanent government positions, $105-$250 month; experience unnecessary, vacations with full pay; write, Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo., today. (8x29)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; watchfobs, $1.00; Moccasins, belts, warclubs, $5.00. Beaded hatbands, headbands, necklaces, $3.00. Dozen selected arrowheads, $2.75. Everything Indian. Costumes. Navajo blankets. Silverwork. Prehistoric relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11x28)

2,000 PREHISTORIC Indian arrows—25 for $3.00—4 bird points $1.00—double bitted axes 75c—Battle Axe $2.00—skinning knife $1.00. Sent C.O.D. R. Heike, Pontiac, Ill. (3-4)

INDIAN Relics, Coins, Curios. Beadwork. Catalogue Free. Vernon Lemley, Osborne, Kansas. (3-5)

Miscellaneous

TRAPPERS: You play a sure losing game when you use old style traps. The makers themselves tell you those traps won't hold caught animals unless the animals can be drowned. "Gibbs" makes the only practical and adaptable traps made, that prevent "wrong-offs." Double jaws, frame jaws, triple clutch jaws, high grips, giants, won't any of them do it. "Gibbs" guarantees that his traps will. "Gibbs" Two Trigger Traps 60c each, $6.50 per doz. "Gibbs" No. 0 Single Grip Traps, 2 for 25c, $1.25 per doz. No. 1—25c each, $2.50 per doz. No. 1½—30c each, $3.00 doz. No. 2—40c each, $4.50 doz. No. 3—65c each, $7.35 doz. No. 4—80c each, $9.00 doz. No. 1 Live Trap—$5.00 each, $54.00 doz. Trap Tags—12c doz. Transportation paid. No. 1 Trapping Capsules—75c doz. Transportation collect. "Gibbs" Traps Pay You to Use Them. You Pay to Use Others. Coil springs break less than leaf springs, too. Send for free catalogue. If your dealer doesn't have our traps, send to us for them. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. F-4, Chester, Penna.

HUNTING Horns—Genuine Texas Steer Blow Horns. Hand Made by Experts. Beautifully toned, Polished, 12 inch horn $2.00, 14 inch horn $2.50, 16 inch horn $3.00, 18 inch horn $4.00, 20 inch horn $5.00. Horns in rough any size $2.50. All horns guaranteed ten days' trial. Adams Supply Co., Ramsey, Illinois.

BY using "Superior" guaranteed wetproof and preservative for leather footwear, you wear a pair of invisible rubbers. Once tried always used. Prepaid 50c half pint. Swan Brothers, Corry, Pa. (3-6)

TOBACCO Habit overcome or no pay. 500,000 used Superba to help stop Cigarettes, Cigars, Chewing, Pipe, Snuff. Treatment sent on trial. Costs $2.00 if successful. Superba Co., L88, Baltimore, Md. (1x30)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Que. (6-7)

AGENTS, Canvassers, Salesmen, Merchants, etc., who are seeking direct contact with manufacturers for live propositions; 100% satisfaction guaranteed; send me 25c (coin or stamps) for one pound of direct contact literature of over 200 unexcelled offers. Edward Armour, 136T East 28th St., New York City. (4-5)

STEER Horns for sale—six feet spread. Polished and mounted. Longhorn cattle, now extinct in Texas. Rare opportunity. Lee Bertillion, Mineola, Texas. (3-4)

NEW Incubator especially built to hatch Pheasant and game eggs. Information free. Atlas Manufacturing Co., 9559 Burke Ave., Seattle, Washington. (3-4)

AUTOMOBILE and motorboat cigar lighter and trouble lamp, sticks on smooth surfaces. Post paid 75c. Case Mchy. Co., Chemical Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. (3-6)

SALESMEN: Merchants are eager for our five-cent Numbered Ball Gum Vendors. Selling outfit free. Money advanced. Write today. Sanders Mfg. Co., Nashville, Tenn. (3-6)

VIOLIN Wood, select curly maple, cut on the quarter, thoroughly seasoned. Backs $2.50. Top wood, 35 years' seasoning $2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Thos. Broderick, Moravia, N. Y. (3-6)

Outdoor Playgrounds

FAIRVIEW Ranch, Augusta, Montana. See the scenic Rockies by pack train. Scenic and fishing trips. Elk, Deer, Bear hunting. Everything furnished except bedding and personal equipment. Book now for your summer's vacation. For rates and information write John F. Arps, Guide and Outfitter, Member Izaak Walton League. (2-5)

VISIT Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minn. See the Superior National Forest. Real Vacation Land, fishing, boating, swimming, hiking. Write for literature. L. W. Hackbarth, 7554 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill. (3-5)

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Pheasants

PHEASANT eggs from open penned birds. Guaranteed ninety percent fertile, with instructions for hatching and rearing. Also pheasants for breeding and stocking your covers. September and October delivery. Supply limited. Order early. Derby Game Farm, Inc., Pittstown, New Jersey. (3-5)

EGGS for sale from healthy unrelated stock. Ringneck eggs $25.00 per hundred; per dozen $3.00; Golden $6.50; Silver $6.50; Amherst $10.00; Reeves $12.00; Versicolor $12.00. Pine Pheasant and Poultry Farm, East Moriches, Long Island, N. Y. (3-6)

PHEASANT Eggs, Ringneck, Mongolian, Blackneck, Golden, Silver, Lady Amherst, Reeves, Versicolor. Towamencin Pheasantry, Souderton, Pa. (3-4)

FOR Sale: Fine Northern Raised Golden and Amherst Pheasants. C. E. Carlson, Ashland, Wis. (3-5)

MONGOLIAN Ringneck Pheasant Eggs from non-related selected stock $3.50 per dozen. Glenn Norman, Nevada, Mo. (3-5)

PHEASANTS, Golden and Amherst, also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (4-5)

PHEASANT-EGGS, many varieties. Pricelist furnished. Skokie Valley Game Farm, Box B, Zion, Illinois. (3-5)

QUALITY Brand, Ringneck Pheasants, stock and eggs in season. V. J. Hemmert, Route 10, Seattle, Washington. (2-5)

ENGLISH Ringneck Pheasant Eggs, Spring delivery. Harold Pugh, Pataskala, Ohio.

GOLDEN Pheasants, Eggs in season. William Coburn, 5200 Riverside, Indianapolis, Ind. (3-4)

PHEASANT eggs. Satisfaction assured. Highland Pheasantry, R11, Troy, Ohio.

Photography—Cameras—Pictures

MAKE money in Photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. Experience unnecessary. American School of Photography, Dept. 1299, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. (12-11)

Printing, Engraving and Multigraphing

CIRCULARS, Stationery, Cuts made from photograph. Free Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-4)

100 BUSINESS cards, $1.00; 250, $2.00. Good stock. Fine work. Union label. Write copy plainly. S. C. Longwell, Fresno, California. (3-6)

Raw Furs—Tanned

BEAUTIFUL scarfs from your Coyote or Foxskins. Tanning and making $7.00. Strange's Taxidermy, Clarkston, Wash. (3-5)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

PRIVATE Hunting and Fishing Lake for sale: 160 acres one hundred miles north of Minneapolis and one mile from Mille Lacs Lake and Highway Eighteen. Tract just contains beautiful private lake and is fenced with a steel fence. Guaranteed the best combination bass and duck lake in the entire state. H. H. Thurston, 2907 Dean Boulevard, Minneapolis.

120 ACRES—2,225 ft. Teal Lake, Wisc. Cabins, ice house, boats, all virgin timber. 108 acres, Michigan muskrat farm, 40 acres tillable, 20 acres woods, 48 acres marsh. Creek with dam. Natural feed. J. D. Schell, Commerce Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich. (3-5)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

A RARE opportunity for hunting, trapping and fishing in Northern Wisconsin, 80 acres cheap. For particulars write Willis G. Sanford, 39 Demaree Bldg., Mattoon, Ill. (3-5)

CHOICE Lake Shore Lots on Mantrap Lake, Itasca Park Region, Minnesota, $5.00 down, $5.00 monthly. Guy Chinn, 1534 Searle, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-6)

FOR Sale—Farms. Good hunting ground, trout stream. Lands suitable for rifle range. U. S. Highway 18, Waukesha Co., Griff Jones, Wales, Wis.

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-6)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-5)

IF you are interested in Florida sports, want private hunting, fishing waters or homes located near the best wild life section write J. D. Smith, Marianna, Florida. (3-4)

SELLING: Property containing "Colony Beaver," Muskrats, also other game. Ideal mixed, farming proposition. "Postmaster," Nesterville, Ont. (3-5)

VIRGINIA Farms and handsome estates, conspicuous values at attractive prices. List on request. W. T. Bailey, Suffolk, Va.

FOR Sale: 20 acres Ozark Region; $5.00 monthly; only $125. Other bargains. Alfred Fisher, Hannibal, Mo. (9-12)

FOR Sale—Small resort, Northern Minn. Ideal location. (Address Outdoor America.) (3-6)

Stamp Collecting

ONE pound stamps all over the World, containing many British and French Colonials, also Australia (old-new), South Austr., West Austr., Victoria, N. S. W., Queensland, Tasmania, N. Guinea, Papua, Solomon, Borneo, Nauru, Gilbert, Ellice, Samoa, Tonga, Nieui, Tahiti, Rarotonga, etc. Big value only $10.00, post free. Vincent, Box 261, Haymarket P. O., Sydney, Australia. (3-4)

15,000 STAMPS low price, approvals 1c up. Dandy packet 2c to approval requests. Harvey Teeple, Decatur, Indiana. (3-6)

300 DIFFERENT stamps, 20 cents; 600, 50 cents; 1,100, $1.00; 2,000, $3. Fred Onken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn, New York. (5-8)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-6)

Taxidermy

INSECT to Elephant—equipped for anything, ship your trophies. Mounted game heads, fur rugs, birds, animals, fish, horns, skins, for sale. Tanning, ladies' furs. All supplies for taxidermist trade, glass eyes, tools, scalps, etc. M. J. Hofmann, 989 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (6-9)

MOUNTED specimens and fur rugs for sale. Also complete line of Taxidermist's supplies and glass eyes. Send stamp for list. We buy horns, scalps, skins, etc., for mounting. Beverly Taxidermy Studio, 2301 West 91st Street, Chicago, Illinois. (3-4)

TAXIDERMIST, Mounting fish, game-heads, birds, animals, tanning, rugs, ladies furs made. J. L. Larson, Iola, Wis. (6-7)

Wanted

WANTED: Position as headkeeper on game estate. Life experience planning and directing farms and clubs where thousands of pheasants and ducks have been raised. A-1 references. Apply 6332 Harper Ave., Chicago, Ill. (3-5)

WANTED to hear from owner having good farm for sale. Cash price, particulars. John Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. (2-4)

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 90. (7-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

FLY Fisherman's Cork Hat Band for Flies; holds fifty flies. Postpaid $1.00. W. R. Scudder, 519 So. Muskogee Ave., Okmulgee, Okla. (3-6)

THE STEVENS

MICHIGAN BOULEVARD 7TH TO 8TH STREETS, CHICAGO

View from steps of Field Museum looking across Grant Park toward the STEVENS HOTEL

The Stevens Hotel offers the World's Greatest Values

Nowhere else on earth do magnificent surroundings, personal service, unlimited facilities and perfect location combine to give the guest so much value for the moderate price he pays.

THE STEVENS ROOM RATES

Number of Rooms	*Single Rate*	*Double Rate*
201	$3.00	$4.50
822	3.50	5.00
976	4.00	6.00
201	5.00	7.00

600 twin-bedded rooms for one or two persons at $7.00, $8.00, $9.00 and $10.00 per day.

100 Large Sample Display Rooms at prices ranging from $6.00 to $20.00 per day.

100 Parlors at $9.00, $10.00, $15.00 per day.

Parlor Suites from $12.00 to $40.00 per day.

2000 outside rooms with private bath at $4.00 per day or less.

3000 beautifully furnished outside rooms, each with private bath, circulating ice water, ample closet space.

FIXED-PRICE MEALS

Japanese Lunch Room

Breakfast 45c Luncheon 65c Dinner $1.00

Colchester Grill and Oak Rooms

Breakfast 60c and 75c
Luncheon 85c
Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner $2.00

Main Dining Room

Luncheon $1.25 Dinner $2.00 and $3.00

DANCING

From 6:00 to 9:30 p. m.

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

Sportsmen,
Come to Chicago
April 23, 24, 25, 26—1930

SEE
Outdoor America's
GREATEST
SPORTSMEN'S SHOW
IN THE
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